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New York's animals are neurotic, dysfunctional, and just plain screwed up. A psychoanalysis of the urban menagerie

By Tad Friend

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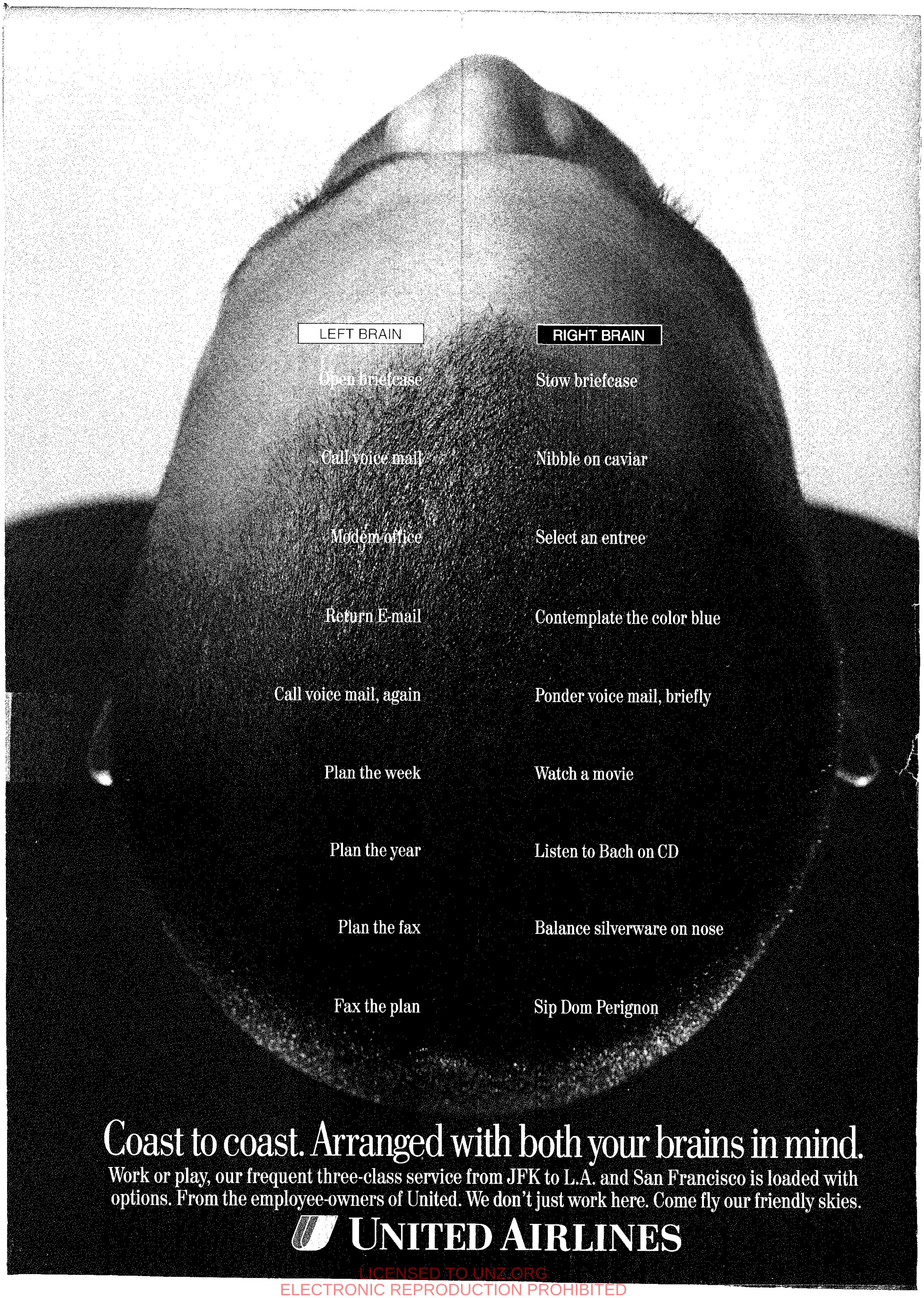
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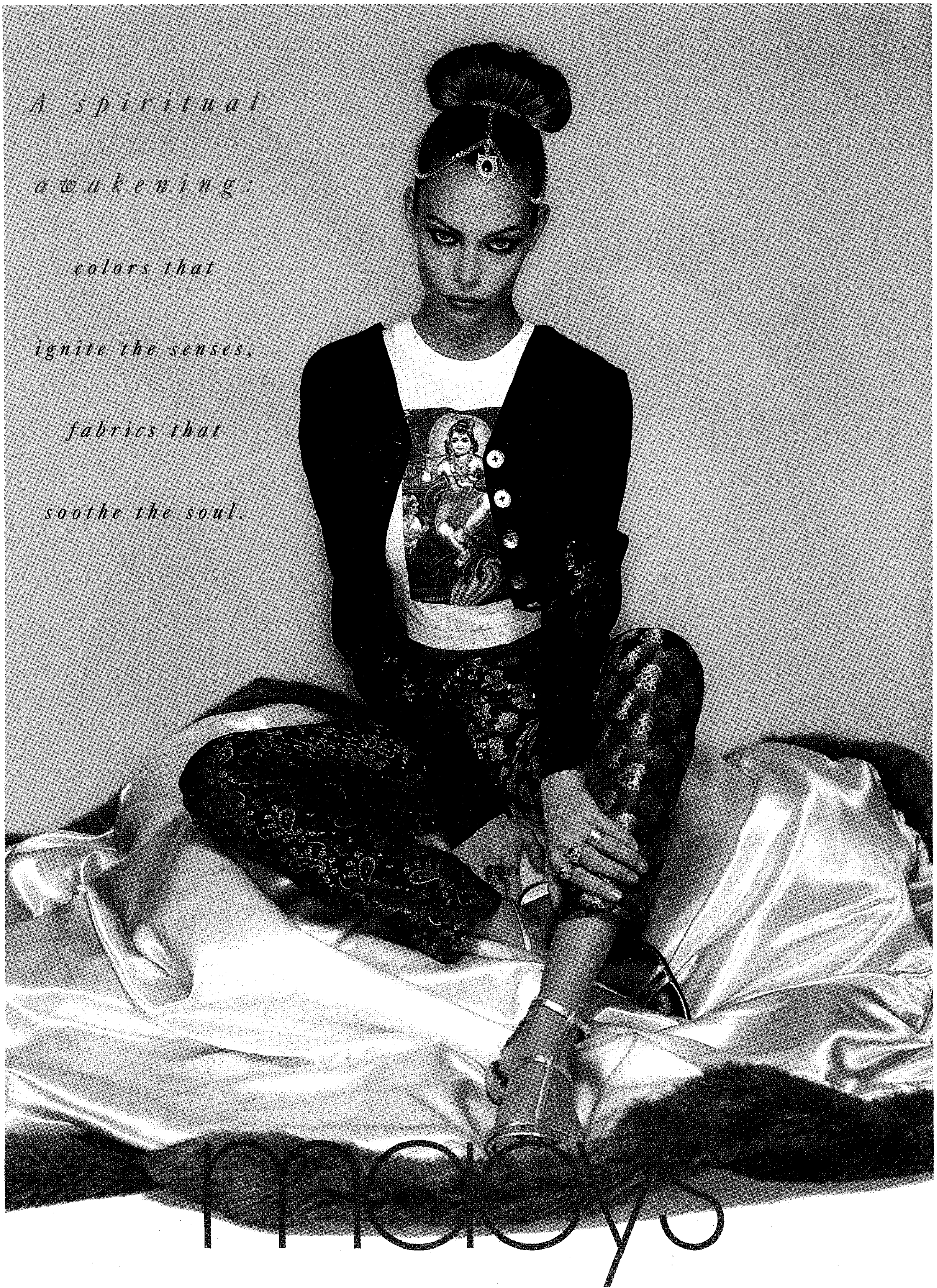
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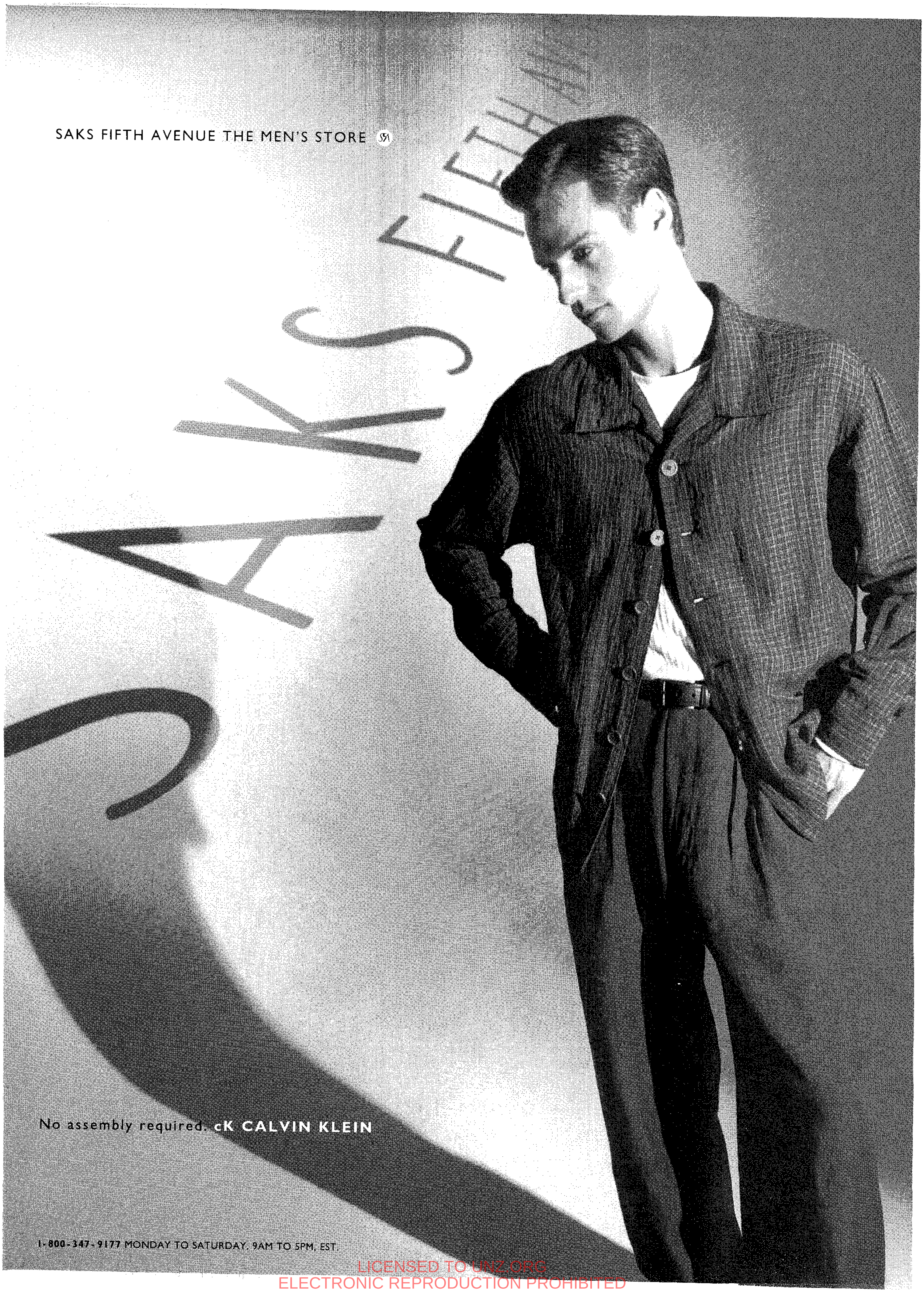
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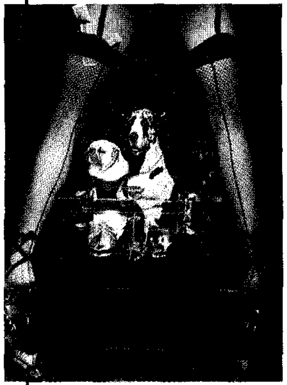
After 1989, the city's real-estate market declined, then stagnated. But all of a sudden, very high-priced apartments are selling again. What's going on? Have the eighties come back?



42 In the Jungle of Cities

By Tad Friend

Gus, a polar bear who underwent therapy last June for boredom, lives in a zoo. So do we. When you think about it, the full-blown urban subculture made up of New York's dogs, cats, bears, cockroaches, parakeets, and errant coyotes is a kind of bestial mirror of our own. Is it any surprise that they are as neurotic as we are?

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Money. Power. Patriarchy. The big ideas in history have become stale, mechanical, and impossibly abstract. Luckily, Columbia University historian Simon Schama's around to mix things up. His new book, *Landscape and Memory,* cheerfully attacks all our favorite myths. It's also a really good read.

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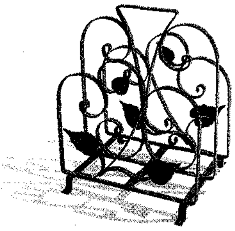

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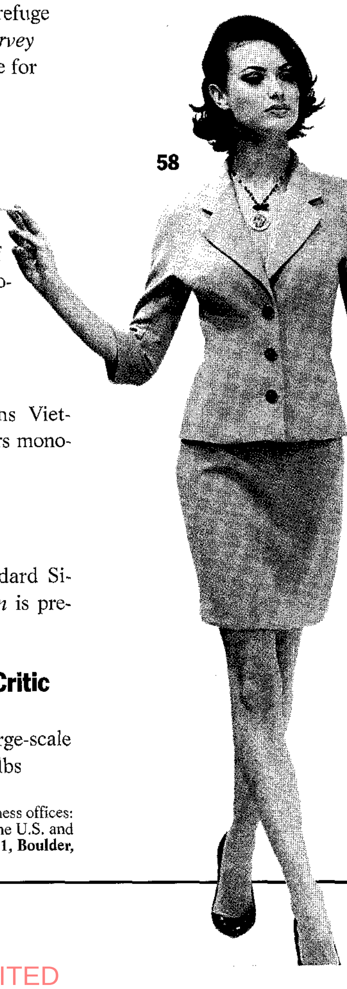

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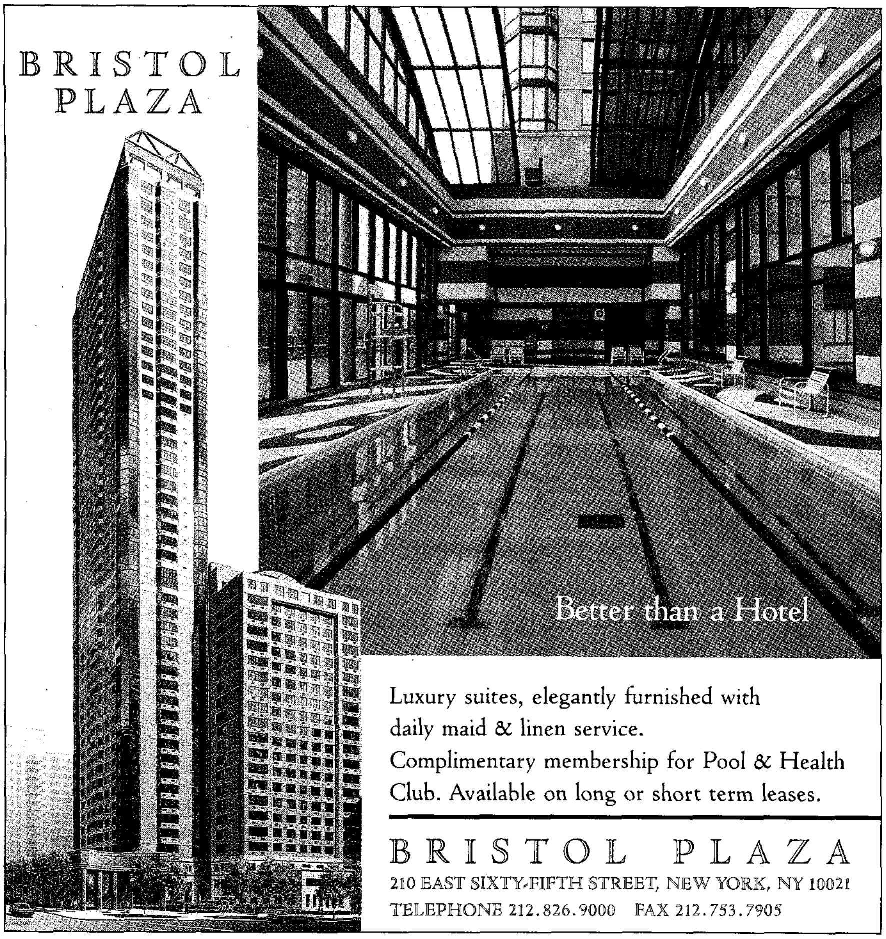

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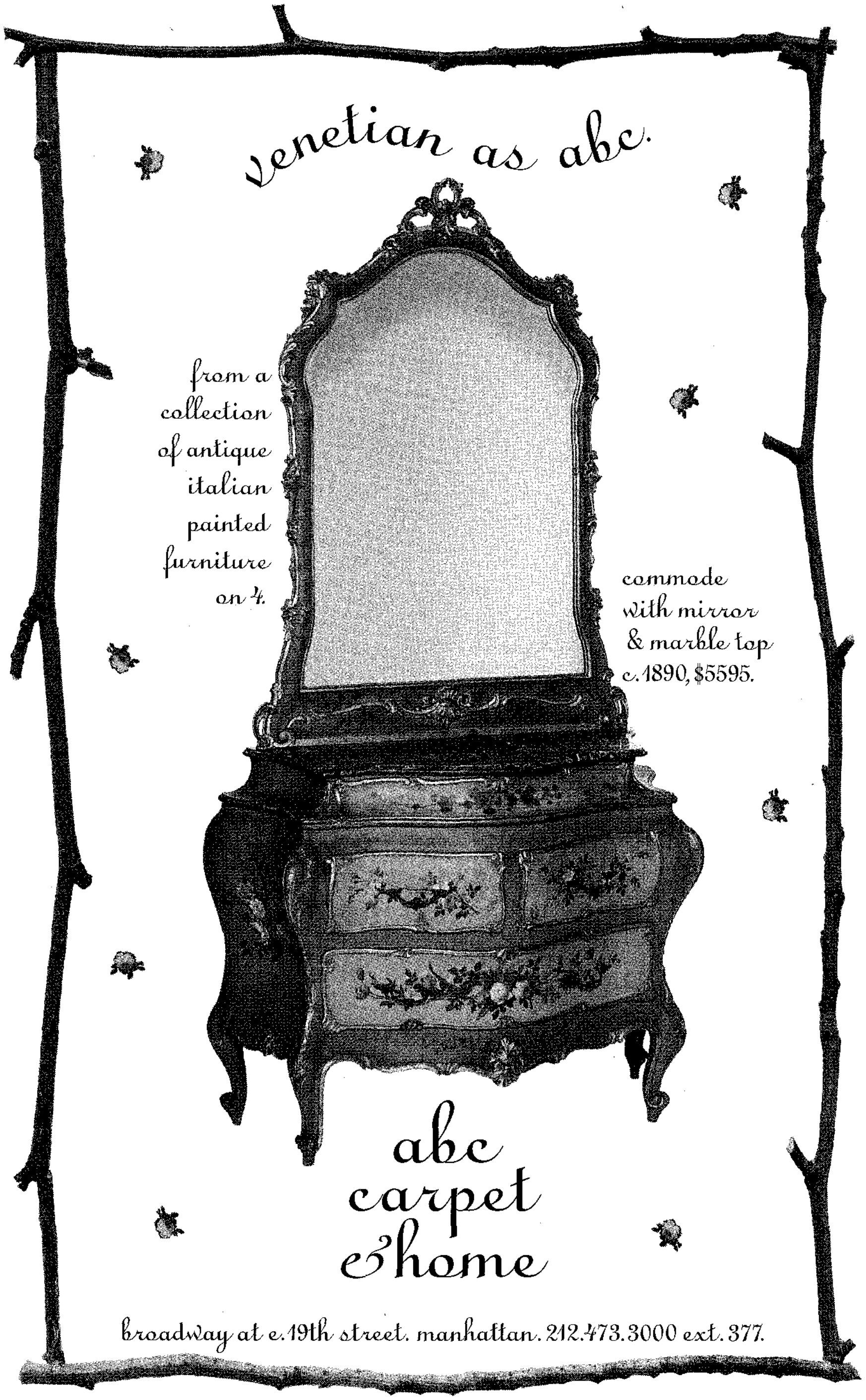

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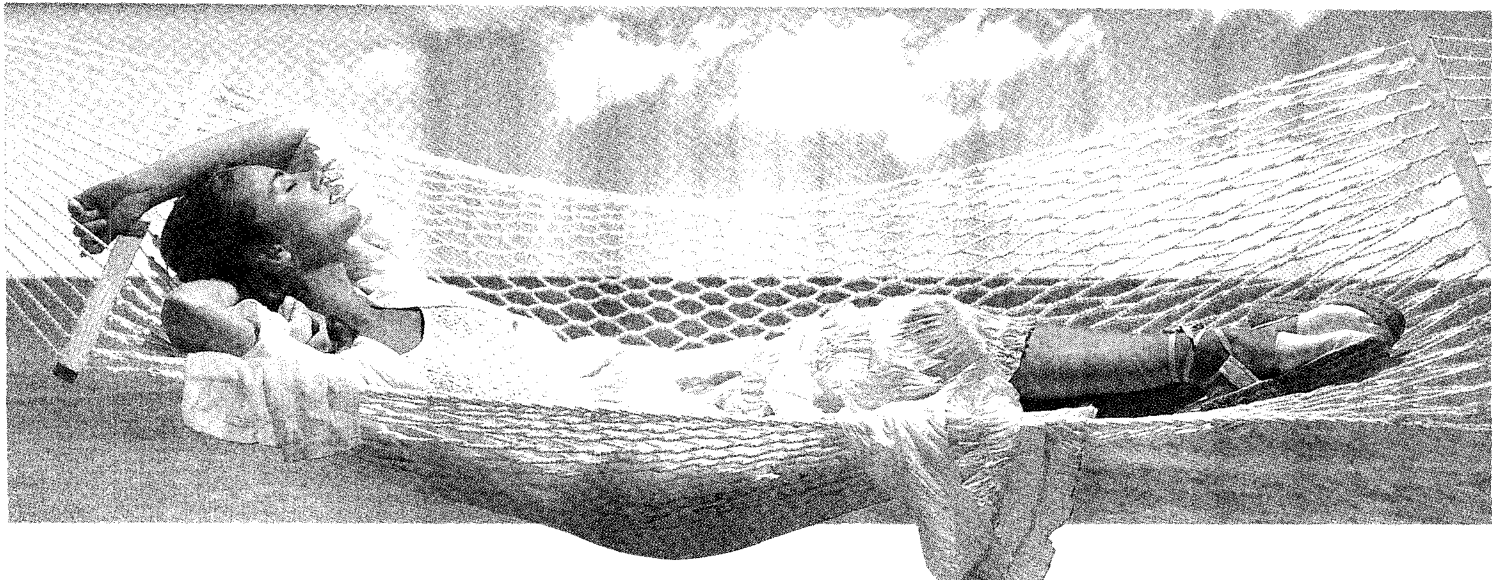

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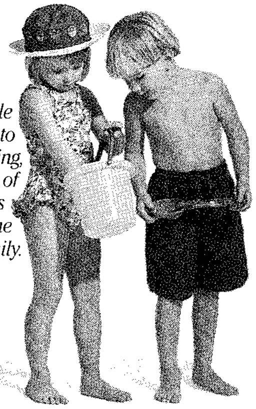

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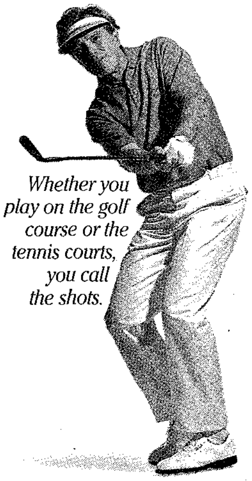

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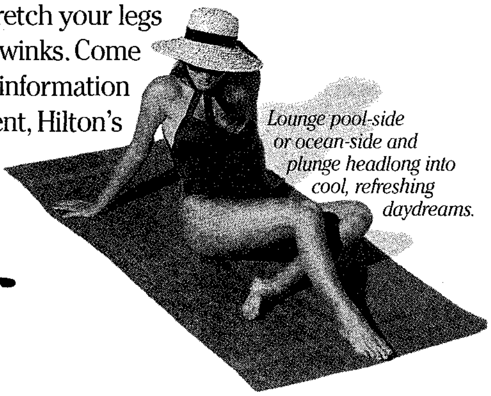

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LETTERS APRIL 24, 1995

Beverly Hills, 10021

Coastal disturbances; Gael warnings; stormy weather at PBS; Steinbrenner's sunny side.

I LOOK FORWARD TO WELCOMING THE new neighbors from L.A. ["Meet the New Neighbors," by Lisa Birnbach, February 20]. I'm only sorry it took them this long to realize what Los Angeles is . . . or, more appropriately, is not. Our family was transferred there in the seventies and we couldn't wait; we looked forward to the outdoors and the warmth of the people.

Our first home was in Ventura County. We lasted three months. Our immediate neighbors introduced themselves as we were putting up the for-sale sign. When people asked how I liked living in L.A., I always responded that I was still adjusting. They would smile knowingly and say, "I hated it, too, for the first five years. Now I wouldn't live anywhere else!" I'm certain there is a psychological and physiological phenomenon that makes the pain stop after repeatedly banging one's head against a wall.

CL Johnson
WEEHAWKEN, N.J.

KATE CAPSHAW WANTS TO COME TO NEW York City because there is more "randomity" here. Andy Borowitz wants to move because in L.A., they preempt *Full House* for breaking news. And Ethan Hawke tells his favorite metaphorical story about L.A. and it happens to be about—guess what?—*himself.* Egads, here come the stupid people.

Austin Ruse
MANHATTAN

LISA BIRNBACH'S ARTICLE FAILED TO MENtion another prominent name that recently beamed in to join our ranks: Captain Jean-Luc Picard, Patrick Stewart, is now at home in New York.

Bill King
ELIZABETH, N.J.

L.A. IS A PIT. NEW YORK IS A PIT. BUT IN L.A., the cheerful waitress gives you free refills of iced tea. That is why I stay.

Gavin Polone
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Denis the Menace

I FOUND DENIS LEARY'S "GREEN DAY" [March 20] revolting. My family and my wife's family are proud Irish-Americans who consider St. Patrick's Day a religious day and a day to celebrate our heritage. In this, the 150th anniversary of the terrible Irish Potato Famine, it is sad that your publication marks the occasion with a piece from a man who is proud of his public drunkenness. Many 18- and 19-year-olds of many nationalities drink beer on Fifth Avenue on St. Patrick's Day, but the overwhelming majority of Irish-Americans celebrate their ancestry with sobriety and dignity.

Terry Spillane
MANHATTAN

I HUGELY APPRECIATED DENIS LEARY'S HIlarious account of his St. Patrick's Day agenda. Like all great parodies, this possessed the credibility that keeps the reader engaged, not being sure whether it is a joke. Since I started on the second page and didn't read the opening preamble, it was only toward the very end that I realized it must be a send-up. Wonderful stuff.

Sean O'Connor
WESTPORT, CONN.

Less PBS?

JACOB WEISBERG'S ARTICLE ON PBS ["BULLwhips, Yes; Barney, No," February 6] actually did what few articles do: cause me to shift my views. I have supported PBS television and radio for years and proudly sport a license-plate frame with my local station's call letters, KPBS. But Weisberg is right: It's time to look at everything and make decisions based on efficiency. There is wonderful programming available elsewhere. I am certain my favorite programs will find homes in new markets.

Myra Jackson
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

JACOB WEISBERG ENDS HIS BALANCED remarks about government funding for the arts with some rather unbalanced remarks about the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. Public broadcasting may not be immune to all commercial

Off The Beaten Path

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MASSACHUSETTS

considerations, but the omission of commercial interruptions often provides information rather than sound bites, discussion rather than bursts of pseudo-excitement. Retaining most (and I would argue that only some would be retained commercially) of the shows on PBS that Weisberg acknowledges "would be a shame to lose" on PBS is not enough. Weisberg should encourage Newt Gingrich and the members of Congress who have already curtailed Corporation for Public Broadcasting funds to act upon his own observation that "the free market is a fine arbiter of many things, but aesthetic and intellectual value is not among them."

Lynne K. Kane
SOMERSET, MASS.

So Smoothly Dull

THANKS FOR GIVING ME SPACE TO BLATHER on in your April 3 issue ["Sharp as Ives," by Randall Short], but there's something I should clarify: I did not mean to imply that my students at Columbia are inattentive, lazy, dull, or narcoleptic. They are in fact smart, talented, and amazingly attentive. What I meant to say was that I often felt *myself* to be terribly dull as an instructor.

David Ives
MANHATTAN

Limited Partnerships

A REFERENCE CITING HILL & KNOWLTON AS party to a potential advertising campaign against Rupert Murdoch and the Fox Network was reported inaccurately in your February 27 issue ["Intelligencer: Abe and NBC: Very Strange Bedfellows"]. Hill & Knowlton has no involvement whatsoever in any such campaign and has no general or specific knowledge of the existence of any plans for such a campaign. Although we are working on a sports-development project with Abe Hirschfeld, the article's description of our relationship with Hirschfeld was erroneous.

James Taylor
Hill & Knowlton
MANHATTAN

Citizen George

I READ WITH SOME AMAZEMENT ERIC POOLEY'S article on George Steinbrenner ["Let Him Walk," February 13]. You see, Mr. Steinbrenner also lives in my town, Tampa, Florida. He and his wife, Joan, are constantly underwriting events from numerous charities. Because of the Steinbrenner family, we now have a state-of-the-art children's emergency room. Their generosity helped save our symphony orchestra from going under.

George Steinbrenner is a kind, generous, affable man. He is the best thing to happen to our city. Could it be that he has an evil twin who resides in New York City?

Judith Manis
TAMPA, FLA.

A Matter of Opinion

MOLLY MCGRATH SIGNED HER LETTER TO the editor ["Letters," March 20] in a way that might cause the reader to think that her opinion on welfare mothers is representative of the opinion held by the International English Language Institute of Hunter College. I would like the record to show that Ms. McGrath, a well-respected part-time faculty member of the International English Language Institute, is stating her own opinion, which in no way reflects that of the institute or Hunter College.

Deborah Leccese-Harris
Director
International English Language Institute
Hunter College
MANHATTAN

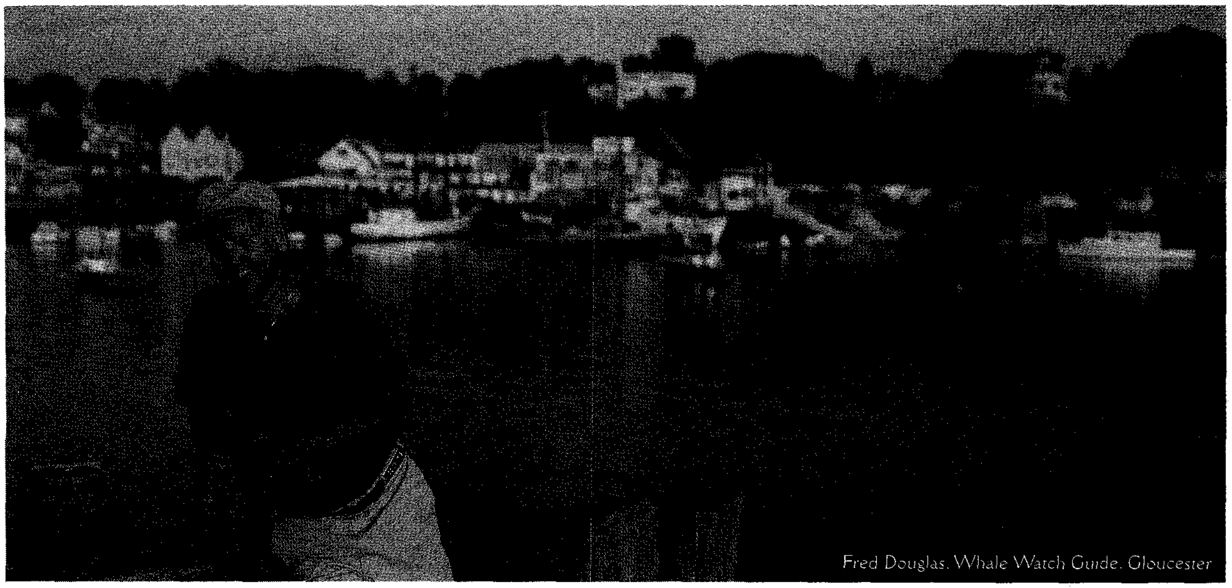
Suspicious Minds

SARAH KERSHAW'S PROFILE OF NADINE Strossen ["Against Pornophobia," January 16] confirms a suspicion of mine. It appears that Strossen, the most visible opponent of MacKinnonite extremism, is defending pornography because she herself thinks it's cool. This is the ultimate indication of the ACLU's loss of moral authority in its interpretation of the First Amendment. Strossen should try working in Times Square rather than simply visiting it for erotic highs. Maybe then she'd join the thousands of New Yorkers who are grateful to the mayor and the City Council for rescuing a prime business district from the mob.

Naomi H. Wittes
MANHATTAN

Corrections In last week's special issue, "The Best of New York" (April 17), the photo of Chubb Rock was taken at Downtown Records, not Downstairs Records. Myoptics was erroneously placed under the heading "Cheap Eyeglass Frames"; it belonged in the high-end category. A bakery that supplies bread to Bouley was misspelled; the correct name is Companio Breads.

In "The Best Lawyers in New York" (March 20), Gerry Lefcourt was incorrectly listed as being in private practice. He is in fact a partner at Lefcourt & Dratel, P.C.



Fred Douglas, Whale Watch Guide, Gloucester

Photograph by De Zitter

There's a man so familiar with the whales living off the coast of Massachusetts, he knows all of them by their nicknames.

The people of Massachusetts have always had a kind of love affair with the great outdoors. Wander around places like Walden Pond in Concord; bike lavender-lined trails around Mt. Greylock; or drift among the whales that live in our coastal waters, and you'll understand why. The Massachusetts landscape has a way of putting you at ease. Much like the people who live here.

So spend a few days with us. Take in all of our scenic wonders. And if you find that we're a little friendlier here, a little more eager to show off the splendors of Massachusetts, well, that's just our nature. For your free Massachusetts Getaway Guide, call 1-800-447-MASS, ext. 112.

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MASSACHUSETTS

Does this shape turn heads? Let's just say, the people you pass better have a good chiropractor.

Evidently, with its distinctive curves and sports-tuned suspension, the Lexus GS 300 is spinning heads with a vengeance. For the Lexus dealer nearest you, call 800-USA-LEXUS.

LEXUS *The Relentless Pursuit Of Perfection.*

©1995 Lexus, A Division Of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear seatbelts and obey all speed laws. For the dealer nearest you, call 800-872-5398.

BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS AT *DAILY NEWS*

With all the backstage intrigue going on at the *Daily News,* "New York's Hometown Paper" is starting to seem more like the Kremlin in the waning days of Mikhail Gorbachev. Word is that **Mort Zuckerman,** the paper's ever-fickle chairman, is planning yet another editorial purge. On the ascent, according to Zuckermanologists, is managing editor **Arthur Browne,** who has evidently proved his loyalty to Mort's satisfaction. The rest of top management, however, have already started updating their résumés. The first victims, newsroom sources say, will be popular metropolitan editor **Richard Gooding** and city editor **Laura Durkin,** whose jobs are already being openly shopped around. Meanwhile, executive editor **Debby Krenek**—who reportedly has had a frosty relationship with Browne—was also ready to bolt to the Newark *Star-Ledger,* but was persuaded to stay on by Chairman Mort. Insiders say that Krenek is unlikely to leave until she finishes overseeing the newspaper's move across town to West 33rd Street. Still uncertain, however, is the fate of editor-in-chief **Martin Dunn,** the high-powered Brit Zuckerman snatched away from Rupert Murdoch nearly three years ago. Though Dunn has more than a year left on his contract, he has been making trips to London lately, and there is speculation that he is seeking a safer post back in Britannia.

Zuckerman unbound?

I VANA PRENUP: THE WEDDING-BELL TOLL

Ivana Trump sure drives a hard bargain. After a rocky two-year courtship, the peroxide authoress and Pizza Hut hawker finally agreed to marry her longtime boyfriend **Riccardo Mazzucchelli** after he stepped down as president of her company, House of Ivana. "He has nothing to do with [the company] now," claims Ivana, who learned the hard way that business and pleasure don't mix. "It didn't work with Donald," she admits, "and it doesn't work with Riccardo." Not surprisingly, Ivana, who says she made all her post-Donald beaux sign "dating agreements," required Mazzucchelli to sign a prenuptial contract. "I am practical," she says. "Unless he has a bad cough and a walker," she half-jokes. "*Then* you make an exception." The socialite has become kind of a divorce expert, having just published *The Best Is Yet to Come,* a divorce-self-help guide that oddly skirts any mention of her first divorce, from "ski buddy" Alfred Winklmayer. Among the other nuggets left out of her book: that Ivana learned **Marla Maples** was pregnant from the newspapers and that she protected her children from Donald's BEST SEX I EVER HAD headlines by sequestering them in Palm Beach for nearly three months. After two failed marriages, is she really ready to wed again? "Sure," she says, "why not?" The wedding will take place this summer in Europe.

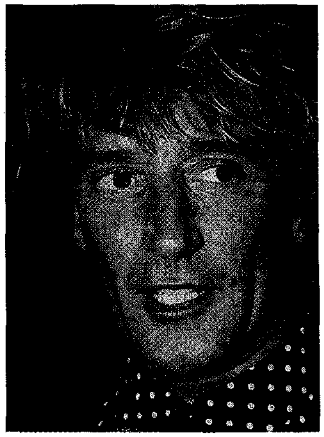
Call her Mrs. Mazzucchelli?

SIMPSON JUROR TAKES A WRITE-OFF

Add another unwanted volume to the growing Simpson library. The latest chronicler to cash in on the case is dismissed Simpson juror **Michael Knox,** who is headed to Hawaii to work on a book about his short-lived experience. Booted from the jury last month for allegedly placing bets on the outcome of the trial, Knox was quickly scooped up by **Michael Viner**'s Dove Books, the same outfit that published Faye Resnick's trashy best-seller last year. The former courier will be assisted in his new calling by an old Dove hand, the perhaps aptly named writer Richard Hack. But while the company threatens to have the book out by June 1, it still has to contend with a newly minted California statute that prohibits jurors from publishing anything about their case for 90 days after the verdict. L.A. attorney **Pierce O'Donnell,** who represented Art Buchwald in the *Coming to America* case, has sent L.A. district attorney **Gil Garcetti** a twenty-page memo challenging the statute on Dove's behalf. "The principle is important," insists Viner, who is letting O'Donnell proceed with the case even though he's still unsure whether *his* company should be the one to test the new law. But Viner doesn't seem to mind influencing the jury's eating habits. He recently inquired as to whether the twelve hungry men and women could spend their next night out at Drai's, a restaurant in which he is a partner.

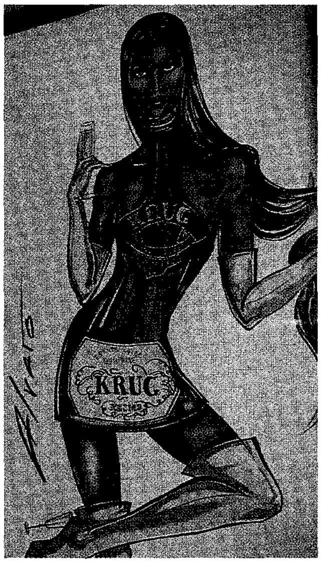
NO ROCKER IN ROD'S FUTURE

If **Rod Stewart** is really planning to retire—as Rupert Murdoch's London scandaloid *The Sun* reported last week—at least he'll be impressively dressed for the part. Soon after Stewart jokingly dismissed the front-page story, he received a care package from New York that included a silver-tipped cane, a Ralph Lauren lap blanket, and an Hermès scarf. The pricey gag gifts were sent to the rheumy rocker by Warner Music Group chairman and chief executive officer **Robert Morgado,** who attached a note that read: *For those chilly retirement days when The Sun doesn't shine.* No such gifts will be necessary, however, for former Warner Bros. Records honcho **Mo Ostin,** who "retired" last January after a power struggle with Morgado. Sources report that the record producer is about to sign with **David Geffen**'s Dream-


Rod Stewart: Some guys get all the goodies

Photographs: left, Jonathan Levine/Gamma Liaison; top right, Terry O'Neill/Sygma; center right, Richard Corkery/LGI.

Works SKG. Although the role he'll play at the new media company is still up in the air, insiders report he is likely to head up Geffen's music division.



Naomi Campbell: Uncorked

ATTACK ON THE NINE-FOOT NAOMI

Who stole **Naomi Campbell?** The Campbell in question is not the model herself—she seems to be unavoidable—but her nine-foot likeness: a scarily surrealist painting in which she is depicted as a scantily clad Krug champagne bottle (see page 22). **Alvaro,** the fashion artist responsible for *Esquire*'s Varga girls, unveiled the painting last Friday night at the Venus awards, the Golden Globes of modeling. Theatrically ensconced in a glass box, he put on the finishing touches as an assemblage of anorectic women, jewelry-laden men, and drag queens gaped on admiringly. But when Alvaro went to check on Naomi the next morning, she had vanished from the locked case like a high-fashion David Copperfield. "I am heartbroken," he sighs. "Naomi put a lot of time into the piece, and I spent three days on it." Not content with a photograph, Krug is also eager to get the artwork back. The company is even offering a reward—a case of Grand Cuvée—for its return, no questions asked.

DISNEY BOOKS: A GOOFY MOVE?

It doesn't seem to be Michael Eisner's year. Besides worrying about staff defections and a possible lawsuit by former protégé Jeffrey Katzenberg, the publishing arm of his company is having problems of its own. Last month, Disney Press—the high-end children's-books imprint of Walt Disney's publishing division—laid off many of its prominent employees. The imprint, which published book tie-ins to Disney films like *Aladdin* and *The Lion King,* was hurt by a downturn in the fancy-kiddie-book market and in-house competition from Mouse Works, a low-end Disney imprint. "The joke around the office," says one former employee, "is that the *Coke machine* made more money than Disney Press." But sources claim that Hyperion, Disney's main publishing division, is not faring so well, either. "They're hemorrhaging money," reports one former editor, who blames less-than-wildly-successful autobiographies by film producer Robert Evans and singer Martha Reeves. *"Wrong,"* claims another Hyperion source who says that the imprint is now making money, and points to seven New York *Times* best-sellers in the past four years. "Are we in the black? Not *cumulatively.* But this year was very good."

Howard Rollins: The play's not the thing

HOWARD ROLLINS'S *MOONLIGHT* GETAWAY

Days before he was to make his long-awaited theatrical comeback in the Public Theater's *Dancing on Moonlight,* **Howard Rollins** has mysteriously dropped out of the Off Broadway production. The controversial actor, Oscar-nominated for *Ragtime* (1981) and the star of *A Soldier's Story* (1983), had just completed four weeks of rehearsals for the play. While the Public Theater attributes his sudden departure to creative differences with director Marion McClinton, in the past, Rollins's chronic and well-publicized drug problems have caused him to leave projects such as CBS's *In the Heat of the Night.* Following his departure from that show, Rollins reportedly entered a treatment program and was said to be doing fine. His agent, Rozanne Gates, firmly denies that drugs are involved this time and blames lack of funds at the Public Theater. "They needed to hire three other actors," she says. "But since they couldn't, they asked Howard to double up on chorus parts. He told me, 'I can't go in front of the public like this.' " Gates adds that the actor has also been "very upset" about the drug-related suicide of his close friend and *Heat of the Night* co-star Hugh O'Connor.

ROMAN À OPRAH; DONNY DISSES NEWT

Beverly Hills agent **Michael Hamilburg** is quietly shopping a book that seems certain to become the talk-show industry's *Hollywood Wives. Talk Show,* a thinly veiled *roman à clef* written by veteran talk-show producer **Charles Cook,** is ostensibly a whodunit about the murder of a talk-show producer. But the real-life models for Cook's characters is no mystery, insiders say. Take "Violet Jefferson," the enormously popular black talk-show hostess who is enormously unpopular with most of her staff. Every Christmas, the perpetually shrinking Violet draws up a list of what *she* wants for Christmas, one that includes such pricey niceties as Chanel skiwear, first-edition rare books, and fine antiques. Just one of many odd similarities between Violet and . . . hmmm, let's see . . . ***Oprah Winfrey?*** But even worse is the competing talk-show hostess who cancels the annual Christmas party because she's unhappy with her bonus. Sound familiar, **Sally Jessy Raphael?** Insiders say it should.

AD-ICAL CHIC: Adman **Donny Deutsch,** an untrendily unrepentant liberal, is paying to shoot and air a two-minute spot attacking **Newt Gingrich's** Contract With America, which he derides as "a slick packaging job of warmed-over Reaganism." The spot, featuring New Yorkers griping about the contract's not-so-fine print, is scheduled to air this month.

Photographs: top left, Patrick McMullan; center left, John Barrett/Globe Photos; bottom, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.

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CRISTALLE

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Available at Bloomingdales

GOTHAM

Kiss is said in 23 different languages in this city—*Ed Koch*

THE FRONT PAGE

Circus of the GOP Stars

Traditionally, there is a four- or five-day gap between the fallout of one election season and the official start of the next one. Political junkies typically use this time to gather up all the *New Republics* or *National Reviews* accumulating gravitas atop the toilet tank and, in the former case, bind them up for recycling or, in the latter, have them bound in leather. But then last Tuesday, inevitably: GINGRICH TAKES PRESIDENTS, NOT PREDECESSORS, AS MODEL was the headline for a front-page story that began, "At the end of the first 100 days as Speaker of the House . . ."; directly above that was NOW OFFICIALLY, DOLE IS MAKING A RUN FOR '96, beginning, "Senator Bob Dole opened his third bid for the Republican Presidential nomination today. . . ."

After struggling for so many years to quit politics cold, Americans have started chain-smoking it, which, given standard addiction models, is hardly surprising. But it was curious that without much fanfare—well, except for the circus elephants that paraded through Washington the week before—it had been implicitly acknowledged that the United States was now officially a one-party system, with Republicans on the far right and Republicans on the ultra-far right vying for the hearts and guts of voters, many of whom were still holding out for an actual lunatic.

Not that Newt Gingrich isn't trying. In his wide-ranging 100 Days debriefing with the *Times,* the Speaker managed to compare himself to Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Eisenhower, De Gaulle, and, finally, Churchill, to whom he at least bears a passing physical resemblance. In the May issue of *W,* a political journal of sorts, the Once and Future Kingfish also compared himself, quite favorably, to JFK and, by extension, King Arthur. "We're building a real city," Gingrich said about the new Washington social order. "Camelot was a myth based on a musical—flighty and ephemeral." The Speaker had his own flighty, ephemeral Sally Fieldian moment in the *Times,* acknowledging that he no longer felt compelled to be a shrieking drama queen. "I mean, I don't need to get people's attention," he said. "I have people's attention."

Bob Dole apparently feels he doesn't, but got it when he said something he's sure to hear again, probably in somebody else's campaign commercials. "Let me make one fundamental belief crystal clear," he told a Kansas crowd: "We can cut taxes and balance the budget all at the same time." But the point wasn't *what* he said, his people insisted, it was *how spritefully* he said it. According to the *Times,* "Advisers said they were most concerned that Mr. Dole come off as vigorous," and not, you know, 71. And so it was probably off-message when the *Times,* in discussing concerns about the senator's age, pointed out that before his big announcement, "Mr. Dole rested up at his condominium in Florida."

A day later, Dole was full of vinegar if not vigor, saying all the right-wing things, like "We must hold Hollywood accountable for putting profit ahead of common decency." The day after that, the candidate vowed to use his "bully pulpit to do something about the moral decay in our country." Only *that* candidate was the newly announced Robert Dornan, the supra-ultra-right-wing congressman from California and, unfortunately for Dole and the rest of the GOP presidential pack, an actual lunatic.

Al D'Amato, leaving the hospital that day after suffering chest pains caused by his being Al D'Amato, reported that doctors were confident the media would have him to kick around for a while longer. "It's a wonderful relief to know that the worst is not around the corner," he said, speaking for himself.

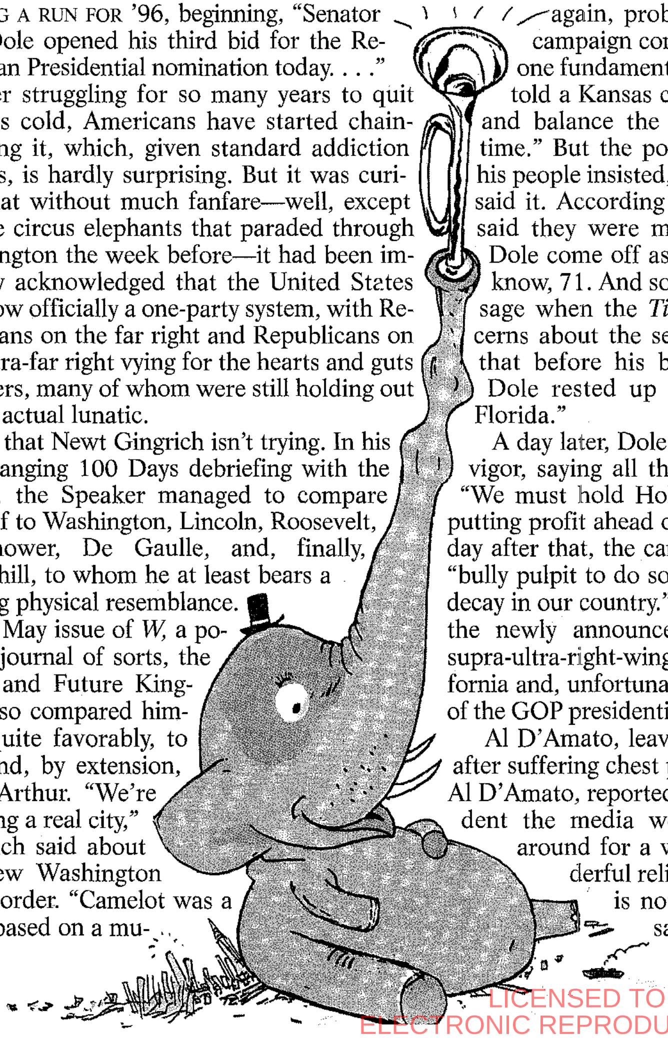

Illustration by Istvan Banyai.

JEANS AND MISDEMEANORS "That ad was created in Europe and will be shown only in Europe. We won't show it *here,* believe me."—A spokeswoman for San Francisco–based Levi Strauss & Company, regarding its two-page ad in the April issue of the German magazine *Max,* which shows a jeans-clad young man jauntily jumping a New York City subway turnstile

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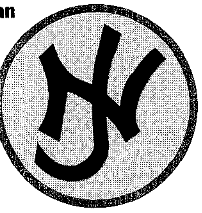
OFF THE RECORD "Better Ovitz than Diller. Barry doesn't care at all what people think of him. Michael Ovitz cares desperately."—A top Hollywood studio executive, on who will *run* MCA

THE PROSECUTION RESTS "Television in the courtroom is an unmitigated disaster. Every aspect of the [legal] system is being held up to ridicule. Of course, I say this as I'm just about to leave for CBS to do the Connie Chung show."—Gerald Lefcourt, previewing a topic of discussion at next month's National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers meeting

WHAT'S IN A NAME? When Christie Whitman insisted last week that the New York Yankees become the New Jersey Yankees if they move to the Meadowlands, she wasn't thinking of her tax base. An indication of what the New York name is worth: The New York Rangers rank eleventh out of 26 in licensed-merchandise sales in the NHL, the New Jersey Devils sixteenth; in apparel sales, the New York Knicks are fifth out of 27 NBA teams, the New Jersey Nets nineteenth.



Religion

JESUS AT AUSCHWITZ

ARBEIT MACHT FREI
VORSICHT
Hochspannung
Lebensgefahr

A memorial march at Auschwitz, 1992.

WHEN THOUSANDS OF JEWS FROM AROUND the world gather this week in Warsaw and at Auschwitz to remember the Holocaust and pray for their dead, some unwanted guests will be there praying alongside them—offering their condolences, feeling their pain, and, while they're at it, suggesting the only way for Jews to get over the Holocaust is to accept Jesus as their personal savior.

In a remarkable fund-raising letter mailed to evangelical Christians last month, the Reverend Elwood McQuaid, head of a New Jersey–based missionary group, writes that Holocaust-memorial ceremonies are ideal "strategic fields" for conversion offensives targeting Jews.

"The Month of Remembrance is a critical time for ministry to Jewish people . . . a fruitful time for witness as Jewish hearts are open to the Lord," reads the letter from the Friends of Israel Gospel Ministry. "Thousands of mourners, including many Jewish and Israeli young people, will return to the Polish towns where their ancestors lived, and visit the ghettos and death camps where they perished. . . . On these solemn occasions, the Friends of Israel will come alongside these grieving people, comforting them in the Spirit of Christ. . . . By God's grace, we will bring them God's message of true comfort and hope: the wonderful news of a living Messiah!

"As believers in Jesus Christ, you and I look ahead with joy and certain hope because we know the Messiah lives," wrote McQuaid, a Baptist minister whose Jewish conversion mission is second in size only to Jews for Jesus. "But for the Jewish people who can only assemble to remember tragedy, a future without Him promises only despair and hopelessness."

McQuaid says the letter—which asks for donations to help "show the compassion and love of the Messiah to Jewish people"—is "not trading on the Holocaust" to raise money. He told *New York*, "We want to be with the people and say to them, 'You have Christian friends. It's okay to be a Jew. You don't have to apologize for it.' "

McQuaid has a special message for the survivors themselves: "The saddest thing about Holocaust survivors is that their bodies are alive but their spirits are annihilated. Liberal Judaism doesn't have answers for them. The Orthodox have more answers, maybe, but Jesus Christ is the best option."

McQuaid, seemingly oblivious to the acquiescent role many Christian churches played in the Holocaust, is being optimistic about the reception he'll receive from survivors and their families at Auschwitz and elsewhere. "To believe that at a moment when Jewish emotions, Jewish identity, and Jewish spirituality are strongest, Jews would be susceptible to a message that means nothing less than their spiritual destruction is heinous," says Mark Powers, director of Jews for Judaism, a leading anti-missionary group. "People like McQuaid have learned nothing from 2,000 years of Christian-Jewish relations."

Unlike the missionaries of old—who many times offered Jews a less-than-edifying choice between Jesus and death—McQuaid's troops, along with missionaries from dozens of other evangelical groups nationwide, soften their conversion message by stressing their "love and support" for Israel. Indeed, some of the most influential evangelists in the country, Pat Robertson among them, are unflinching supporters of Israel, often aligning themselves with right-wing Israeli elements hostile to the Middle East peace process.

But just as Robertson has been waylaid by questions about his highly idiosyncratic beliefs on Jewish-dominated banking conspiracies, so too are other evangelists confronted with hostile questions from Jews about their support for blatant proselytizing. With the disclosure of the McQuaid letter, the Friends of Israel Gospel Ministry, which has the financial support of hundreds of Baptist and other Protestant churches, is sure to be the focus of Jewish criticism.

"This is the height of Christian imperialism," says Rabbi James Rudin, the director of interreligious affairs at the American Jewish Committee. "Using the Holocaust as a means of converting Jews is arrogant and ignorant. They're like vultures." McQuaid, Rudin says, represents a particularly anachronistic view of Christianity. "Everyone from Reinhold Niebuhr, on the Protestant side, to Pope John Paul II himself has denounced and renounced systematic campaigns to convert Jews."

Marvin R. Wilson, a professor of biblical and theological studies at Gordon College in Massachusetts and an evangelical Christian devoted to interfaith dialogue with Jews, is no less

ASK PATAKI

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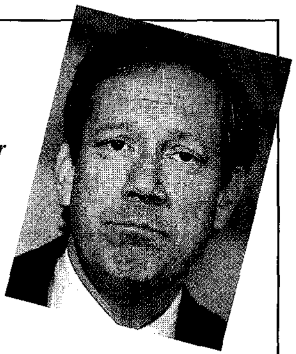


Governor Pataki, you're threatening to cut off your own paycheck—as well as those of state lawmakers and their staffs—starting this week and continuing the freeze-out until a new budget is approved. This has left many people in Albany scrambling to figure out how they're going to pay the bills. But you had the foresight to extend the mortgage on your Peekskill house back in December. Any connection?

The governor did not return several calls for a comment.

Photographs: top, Wojcik/Gamma-Liaison; bottom, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.

critical. "This comes precariously close to invading Jewish territory," he says. "This is the same kind of thing as Christians passing out literature in a temple on Friday night."

Nevertheless, opinion on Friends of Israel is far from monolithic in the Jewish community.

"Any attempt to alienate the best friends we have is pathetic," says Esther Levens, co-president of Voices United for Israel, a pro-Zionist advocacy group. "I personally think that Elwood McQuaid is an absolutely distinguished pro-Israel person who is spending his life working for the welfare of Israel."

McQuaid's planned participation in a May conference sponsored by Levens's group—along with the involvement of two other Christian missionary organizations—has already caused schisms between erstwhile allies. Some Jewish organizations, including the National Jewish Coalition, a Jewish Republican group, have already withdrawn support for the conference, citing the work of these missionaries.

When asked if she believes McQuaid to be an aggressive missionary, Levens ducks: "I'm not in their organization," she says. "I know they're big supporters of Israel. They fight anti-Semitism. They work to help Russian Jews."

McQuaid *does* help Russian Jews—to find Jesus. In another fund-raising letter, last December, he bragged about the success his missionaries were having in the former Soviet Union. "These bearers of the good news have fanned out to continue their mission among Jewish people in Moscow, Minsk, and the Ukraine. . . . Throughout 1995, we will launch our greatest offensive ever to penetrate the hearts of Jews in Russia with the Word of God."

McQuaid says twenty missionaries from his group are already on the ground in Poland—more have been dispatched to Israel, Russia, and Argentina—and will attend the various marches and ceremonies scheduled to begin this week. "They'll march through the death camps with the Jews, and if a Jewish person asks them why they do what they do, we will tell them and give them the good news."

JEFFREY GOLDBERG

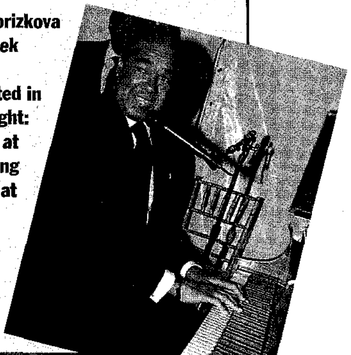
Art

THE ART OF MAKING A MESS

ZADIK ZADIKIAN IS QUITE PLEASED WITH himself. "The art community is so tight, they produce diamonds if you squeeze their ass," the 46-year-old Armenian artist says slyly. "I did this to help liberate Tony."

In the early-morning hours of April 7, Zadikian "executed an artwork on the entrance of the Tony Shafrazi Gallery at

THE SCENE



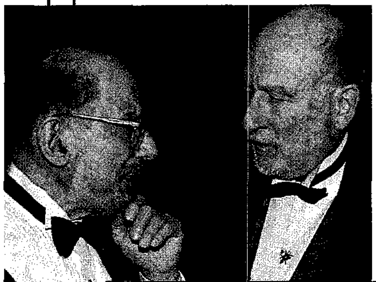
Left: Model Paulina Porizkova and husband Ric Ocasek celebrate her thirtieth birthday at Vinyl, located in the old Area space. Right: Bobby Short performs at the Today's Man opening at the store's flagship at Fifth Avenue and 44th Street. Below: Mayor Rudolph Giuliani checks out the spring line at the store.

Writers' Bloc

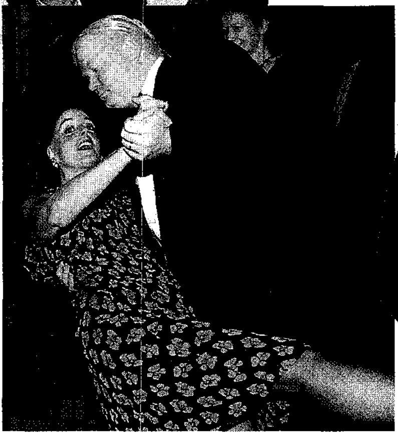
By Alex Williams
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

'Maybe we're just being served bread and wine tonight," mused one weary wag, waxing sacramental in noting the late arrival of the appetizers. Oh, that the black ties would suffer like those being honored—the imprisoned writers in Burma and Cuba who were unable to make it to the 1995 PEN Literary Gala in the tent outside Tavern on the Green.

Characterizing the PEN awards, Cynthia Ozick says, "There's nothing political, in the sense of *literary* politics." But while E. L. Doctorow proudly describes the association's members as "agitators," former president Arthur Miller acknowledges, "PEN probably means less in countries not under repression." He is not intentionally commenting on the folks out there on the dance floor doing a Chardonnay-inspired approximation of the Charleston.

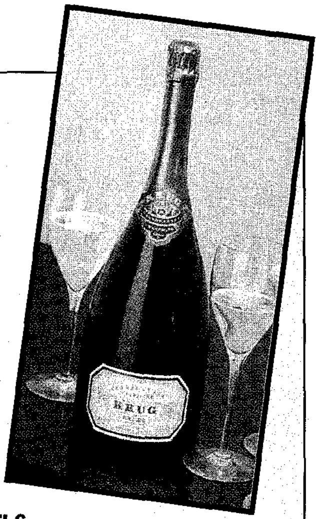


At the PEN Literary Gala at Tavern on the Green, poet Allen Ginsberg and Joel Conarroe, president of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. Below: Author Pat Conroy takes his editor, Nan Talese, for a dip on the dance floor. Right: Novelist Amy Tan and her dog, Mr. Bubba Zo.



HYPE

Krug, Krug, Krug, Krug



Why, you ask, would Krug donate 350 bottles of champagne to this month's fall fashion shows?

*"After the show, [Marc] Jacobs threw a **Krug**-soaked party for his models and best customers."*—**"Neal Travis' New York," the *Post*, April 5**

*"Word is, [John] Casablancas is going to perform a **Krug** Champagne toast to his newest girl, Amber Valetta."*—**"Hot Copy," the *Daily News*, April 5**

*"Remi **Krug**, a fifth-generation champagne maker, is Concorde-ing over from France to crown this year's Best Runway Model."*—**"Page Six," the *Post*, April 6**

*"Hundreds poured into the VIP room, where they found [Catherine] Deneuve alone on a divan, sipping **Krug** Champagne."*—**"Rush & Molloy," the *Daily News*, April 6**

*"Alvaro puts the finishing touches on a surrealistic 9-foot acrylic painting of Naomi Campbell—dressed in a **Krug** champagne bottle."*—**"Hot Copy," the *Daily News*, April 7**

*"MTV's Kennedy with Russell Simmons and Veronica Webb at the **Krug** Champagne party for François Nar's cosmetic line."* —**"The Scene," *New York*, April 17**

119 Wooster Street," according to a press release he later faxed around town. He created the work by splashing five gallons of gold enamel paint across the newly renovated façade of the landmark building housing the gallery, and writing the mysterious phrase TONY IS BOZE in tar across the gallery's two large picture windows. Zadikian, who videotaped and photographed "the creation and final product of the piece," then appended his signature, in tar.

Tony Shafrazi—a controversial figure himself, best known for painting KILL ALL LIES across Picasso's *Guernica* at the Museum of Modern Art in 1974—was initially forgiving, even about being called a "whore" in Armenian. He acknowledged that to a certain degree, it was art. Shafrazi, who has known Zadikian for decades, declined to press charges. He cleaned up one window but left the other temporarily untouched.

At 3:45 P.M. the next day, Zadikian, upset that Shafrazi had "destroyed half" of his artwork, returned with five assistants, stopped pedestrian traffic inside and outside the gallery, then chucked a gold-leafed brick inscribed KILL ALL LIES through the single cleaned window. This act of art was also photo-documented. Later that night, police received an anonymous bomb threat on the Shafrazi Gallery. Police are "98 percent sure it was Zadikian," says Community Affairs officer Michael Picciotto, who perceives Zadikian's behavior as a desperate publicity grab. "I don't know anything about a bomb threat," Zadikian responds. "That's not my material."

"I've turned my cheek on this once," Shafrazi said last Monday with uncharacteristic earnestness. "But now I owe it to my building, neighbors, the artists [who show at the gallery], and to the Landmarks Commission to take care of this right away." He replaced the broken window and hired a clean-up crew to remove the tar and paint, an act that Zadikian's wife, Linda, referred to as "taking down the installation." Shafrazi pressed charges, and Zadikian was arrested for criminal misconduct last Tuesday.

Larry Schur, whose company manages the Wooster Street building, doesn't seem to get the vandalism-as-art connection and instead equates Zadikian's action with Colin Ferguson's shooting 25 people in a Long Island Rail Road car. "That's how people make a statement today," he says. "It's sick."

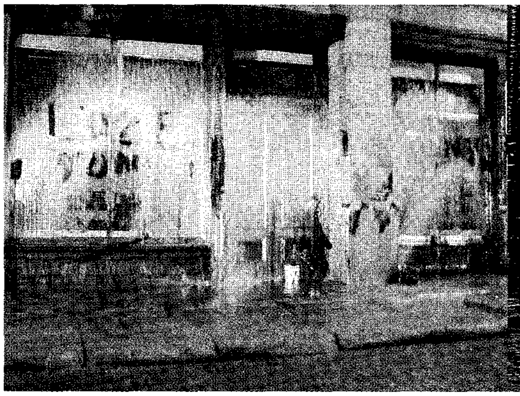
"This isn't my first work in such a form. I have a well-documented background in all this," Zadikian says, proudly listing various SoHo galleries he vandalized in the early seventies. Zadikian attacked the Shafrazi Gallery as an expression of his anger over what he considers Shafrazi's abandonment of the "vision" that led to the *Guernica* episode. He was also miffed over a number of presumed slights, including the disappearance of a sculpture he had placed in Shafrazi's care during the Iranian revolution. Zadikian is also angry about what he sees as the corporate culture of SoHo, and he has threatened to vandalize other galleries and institutions that provoke his artistic ire. He calls his work Action Painting—a reference to the somewhat less vandalous Jackson Pollock—and says he's willing to go to jail "if they think the artist should end up there."

Zadikian claims to have prepared for the Shafrazi "installation" for a month and a half. "It's serious getting into this kind of space," he says. "You have to do a lot of rotation in your head. You can't just go out and do it, because then you are insane." EUGENIA BONE

Crime

NOUVELLE DISOBEDIENCE

"LET THE ANTI-SMOKING POLICE COME AND get me," Brian McNally says, laughing. "You'll probably soon see me being



Friday: The artist and his installation.

Saturday: Artist deconstructs.

Saturday, later: Artist reflects.

Photographs: bottom, Ivan Dalla Tana.

FILM

Light of My So-Called Life, Fire in My, Like, Loins

"I was just walking by, and I noticed I looked like some of the other girls. So I got on line," **said one of the 200 or so would-be Lolitas who showed up for an open casting call for Adrian Lyne's upcoming remake. Others had slightly less clueless answers to the question *"Why are you the perfect Lolita?"***

JIM DOWNEY

A. Lardamis
"I'm silly and innocent."

Hillary Straney
"I feel it, I really feel it."

Janelle Lipaniti
"I have an innocent way about me."

Jacqueline Glynn
"My husband thinks I should be Lolita because he is home with the baby."

Jodie Weiner
"I think it's about time I got into the business."

Debbie Kuhn
"No comment."

dragged down 44th Street in shackles."

The Smoke-Free Air Act went into effect last week; most restaurateurs greeted it begrudgingly and went along gripingly. But among the city's elite dining establishments, a proto-movement was born. Civil disobedience, not seen in these circles for a generation, has bloomed like a plume of gorgeous purple smoke.

As the owner of '44,' McNally entertains some of the city's most glamorous smokers. And he's certainly not about to tell the reigning fashion elite to extinguish their accessories. "If you walked into an establishment like this and didn't find a wall of smoke," he says, "you'd think you were in the doctor's waiting room."

So McNally has decided to become an outlaw and risk that $200 fine. "Let them smoke till they drop," he says. "I'm claiming the whole place to be a hotel lobby."

Downtown, in the fashionable Barocco in TriBeCa, proprietor Danny Emerman is declaring a similar stance. "If people want to change their habits, fine. But I'm certainly not about to start policing them. In fact," he says, "I've got smoking customers who've said they will pay my fines for me—Isaac Mizrahi and Herbert Muschamp, to name two."

Buzzy O'Keeffe, owner of the Water Club, co-conspires. "It would be impolite to kick people out for smoking, out of the question," he says. "Are the captains of industry going to listen to the laws set down by a parochial government? I don't think so."

O'Keeffe says he's not too worried about squealers ratting him out to the coppers. "People who complain don't go out to restaurants," he says. "They probably go to *whine* bars."

JEMIMA HUNT

Culture

BANAL INTERCOURSE

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OLD P.S. 160 building on Suffolk Street, a man in black leather pants has stopped beating a tall blonde woman and is now pouring hot candle wax onto her naked body. "Please stop, Daddy," she says in an actressy, unconvincing voice. The man fumbles for a minute, finds a hunting knife, and begins to shave off the hardening clumps.

A bystander asks casually, "Doesn't wax stain?"

None of the several hundred onlookers at "The Deviant Playground," a one-night-only showcase of fetish and kink art exhibits, seems particularly scandalized.

There is a lot of milling about and chatting, particularly around the snack bar. There are two other beatings in progress, and in the corner next to the bathroom, a topless woman with her hands tied behind her back is sitting on a pile of bread dough about the size of an 8-year-old child. She kneads it with her feet and then, apparently bored by that, with her chin.

A crowd has gathered at the feet of the sado-wax couple. A man is standing on tiptoes, desperately trying to see. "Everybody wants to get a look at her crotch," he jokes loudly, but immediately cowers when a couple in the front row turn around and give him an icy stare.

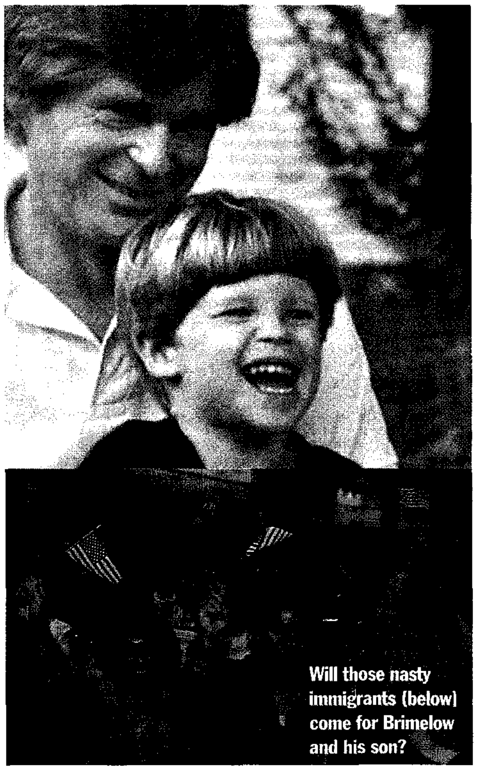
NORMAN VANAMEE

Photographs by Jim Downey.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

Xenophobia for Beginners

Peter Brimelow's 'Alien Nation' may do for immigrant-bashing what Charles Murray's 'The Bell Curve' did for racism—make it respectable.



Will those nasty immigrants (below) come for Brimelow and his son?

NOT SO LONG AGO, THE LITerature of egregious bigotry was treated like pornography. You had to send for it by mail—from backwoods presses that advertised in the classified sections of conservative magazines—or frequent the political equivalent of dirty bookstores. Today, just walk into any Barnes & Noble. The Free Press set the precedent last fall with Charles Murray and Richard Herrnstein's *The Bell Curve*, which argued that blacks are genetically less intelligent than whites. Now comes Random House with Peter Brimelow's *Alien Nation*, another expression of intellectualized white rage that attempts to do for immigrants, and Hispanics in particular, what Murray did for blacks. Odds are it will enrage sensible folk, convince no one, and earn a small fortune.

Murray and Herrnstein were enough cowed by the taboo they were violating to bury their conclusions and couch them in the obscure argot of social science. Brimelow, a journalist at *Forbes* and a British immigrant himself, doesn't bother to mumble. The browning of America, he contends, is self-evidently a Bad Thing. To quote his peroration: "Any change in the racial balance must obviously be fraught with consequences for the survival and success of the American nation. It is simply common sense that Americans have a legitimate interest in their country's racial balance. It is common sense that they have a right to insist that their government stop shifting it. Indeed, it seems to me that they have a right to insist that it be shifted back."

Wow. Brimelow tries to inoculate himself by complaining in advance about people who will seize upon this rhetoric to call him racist. It *is* regrettable to end conversations with name-calling. But what is racism if not an unreasoned objection to living alongside people who aren't the same race? And an unreasoned objection his is. Instead of offering arguments, Brimelow simply appeals to "common sense" (he fancies himself a latter-day Tom Paine) and postures about the sort of country his very white 3-year-old son, portrayed on his father's knee on the back cover, will inherit.

But forget for a moment the book's in-your-face vileness and consider its evidence. To demonstrate that we're experiencing a catastrophic deluge, Brimelow resorts to statistical abuses that would make a high-school debater blush. His first distortion is a chart that shows immigration in absolute numbers. By including those who applied for legal status under the temporary amnesty of a few years ago, he succeeds in producing a recent "spike." But what matters is the number of newcomers relative to population. And that figure is quite low, something like one fifth what it was between 1900 and 1910. Even in absolute terms, the numbers are pretty unimpressive. In the early years of the century, when the population was about 75 million, legal immigration exceeded a million per annum; the population is now 260 million and immigration runs in the 800,000 range, including refugees. Desperate for some way to make the situation look terrifying, Brimelow points out that those born elsewhere now account for 37 percent of population growth. But this hardly testifies to a mass influx, since population growth overall has tapered off. A more meaningful statistic is the percentage of our population that is foreign-born. At less than 7 percent, that number is, once again, much lower than at many points in American history.

Though Brimelow seems truly alarmed by off-whiteness of all shades, it is Latinos in particular that drive him up a tree. About this "strange anti-nation inside the U.S.," as he calls them, Brimelow resurrects all the timeworn canards about immigrants: They're criminal, they bring diseases, they reject our culture, they refuse to learn English and assimilate, they take our jobs, they drain our resources, and so on and so forth. He might at least have made an effort to explain why the dire forecasts didn't prove true before but will now. Instead, he defends the "nativist" tradition. Among his self-described heroes are the Know Nothings, who he argues were not unreasonable in objecting to the arrival of Irish Catholics fleeing the potato famine.

One could painstakingly try to refute all of the current arguments against immigration, but most of them can't be found here. *Alien Nation*, which grew out of an article in *National Review* (a magazine edited by John O'Sullivan, another anti-immigrant immigrant Brit), is remarkable for its intellectual shoddiness. Sources cited in its footnotes include the least savory of anti-immigrant propaganda, and things like dust-jacket extracts. Brimelow makes his own points in ludicrous sound bites. After noting an estimate that immigrants generate an economic surplus of only $6 billion to $18 billion, while costing the government $16 billion (an estimate disputed by the vast majority of serious economists), he continues: "If immigration is indeed causing a net loss to the taxpayers of $16 billion . . . that means its economic effects are neutral. It's a wash!!! America is being transformed for—*nothing*? Yep. That's what it looks like." Well, nope, it doesn't (or *nope, it doesn't!!!*, as Brimelow would say).

When challenged at a recent Manhattan Institute lunch, Brimelow repeated a defense he makes ad nauseam throughout his book: He doesn't need to prove his case, because the burden of proof rests upon those who support immigration. It is they who need to demonstrate the benefits of changing Amer-

Photographs: top, Bailey Breene Gendron; bottom, Steve Lehman/Saba.

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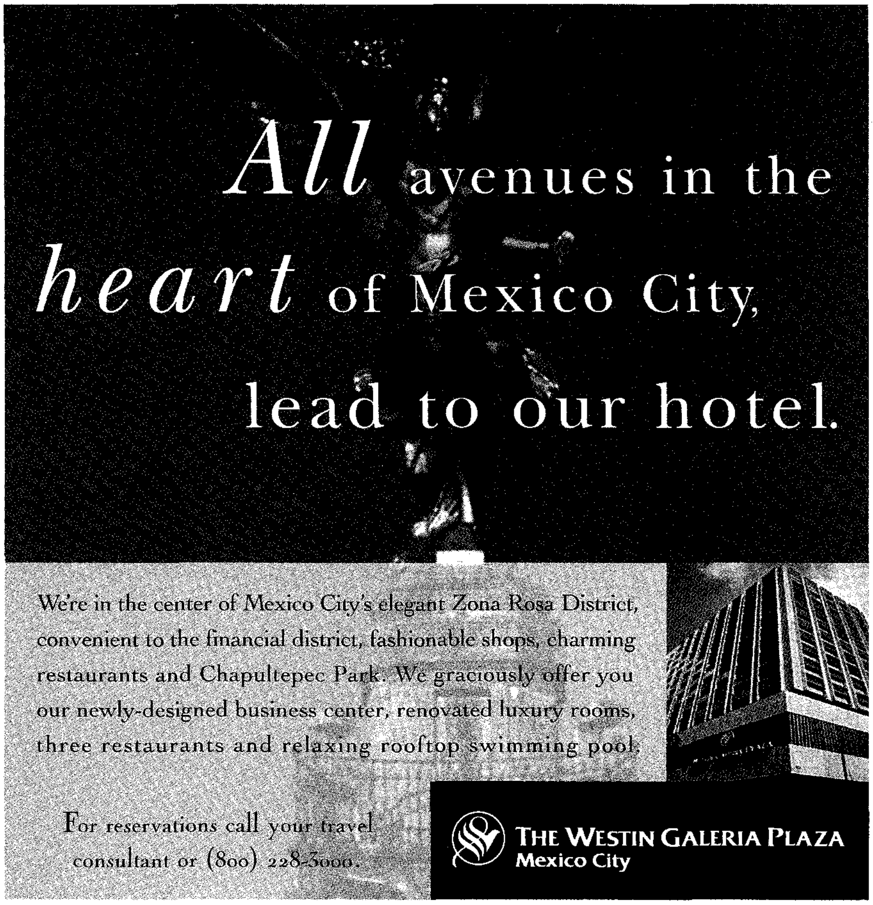

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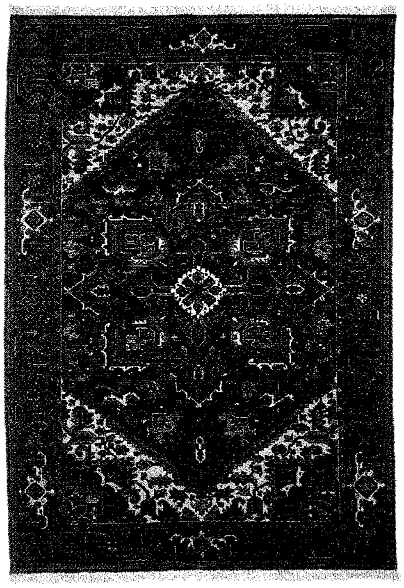

ica, not he who needs to defend keeping it the same. This is where Brimelow shows just how flawed his understanding of America really is. "The same" is immigration. Immigration, writes the historian Maldwyn Allen Jones, another, more enlightened Britisher, is "America's historic raison d'être . . . the most persistent and the most pervasive influence on her development." In fact, throughout American history, immigration has been restricted only intermittently.

Brimelow asserts that thanks to immigration, the U.S. is on the verge of turning into a cauldron of ethnic conflict on the order of Lebanon or Yugoslavia. Why? Because, he blithely contends, multicultural societies don't work. But America isn't a multicultural society. It's a melting pot with a tiny minority of radical separatists. The children of immigrants continue to learn English and assimilate despite the excesses of bilingual education, as they always have. I am not surprised that Brimelow fails to understand this. But I am amazed that Random House publisher Harry Evans (yet *another* anti-immigrant English immigrant) has gone out of his way to give these half-baked musings his personal endorsement.

None of this is to say that there aren't problems with the current system. Illegal immigration is an obvious one. The bias of the 1965 reform act, which skews the immigrant pool by giving heavy weight to distant family ties, is another. The result has been to favor a few ethnic groups, the largest of which is unskilled and poorly educated Mexicans, and to crowd out many nationalities whose immigrants can't enter because they don't have relatives here. Immigration is also unfair to states like California and Florida, which disproportionately attract newcomers. This is because the economic benefits of immigration flow to the federal government, while most of the costs accrue locally. In New York City, where the foreign-born population exceeds 25 percent, tax revenues generated by immigrants do not cover the cost of increased school enrollment, for instance. But all of these problems could be solved with a sound reform bill. We need to caulk the cracks along the border, downgrade the preference for non-immediate family, and come up with federal help for immigrant-swamped regions. It's not that complicated.

And there's one new admittedly xenophobic restriction I *would* support: an indefinite moratorium on right-wing Brits coming to tell us about threats to American values. As Archie Bunker might say, If you don't like it here, go back where you came from. ■

MUSEUMS & LANDMARKS of NEW YORK

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New York City's museum treasures span centuries, and this spring there are more reasons than ever to explore. Culture-lovers prevail on the evening of June 13, when the nine institutions along Museum Mile are open free to the public.

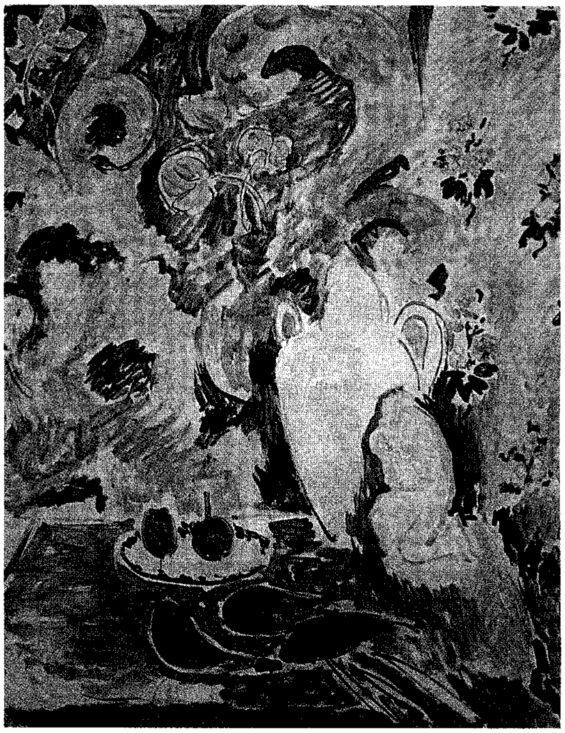
One exhibition in particular that celebrates the city's legacy of great buildings is "New York Saved: Thirty Years of Landmarks Preservation" at the Museum of the City of New York (Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street.) It features images of landmarks, as well as remnants of demolished structures to remind us of what we've lost—and, without vigilance, could lose still.

Wherever you choose to start, and whatever you decide to see first, keep in mind that in order to remain open and vital, the city's museums need everyone's support—especially at a time when funding to the arts is imperiled.

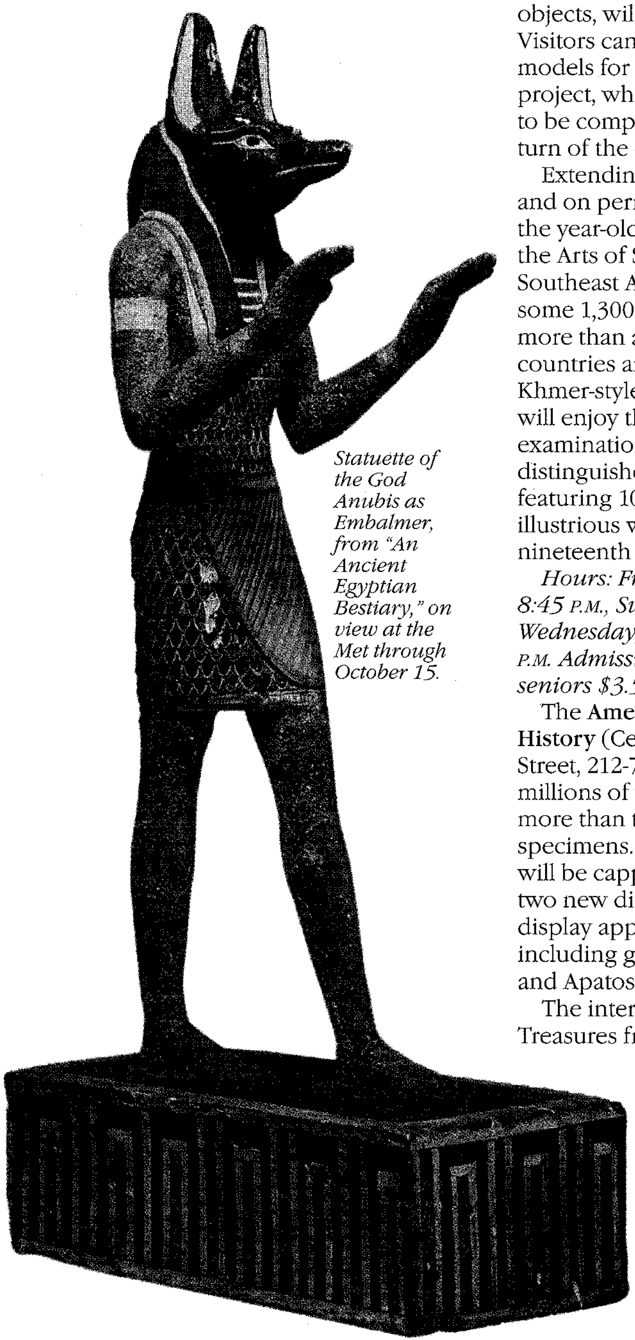
GREAT MUSEUMS OF NEW YORK

It's a landmark year for two of New York's major museums: Both the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History are celebrating 125th anniversaries. Immense collections and world-class curatorial talent enable them to present exhibits that stretch from the beginnings of time and civilization, yet are as innovative as tomorrow's technology.

At the **Metropolitan Museum of Art** (Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street, 212-535-7710), the collections reflect humanity's most constructive and creative impulses. Two current shows follow the museum's own architectural development. Through September 3, original drawings and period photographs trace the history of the building from 1870 to today. And through August 6, the new Masterplan for Greek and Roman Galleries, which will house close to 35,000 objects, will be on view. Visitors can see large models for the ambitious project, which is scheduled to be completed around the turn of the century.



Henri Matisse's Still Life with Abergines, *part of the "Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection" exhibition opening at the Museum of Modern Art on May 4.*



Statuette of the God Anubis as Embalmer, from "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary," on view at the Met through October 15.

Extending two city blocks and on permanent display, the year-old Galleries for the Arts of South and Southeast Asia present some 1,300 works from more than a dozen countries and feature a Cambodian Khmer-style courtyard. Francophiles will enjoy the Nadar show, an examination of the work of the distinguished French portraitist featuring 100 of his photographs of illustrious writers and artists of the nineteenth century (through July 9).

Hours: Friday-Saturday 9:30 A.M.-8:45 P.M., Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday 9:30 A.M.-5:15 P.M. Admission: $7; students and seniors $3.50.

The **American Museum of Natural History** (Central Park West at 79th Street, 212-769-5100) illuminates millions of years of evolution with its more than thirty million artifacts and specimens. Anniversary-year activities will be capped in early June, when two new dinosaur halls open to display approximately 100 specimens, including genuine Tyrannosaurus rex and Apatosaurus fossils.

The interactive "Expedition: Treasures from 125 Years of Discovery" program (through 1995) leads visitors on journeys through time and space. Equipped with a museum-supplied guidebook and state-of-the-art CD audio, museum-goers can chart a course across the globe or explore millions of years in the planet's history using fifty of the museum's resources as reference.

Hours: Sunday-Thursday 10 A.M.-5:45 P.M., Friday-Saturday to 8:45 P.M. Admission: $6; children $3.

At the **Museum of Modern Art** (11 West 53rd Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, 212-708-9400) there's still time to compare two quite different print exhibits. A show of more than 370 lithographs, drypoints, and woodcuts by German artist Max Beckmann, some completed as early as 1909, and a show of portrait prints from the 1970s both close May 9.

"Masterworks from the Louise Reinhardt Smith Collection," opening May 4, features paintings, drawings, and sculptures belonging to one of the institution's Life Trustees. These include stellar works by Picasso, Kandinsky, Matisse, Monet, Rodin, and Degas.

Hours: Saturday-Tuesday 11 A.M.-6 P.M., Thursday-Friday noon-8:30 P.M. Admission: $8; students and seniors $5; children under 16 with an adult free. Pay what you wish Thursday-Friday 5:30-8:30 P.M.

In addition to its large selection of books on art and architecture, the MoMA Design Store carries authorized reproductions of furniture and design classics. The Frank Lloyd Wright collection comprises five table

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From top left (details): ***Baudelaire****, 1856-58, Musée d'Orsay, Paris;* ***Sarah Bernhardt****, circa 1864, Caisse Nationale des Monuments Historiques et des Sites, Paris;* ***Rossini****, 1856, The Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

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Now through June , the 1995 Biennial Exhibition at the **Whitney Museum of American Art** (945 Madison Avenue, at 75th Street, 212-570-3676) displays powerful and imaginative art, film, and video from the last two years. Subjects that range from the collapse of Soviet Russia to heroic and mundane renderings of the self contribute to the show's thought-provoking and surprising variety. Works vary from Nicole Eisenman's humorous anti-biennial wall-painted mural to Brice Marden's lush abstractions. In the second-floor film gallery, efforts by top film and video artists are screened.

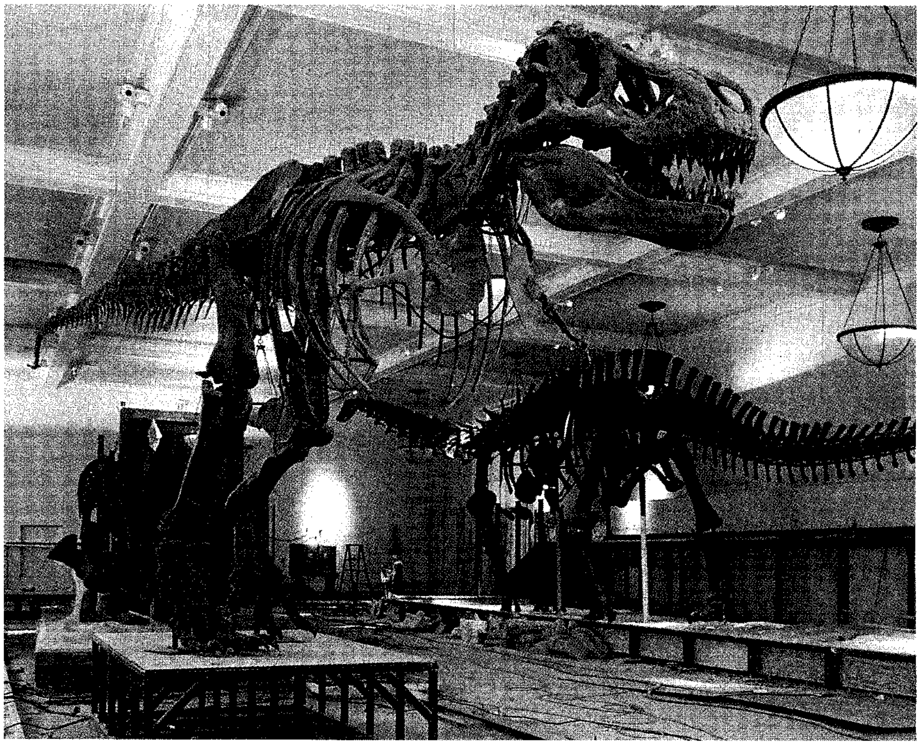
Hours: Wednesday, Friday-Sunday 11 A.M.-6 P.M.; Thursday 1-8 P.M. Admission: $7 (free Thursday 6-8 P.M.); students and seniors $5; children under 12 free.

Frank Lloyd Wright's spiral path guides visitors through the **Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum** (1071 Fifth Avenue, at 88th Street, 212-423-3500), the youngest building ever to be designated a New York City landmark. Brancusi, Calder, Chagall, Giacometti, Kandinsky, Miró, and Picasso are all represented in the permanent collection. Until May 14 works by contemporary painter Ross Bleckner will also be on view.

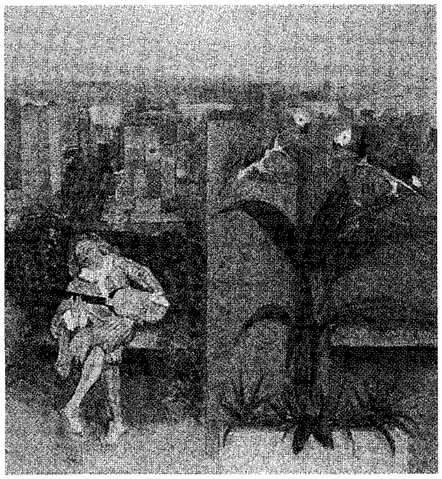
Now though June, walking tours of SoHo ($21) with an art and architecture historian take in the area's landmarks, including the cast-iron Guggenheim Museum SoHo (575 Broadway, at Prince Street, 212-423-3500). Before the tour, breakfast is served at T, the salon below the museum. For information and reservations, call 212-423-3699.

Hours: Uptown: *Sunday-Wednesday 10 A.M.-6 P.M., Friday and Saturday 10 A.M.-8 P.M. SoHo: Sunday, and Wednesday-Friday 11 A.M.-6 P.M.; Saturday 11 A.M.-8 P.M. Admission: Uptown: $7 (Fri. 5-8 P.M. pay what you wish); students and seniors $4; children under 12 free.* SoHo: *$5; students and seniors $3; children under 12 with an adult free. A $10 pass is good for admission to both museums in a seven-day period.*

The **Museum of Television & Radio** (25 West 52nd Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, 212-621-6800) invites visitors to tune in to its collection of more than 60,000 radio and television programs—documentaries, memorable music and dance events, children's programming, and advertising spots. The oldest and most historically vaunted item is a 1920 broadcast of a



A sneak preview of the American Museum of Natural History's new Hall of Saurischian Dinosaurs, which opens in early June. Together with the new Hall of Ornithischian Dinosaurs, it will display the largest collection of dinosaurs in the world.



Jane Freilicher's Serenade, *from the Whitney Museum of American Art's 1995 Biennial Exhibition, on view through June 4.*

speech given by Franklin Roosevelt, now included in the show "FDR on the Radio: The Voice of an Era."

Other highlights include "Ingmar Bergman in Close Up: The Television Work," starting May 5. Upcoming lectures at the museum include "Reading, Writing, and Rock 'n' Roll: A Look at Schoolhouse Rock" (May 11) and "The Gulf between Men and Women: Bergman's 'Scenes from a Marriage'" (June 19).

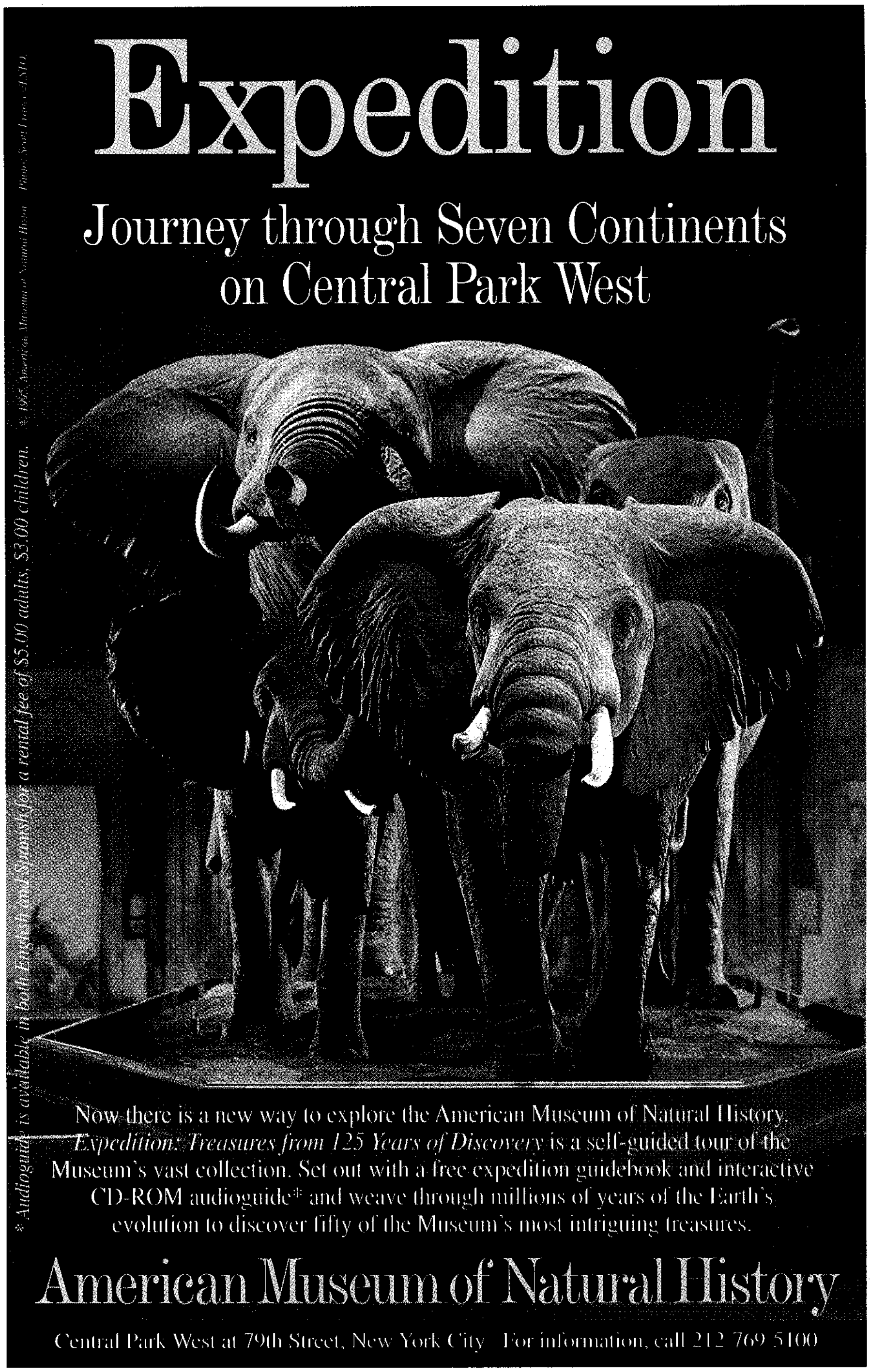
Hours: Tuesday-Sunday noon-6 P.M.; Thursday noon-8 P.M. Admission: $6; seniors and students $4; children under 13 $3.

Hailed as one of the most splendid Beaux-Arts structures in New York, the **National Museum of The American Indian, Smithsonian Institution** (One Bowling Green, adjacent to Battery Park, 212-668-6624) occupies two floors of the former U.S. Custom House, an historic landmark building completed in 1907. This Smithsonian outpost opened in October of last year with exhibits including masterworks from its collection of one million objects, considered the finest and most comprehensive study of indigenous peoples of the Western Hemisphere.

The collection, much of it assembled more than a half-century ago, includes carvings, textiles, baskets, pottery, gold work, mosaics, garments, and archaeological objects from North and South America. There are also extensive film, photography. and video archives.

Hours: Daily 10 A.M.-5 P.M. Admission is free.

Housed partly in a French Gothic chateau-style landmark building erected in 1908 and recently



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American Museum of Natural History

Central Park West at 79th Street, New York City   For information, call 212 769 5100

** Audioguide is available in both English and Spanish for a rental fee of $5.00 adults, $3.00 children.*   *© 1995 American Museum of Natural History   Photo: Scott Frances/ESTO.*

Cooper-Hewitt
National Design Museum
Smithsonian Institution

91st Street between Madison and Fifth Avenue 212 860 6868

expanded, the **Jewish Museum** (1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200) preserves and displays artifacts representing more than 4,000 years of Jewish history and tradition. "Culture and Continuity: The Jewish Journey" is a diverse collection of art, personal treasures, and interactive media installations that illuminate the Jewish experience from antiquity to the present. Included are a recreation of an ancient synagogue, ceremonial art, sculpture, paintings, and a video on contemporary Jewish experience.

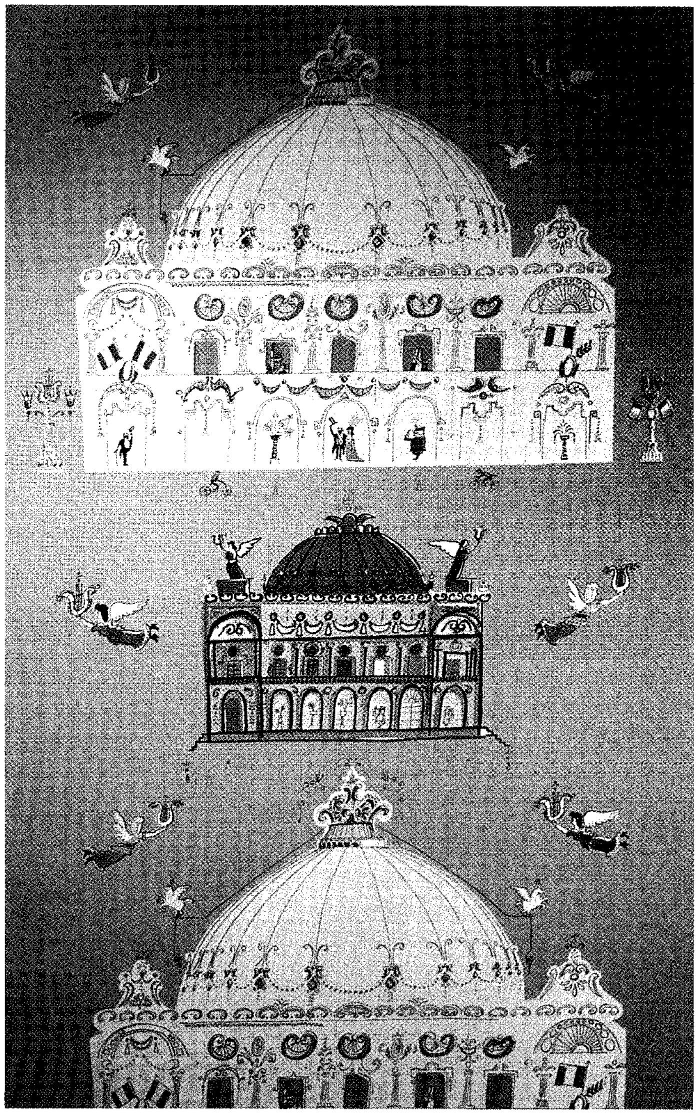
"Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator" (until July 16) is already one of the season's most acclaimed shows. It's New York's first major retrospective of this pioneering Impressionist and covers more than fifty years of his work.

Hours: Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday 11 A.M.-5:45 P.M., Tuesday 11 A.M.-8 P.M. Admission: $7 (Tuesday 5-8 P.M. free); students and seniors $5; children under 12 free.

The **Pierpont Morgan Library** (29 East 36th Street, at Madison Avenue, 212-685-0610) is housed in an intimate, palazzo-like structure that's a National Historic Landmark. Illuminated manuscripts, printed books, bindings, drawings, and prints are housed inside, and elegant period rooms evoke the splendor of the Gilded Age.

Through May 7, the most comprehensive display ever presented of Italian illuminated manuscripts from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries will be on view. These 120 exquisite miniature Renaissance paintings have been culled from twenty-nine collections in Europe and America. "Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts" (through September 3) surveys the roles and images of both real and imaginary creatures in the Middle Ages.

Hours: Tuesday-Friday 10:30 A.M.-5 P.M., Saturday 10:30 A.M.-6 P.M., Sunday noon-6 P.M. Admission: $5; students and seniors $3; children under 12 free.



"Opera" wallpaper designed by Saul Steinberg, from the Cooper-Hewitt's "Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper from the 1950s," on view through August 27.

The **Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution** (2 East 91st Street, at Fifth Avenue, 212-860-6868) is the only museum in America dedicated exclusively to historical and contemporary design. Both its structure and outdoor space reflect gracious aesthetics: The tranquil Arthur Ross Terrace and Garden is abloom with flowers and shaded by lovely old trees. The neo-Georgian structure—built in 1902 as a mansion for Andrew Carnegie and now an historical landmark—contains more than 200,000 objects.

Exhibitions focus on contemporary design, decorative arts, textiles, drawings, and prints. From beaded amulets to body piercing, the show "Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories at the National Design Museum" (until September 3) explores the symbolic messages communicated by the wearing of precious ornaments. Through August 27, "Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper from the 1950s" surveys the postwar interest in modern art that infiltrated the suburbs. The collection of more than fifty unique wallcoverings includes designs by Calder, Matisse, and Miró.

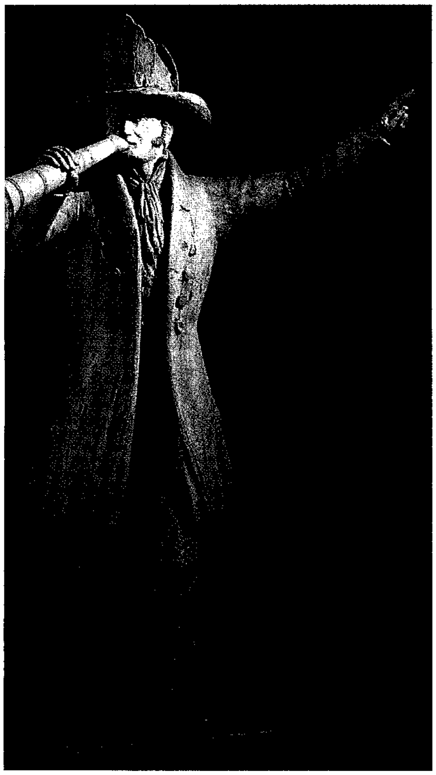
Hours: Tuesday 10 A.M.-9 P.M., Wednesday-Saturday 10 A.M.-5 P.M., Sunday noon-5 P.M. Admission: $3 (Tuesday 5-9 P.M. free); students and seniors $1.50; children under 12 free.

Reopening May 11 after a $10-million renovation, the **New-York Historical Society** (170 Central Park West at 77th Street, 212-873-3400) will offer a sampling of its collection in a "Treasury of the Past" exhibition, through August. Art, photographs, written documents, and decorative objects reveal two hundred years of American history inside this 1908 landmark building.

There's a Paul Revere print that illustrates the Boston Massacre, as well as a letter sent by a homesick immigrant to his mother in 1796. Paintings by well-known artists such as Thomas Cole as well as folk art will also be on display. Historical curiosities such as General Tom Thumb's tiny calling card, the last piece of ticker-tape issued at the end of Black Friday in 1929, and an apothecary's leech jar make for lively observation.

Hours: Wednesday noon-8 P.M., Thursday-Sunday noon-5 P.M. Admission: $3, children/seniors $1.

The **American Craft Museum** (40 West 53rd Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, 212-956-3535) showcases contemporary art made from clay, fiber, glass, metal, and wood. It is the nation's only forum dedicated to excellence in twentieth-century craft. Currently on display through June 25 are two shows of work from the permanent collection, one featuring fiber, the other, jewelry. "Fiber: Five Decades from the



Painted wood sculpture by an unidentified artist from the collection of the New-York Historical Society. The NYHS reopens after a $10-million restoration on May 11.

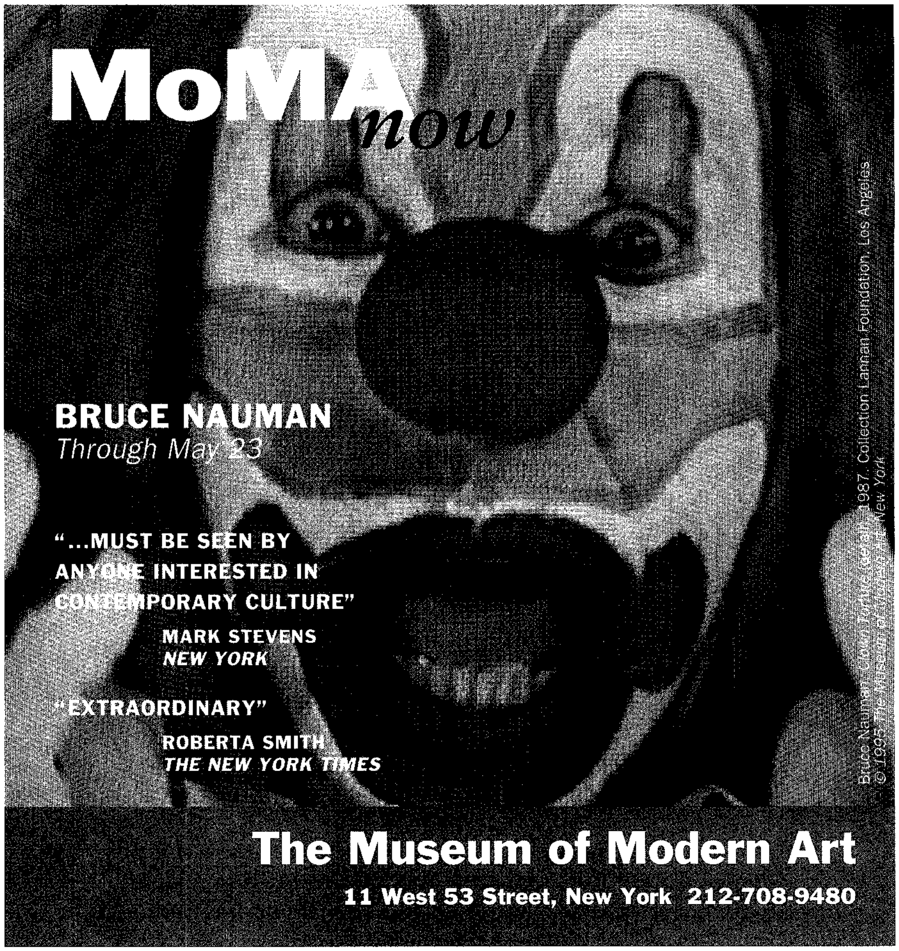
Permanent Collection" traces the development of art made by weaving, sewing, crocheting, knotting, tying, and other techniques between 1957 and the present. "Jewelry from the Permanent Collection" features more than eighty objects from the last five decades, showing the influences of such art movements as Pop Art and Minimalism.

Hours: Tuesday 10 A.M.-8 P.M., Wednesday-Sunday 10 A.M.-5 P.M. Admission: $5 adults; $2.50 students and seniors. Free for children under 12.

The **Brooklyn Museum** (200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, 718-638-5000) is both a city landmark and on the National Register of Historic Places. Since its recent renovation, one floor of the new wing is entirely dedicated to ancient Egyptian Art.

A retrospective of works by African-American painter and printmaker Romare Bearden opens May 5, complemented by a June 9 lecture featuring the show's curator, the director of New York City's Printmaking Workshop, and jazz historian Albert Murray.

Hours: Wednesday-Sunday 10 A.M.-5 P.M. Admission: $4; students $2; seniors $1.50.



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Bruce Nauman, *Clown Torture* (detail), 1987. Collection Lannan Foundation, Los Angeles
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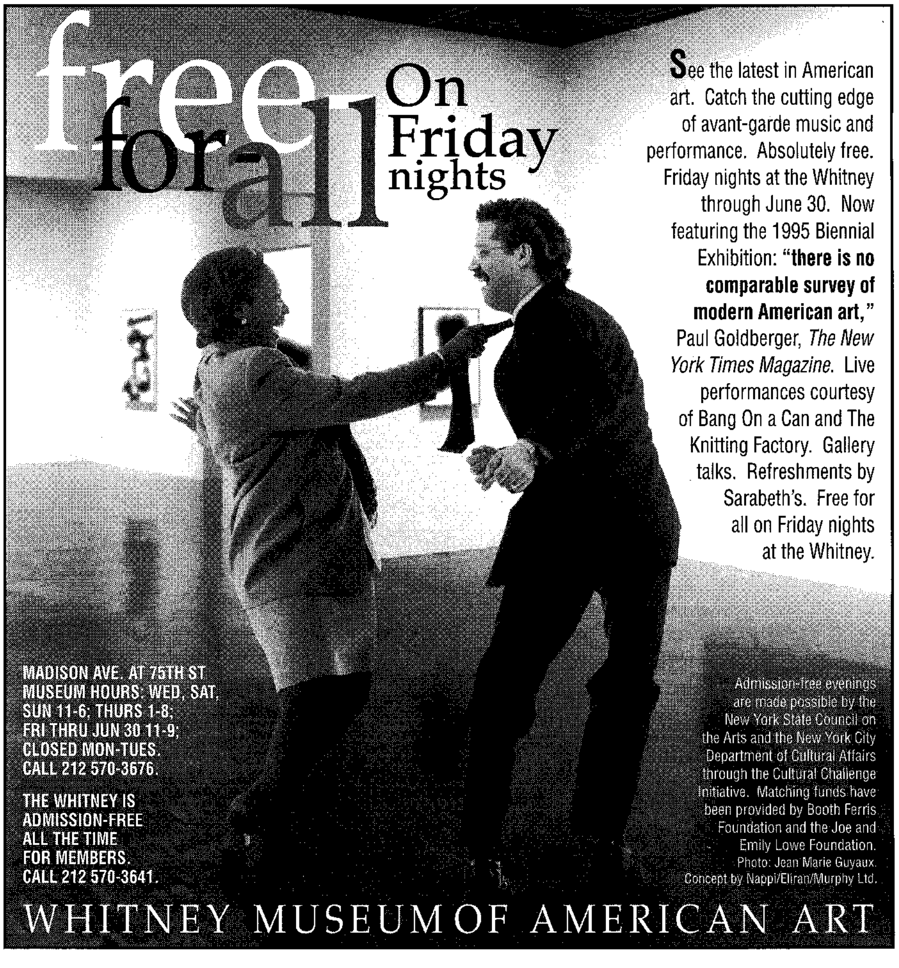

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Admission-free evenings are made possible by the New York State Council on the Arts and the New York City Department of Cultural Affairs through the Cultural Challenge Initiative. Matching funds have been provided by Booth Ferris Foundation and the Joe and Emily Lowe Foundation.
Photo: Jean Marie Guyaux.
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WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

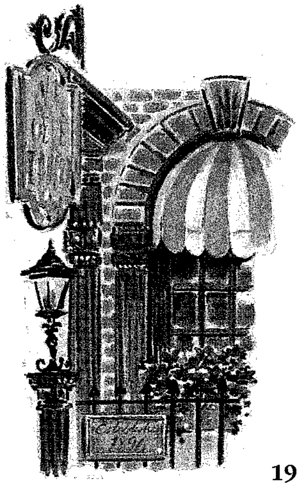

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Illustration by Barbara Maslen

BEYOND THE MUSEUMS

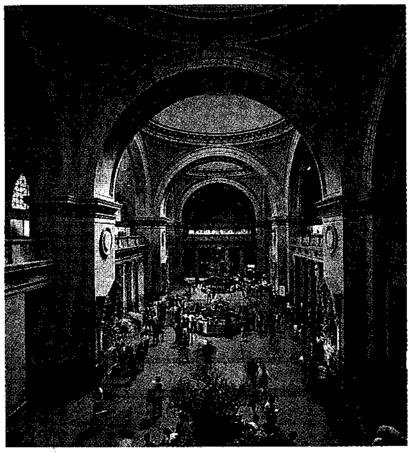
Sometimes it's not enough just to view the spectacular treasures amassed in New York's museums. Those with the urge to buy art may want to check out the tri-level **Manhattan Art & Antiques Center** (Second Avenue at 56th Street, 212-355-4400), an urban mall with more than 100 dealers selling an array of silver, antique jewelry, furniture, clocks, folk art, carvings, textiles, architectural sculpture, and much more. Prices range from $10-$300,000.

Art fairs are also excellent places to become acquainted with a wide range of top-quality salable pieces. Lovers of rare books can browse from the bounty of more than 120 dealers at the **New York Antiquarian Book Fair**, April 21-23 in the Park Avenue Armory at 66th Street. "Anyone can begin a collection for under a hundred dollars," says the show's producer Sanford Smith. Specialty categories available include poetry, travel, gardening, drama, maps, science fiction, women's literature, and more. *Hours are Friday 11 A.M.-9 P.M., Saturday 11 A.M.-7 P.M., Sunday 11 A.M.-5 P.M. Admission is $10, and children under 16 accompanied by an adult are admitted free.*

Collectors can find heritage quilts and tomorrow's treasures at the **New York Quilt Festival** (Pier 92, West 52nd Street and the Hudson River) May 10-14, a five-day event offering both exhibitions and workshops. *Hours are Wednesday noon-8 P.M., Thursday and Friday 10 A.M.-7 P.M., Saturday 10 A.M.-6 P.M., and Sunday 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Admission is $10.* For information call 212-777-5218.

Eighteenth-century bust at Brian Stewart Antiques Gallery, part of the Manhattan Art & Antiques Center.

Happy Birthday, LANDMARKS COMMISSION



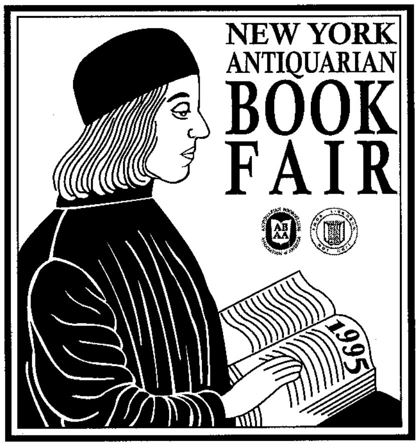
The Great Hall at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, one of New York's landmark interior spaces.

Since 1965, New York City's Landmarks Preservation Commission has identified and designated landmarks, buildings, and historic districts within the city. A building or object is eligible for landmark status when it reaches thirty years or older and has special historical or aesthetic interest or value as part of the city's heritage. The thirtieth anniversary of this city agency has special meaning, since the Commission has itself become a landmark of sorts.

Historic districts designated by the Landmarks Commission—which include a number of areas in lower Manhattan, SoHo, and Greenwich Village—all have a distinct sense of place, which is created at least in part by the consistently high architectural quality of their buildings. So far, the Landmarks Preservation Commission has designated more than a thousand individual landmarks and sixty-six historic districts throughout the city.

The landmark designation has also been applied to a number of New York's museums. "In so many instances, the museum buildings are themselves wonderful works of architecture or have played a very important role in New York's cultural history," notes Jennifer Raab, Commission chairperson.

Events scheduled to honor the anniversary include walking and bus tours, exhibitions, performances, and lectures throughout the city. For information call 212-553-1100.



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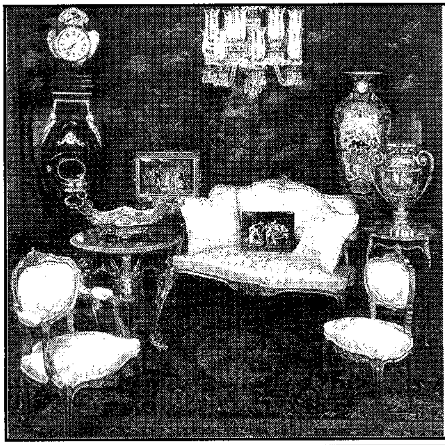

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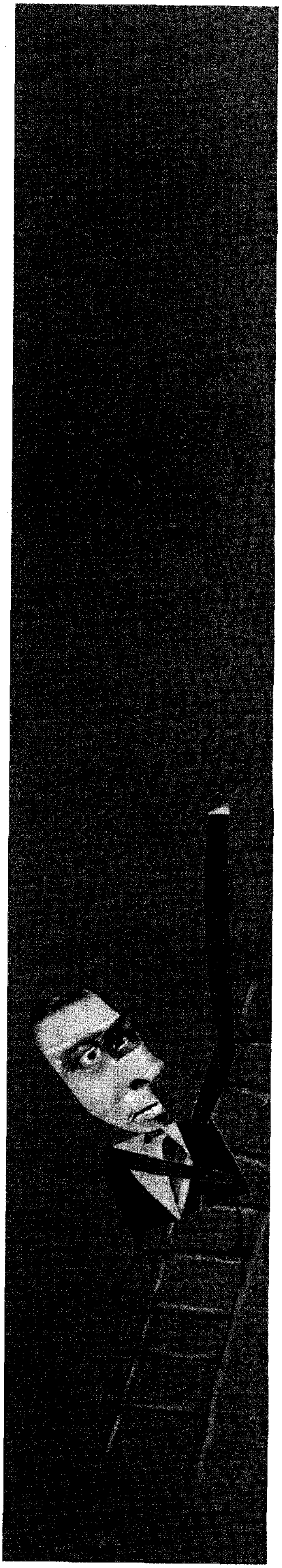
It's the eighties all over again—almost—as luxury co-op and condo buyers toss around the cash and sellers see what they can get away with By Peter Hellman

THE RETURN OF THE $100,000 CLOSET

THE COUPLE FELL IN LOVE WITH THE APARTMENT ON THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING. THE SEVEN-ROOM 84th Street cooperative on Central Park West in a solid if decidedly uncharismatic building came on the market that very morning. Occupied by the seller for more than 40 years, it needed considerable renovation. The asking price was $750,000, and the couple decided on the spot to bid $700,000. But Michele Kleier, a broker for Gumley-Haft who had been retained by the couple, sensed the market pulse was too strong for a lowball to work. "If you want it," she advised them, "offer the full $750,000."

Not so long ago, the seller might have been grateful for a prompt offer at more than 90 percent of the asking price. Buyers had been accustomed to calling the tune ever since the real-



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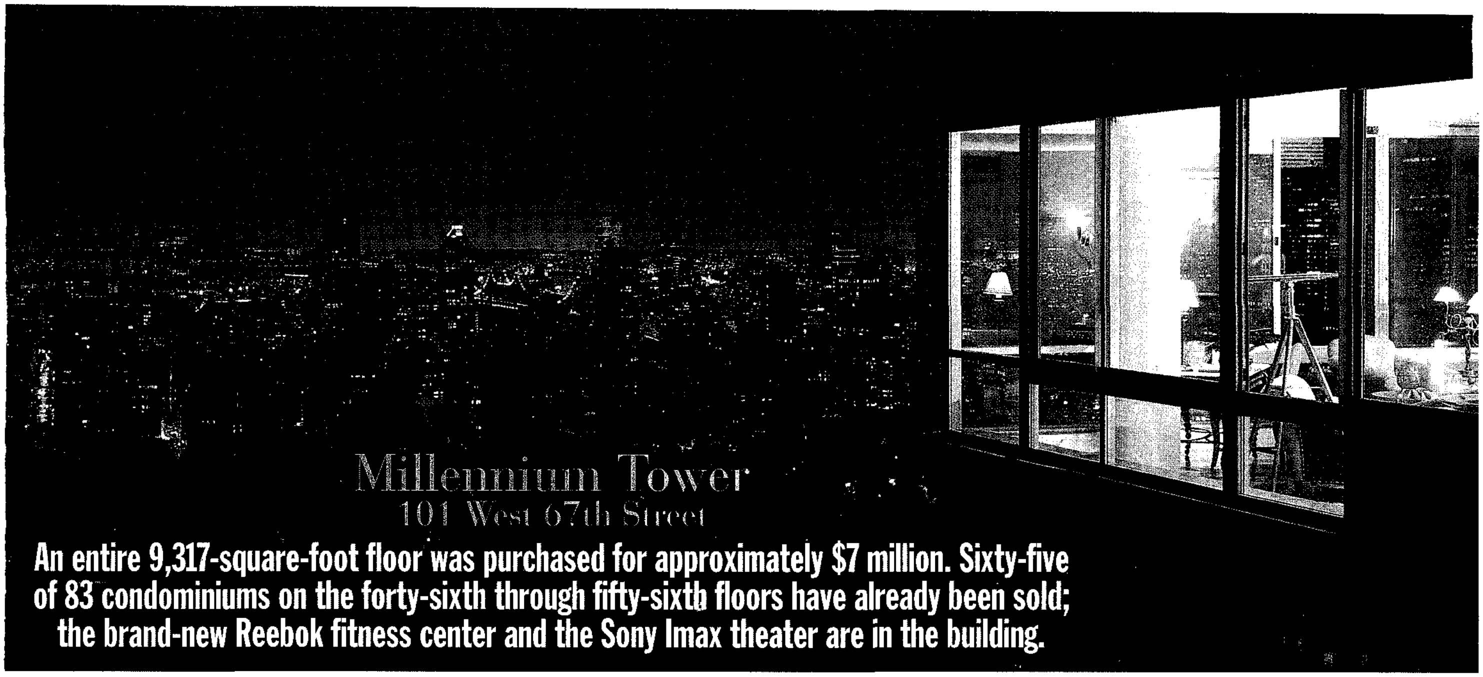


Millennium Tower
101 West 67th Street

An entire 9,317-square-foot floor was purchased for approximately $7 million. Sixty-five of 83 condominiums on the forty-sixth through fifty-sixth floors have already been sold; the brand-new Reebok fitness center and the Sony Imax theater are in the building.

estate market began its slow-motion crash in the late eighties. Between 1989 and 1991, prices for three-bedroom cooperative apartments fell by about 25 percent. Even minuscule mortgage rates could not bouy demand. As the lower end of the market continues to lag, buyers can still feast on a surplus of small, dark, poorly constructed or inconveniently located units. But it's the sellers who are back in control of prime, family-size cooperatives (above all, prewar "classic" six- and seven-room co-ops and larger), condominiums, and residential townhouses—as bidders on the Central Park West apartment quickly discovered.

The couple took Kleier's advice, bidding the full $750,000. Normally, a preemptive bid like this one would have sealed the deal. But that evening, Kleier got a phone call from the seller's broker. Several more bids had come in that day, and the seller decided to have all bidders fill out a questionnaire, requiring financial data *and* references from residents of the building. In Kleier's twenty years as a broker, she had never seen such a thing. It's got to be a quickening market when bidders offer the full asking price and get back a spot quiz.

"Walk by the better buildings along Central Park West," says broker MacRae Parker of Brown, Harris, Stevens. "See how many park-view apartments you can find for sale, six rooms and over: precious few. In 34 years, I've never seen the supply so tight." This spring, after five years of slow slogging, the top end of the market is quickly turning "hot and high," as Dolly Lenz of Sotheby's International Realty put it. "Good things are flying out the window."

The competition is especially brisk on Central Park West, much favored by film folk, who have a harder time getting accepted by Upper East Side co-op boards. Dustin Hoffman, Diane Keaton, Mike Nichols, Lauren Bacall, Rick Moranis, Steven Spielberg, Steve Martin, and Bruce Willis and Demi Moore all now own apartments within blocks of one another. Last month, a six-room apartment at 101 Central Park West—a white-glove building starchy enough to be on Park Avenue—was put under contract within a week of going on the market at $1.675 million, even though it lacked direct park views. One indication of the tight market is the narrowing of the so-called negotiability factor. That's the percentage by which the sales price of an apartment differs from its initial asking price. For all West Side sales recorded by Halstead Property Company in 1991, the negotiability factor was more than 25 percent. Last year, it was 12.75 percent. In February, it was down to just 9 percent.

At the inimitable Dakota, one of the city's highest-profile apartments will soon change hands. It's the eight-room, seven-fireplace apartment owned by Chris and Priscilla Whittle. Decorated in cost-be-damned style by Peter Marino and Associates, it was offered at $5.8 million late in 1994 and was quickly spoken for by Connie Chung and Maury Povich, already Dakota residents. When the deal closes, it will be a coup for Patricia Burnham, a broker known for her short, short skirts and her society soirées in Southampton. "I sold the Whittle apartment in just one week," she says, "with two backup buyers."

The market began to revive in 1994. The average price per room in three-bedroom cooperatives below 96th Street crept up from 1993's $129,746 to $134,153 last year, according to Douglas Elliman's annual market report. (Co-op prices, unlike those for condominiums, remain private transactions unrecorded by the city. Nevertheless, they are informally tracked by brokerages.) Sales volume made a more dramatic leap—from 1,659 units sold in 1993 to 2,251 units in 1994—a harbinger of this spring's comeback. The frenetic pace has been felt by real-estate lawyer Scott Claman of Stiefel & Cohen, who says, "I used to handle three deals a week. Now I'm doing as many as seven a day." Claman is being pushed hard to complete "due diligence" background checks of buildings on behalf of buyers—who sometimes give him only 24 hours to examine the financial condition of a building. "If I'm slow," he says, "the apartment may go to another bidder."

This month, a twelve-room apartment at 1120 Fifth Avenue, which sold for $3 million last September, is coming back on sale as a result of a divorce—at a new asking price of $3.85 million. Showings were delayed because many potential buyers were in Aspen. Meanwhile, says broker Dolly Lenz, "a list piled up to see it. I'd faxed 50 people myself."

YES, THE APARTMENT market is "blooming just like the tulips on the Park Avenue median," as broker Amy Katcher of Charles H. Greenthal floridly puts it. But unlike the city's long, inclusive bull market of the eighties, this one finds bidders acting more cautiously—so far. Inflation is not in the air. Back then, the wide blue sky seemed to be the only direction for prices to climb. Toni Haber of Douglas Elliman, who became a broker straight out of college in 1983, remembers thinking that "prices would just keep going up 20 percent a year." So strong was the market that it even bounced back, for a time, from the stock market's Black Friday in October 1987. Then it ebbed as the city's economy weakened. Sellers had a hard time accepting the new reality that prices hadn't simply ceased inflating but were actually falling.

In 1988, with the market about to turn, the owner of a spacious nine-room Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking the Central Park Reservoir was asking $3.5 million. Broker Marcy Pedas Sigler, of Stribling & Associates, Ltd., brought him an offer of $3.2 million. "He didn't want to hear about

Photograph by Mark Samu.

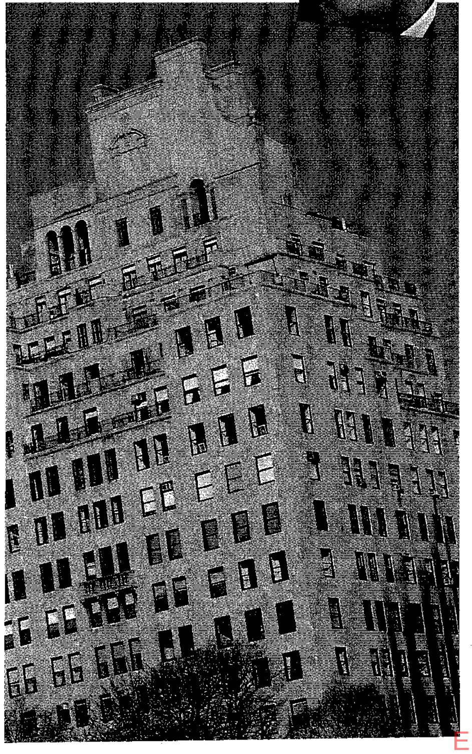
it," she says. The next year saw offers fall below $3 million. The owner still held on. Finally, in 1992, he was forced to sell for a sobering $1.5 million.

A similar story about townhouses is told by George van der Ploeg, a luxury-property specialist at the Corcoran Group. At the peak of the market in 1987, a couple bought a ten-room townhouse on East 78th Street for $3.5 million. "In retrospect, they overpaid," says Van der Ploeg. "Then the husband died suddenly. The widow's lawyer asked what the house was worth. It wasn't what she wanted to hear, but I said $2.5 million." Ignoring that advice, she asked the same $3.5 million for the house that she'd paid herself. A year passed, in a faltering market, with no takers. The house finally sold in 1992 for $1.8 million.

It could have been worse. When the financial crisis hit the city in 1974, residential prices began a free fall to levels that now seem like a joke. In 1974, for example, Marcy Sigler moved to Manhattan and bought a five-room terraced Fifth Avenue apartment for $55,000. "My lawyer told my husband I was crazy," she says. (She has since, in *echt*-New York fashion, fired her lawyer and divorced her husband.) Last year, Sigler sold a "maid's room" elsewhere in her building for in excess of $60,000—"more than I paid for my place," she crows. As late as fall 1976, well after the resolution of the financial crisis, buyers still feared putting down roots in the city. A nine-room apartment at 15 West 81st Street, facing the leafy grounds of the Hayden Planetarium, sold for a laughably low $35,000. From there, the market started upward, accelerating rapidly. It hardly paused for twelve years. Today that apartment could fetch about $1.4 million.

1040 Fifth Avenue

Jacqueline Onassis's fourteen-room apartment needed a new kitchen and central air-conditioning, but billionaire David Koch shelled out 9.5 million for it anyway. Onassis paid $200,000 for the co-op in 1964.



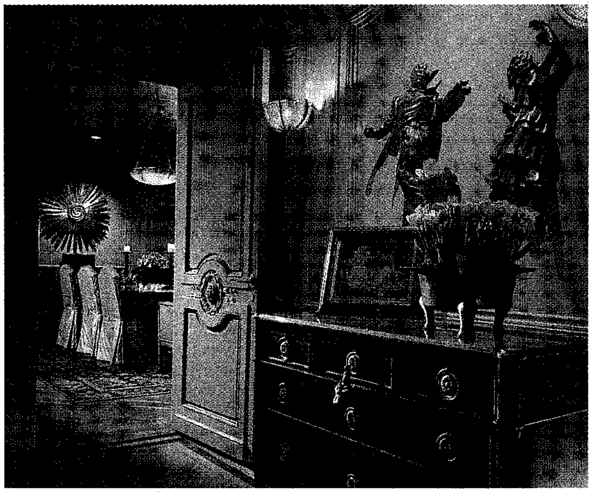
It normally takes good times on Wall Street to put zip into apartment sales. That's not currently the case, with the crimp from last year's bond debacle squeezing bonuses and forcing layoffs. The city's financial health also remains precarious. But the most potent pricing factor, bull or bear, may be our perception of the city. Right now, that's quite positive. Rudolph Giuliani makes the owning class feel more confident than David Dinkins did, with the current emphasis on upgrading "quality of life" and crime-fighting. And just by standing still, New York gains ground on Los Angeles—sometimes called our westernmost suburb—its image sullied by riots, the earthquake, and mudslides. Closer burbs also seem to beckon less. As the Montclair post-office massacre shows, suburbs now often seem like the new locus of American terror.

Hard economics works in Manhattan's favor, too, what with the town's limited supply of desirable apartments. There will never be more "prewar classic 6's and 7's." As broker-to-the-upper-crust Edward Lee Cave points out, "prewar" primarily means pre-Depression, since construction in the thirties was sparse. And the last major residential-building boom in the eighties was tilted toward yuppie-esque two-bedroom or smaller units, which remains a soft market.

The demand for family apartments has glamorized Carnegie Hill, in the East Nineties—once scorned as northern-lights territory. Kathy Slattery, a broker for the Corcoran Group, finds peak demand is for nine-room homes, including three bedrooms and a library. Slattery recently orchestrated a bidding war, atypically, for a mere "classic five"—smaller than most families want. "It wouldn't normally have had the energy behind the bidding," she explains, "but this was in a prewar building, with great light, smack-dab in the middle of Carnegie Hill."

In "very short order" after the apartment was offered last February at $650,000, Slattery had nine serious bidders. An early offer just below the asking price was accepted. But the buyer, although financially qualified, backed out—"just fell apart," says Slattery. Still holding "a very nice hand of cards," she could have conducted an auction but decided instead to go to sealed, all-cash bids. "An auction is a popularity contest, which can go on and on until everyone suddenly gets disgusted," she points out. "We wanted these bidders to think about what the apartment was worth to them outside the auction environment." Four bids came in, two under and two over the asking price. The apartment went for $11,000 above the asking price.

A little ingenuity can work wonders in moving small apartments in good buildings. Kay Brover, director of sales at Douglas Elliman's Upper West Side office, tells of a rear three-room apartment on West 67th Street that was being ignored at an asking price of $150,000. A nearly identical adjoining apartment, also a wallflower, was priced at $159,000. So why not offer the two apartments as a single unit? Despite some animus between the two owners, they agreed to the joint marketing effort. "Suddenly, we had several bidders for what was now a six-room unit," says Brover. Together, the apartments fetched $390,000—an $81,000 premium over their separate asking prices. At the Beresford at 211 Central Park West, adjacent five- and four-room apartments on the fifth floor are also being offered jointly. Originally, they'd been a single nine-room apartment comprising a generous 3,300 square feet. What was torn asunder in the Depression can be joined together once more for $1.695 million.



888 Park Avenue

Decorator Lucy Grunther bought this twelve-room co-op in 1991 and reconstructed it with the help of an architect. It sold for $3.9 million in 1994, more than double what Grunther paid. The new owners avoided two years of plaster dust and surly tradesmen, so the higher price was worth it.

But pricing an apartment requires finesse, even in good times. Bidders won't bother to look if they think the price is too high. And it's dangerous for an apartment to sit, because in a very few weeks it can go stale. On the other hand, if an apartment sells swiftly above the asking price, the seller may decide it should have been priced higher—and turn on the broker.

That happened at winter's end with an attractive thirteen-room apartment on Gra-

Photographs: top to bottom, Durston Saylor; Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Ted Hardin.

The eight-room apartment with seven wood-burning fireplaces owned by Christopher and Priscilla Whittle was decorated by Peter Marino and Associates. Connie Chung and Maury Povich want the co-op, which was offered at $5.8 million late last year.

cie Square, which the owner wanted to price at $1.7 million. Broker Charles Russell of the Corcoran Group insisted that $1.5 million was more realistic. The seller, a commercial realtor, acquiesced. "The first people through the door, a couple from out of town, agreed to pay the full $1.5 million," says Russell. Meanwhile, there were twenty other parties interested in the apartment. The upshot, says Russell candidly, is that "the seller strongly feels in retrospect that I underpriced it."

Other brokers support Russell. "That apartment was like the prettiest girl on the dance floor," says Jane Bayard, a broker at Ashforth Warburg Associates. "Everyone wanted to dance with it. The price *was* realistic. You have to keep a sense of urgency in marketing an apartment. How do you do that except by price?"

A well-timed price reduction jump-started bidding on a spacious seven-room apartment belonging to the composer Meyer Kupferman. Located in the Doralton, an Upper West Side building built in 1902, the apartment sparked no interest last year. In January, the price was dropped from $640,000 to $595,000, and three bidders materialized. "It took time," says broker Bill Barton of the Halstead Property Co., "because the place needed so much work. People kept having to come back with their architects, electricians, and contractors." In March, a bid was accepted on the apartment near the asking price.

Unique apartments, of course, can burst free of normal price constraints. Jacqueline Onassis's apartment at 1040 Fifth Avenue was worth whatever a billionaire like David Koch felt like paying. Or overpaying. At $9.5 million, Koch's winning bid may have been excessive, especially given the state of the fourteen-room co-op—it needed a new kitchen and lacked central air-conditioning. An apartment on the market with a provenance that may actually be hindering its sale is a thirtieth-floor, four-room condominium at 200 East 65th Street that has been on the market since the fall for $1.295 million. The seller: O. J. Simpson.

Occasionally, a noncelebrity apartment will outperform the market on pure merit. There's the twelve-room apartment at 888 Park Avenue that decorator Lucy Grunther put on the market early last winter. She'd purchased it as a "wreck" at the low ebb of the market in 1991. Then she spent "two years of blood and love" reconstructing it in partnership with an architect—to the tune of $1 million. "There were two months of thinking about doorknobs," she says. "I made my share of mistakes, and I ate them. I don't know if I could do it again."

Grunther called in Toni Haber of Douglas Elliman to be her broker. "She came to me with a goal in mind, and we accomplished it in three weeks," says Haber. That goal was to sell the apartment, fully furnished, close to Grunther's asking price of nearly $4 million—a premium of about $1 million over the most recent sales for similar apartments in the building. The purchaser, one of three active bidders, paid almost $3.9 million in 1994 for the furnished space—more than double what Grunther had paid for it. Did the new owner overpay? Not if he wanted to avoid two years of plaster dust and surly tradesmen. Besides, cooperative boards make it notoriously difficult to schedule disruptive work.

Fixer-uppers with a lot of potential can be undermined by overpricing and indifferent marketing. Across Central Park, a nine-room apartment that is the entire twenty-third floor of the El Dorado's south tower languishes, despite vistas to all compass points, including an eastern exposure centered on the Reservoir. But the apartment, an estate offering, is a dilapidated mess. Contact paper is peeling from the window sills, and the kitchen fixtures are ancient (including a mysterious Kohler "Electric Sink"). At an asking price of $2.4 million, the apartment compares unfavorably with Faye Dunaway's former apartment, two floors lower and terraced, which sold recently for $2.5 million—in fine shape.

"If you overprice in this kind of environment," explains Fern Hammond, a broker for the Prudential MLB Kaye International Realty, "people wait for a price reduction because they're embarrassed to bid too far below the asking price. The bid won't be taken seriously." Before long, even new shoppers shy away, pondering what might be wrong with an apartment that has been passed by. That was the case with a rambling thirteen-room unit at 1050 Fifth Avenue (a building with less cachet than its address would suggest) that was first offered in 1992 for $5.9 million. Even with exhilarating views of Central Park and the Temple of Dendur from wraparound terraces, the apartment found no takers year after year, despite major price reductions. Then, with this spring's resurgence, it was suddenly put under contract less than two weeks ago just as the park began to blossom. The price was close to the asking price of $3.5 million. The buyer, already a Fifth Avenue resident, had first seen the apartment more than a year ago.

IN EVEN SHORTER CURRENT SUPply than family apartments in Manhattan are townhouses in the $1.5- to $2.5 million price range. When crime is rising, people feel safer in doorman buildings. When crime is dropping, as it is now, the allure of a house, complete with private urban garden, begins to magnify. And the space is cheaper. "You could buy a 2,400-square-foot, eight-room apartment on Carnegie Hill for $1.5 million," says Leslie Garfield, an Upper East Side townhouse specialist. "Or you could buy a house with 4,000 square feet and twelve rooms for the same price." But finding that house isn't easy: Garfield, who keeps occupancy tallies of Upper East Side houses, says, "I can show you whole blocks where half or more of the houses are occupied by childless people, or even single people. The hefty capital-gains tax they'd have to pay if

Photographs: top, Ted Hardin, center, Steve Allen/Gamma-Liaison.

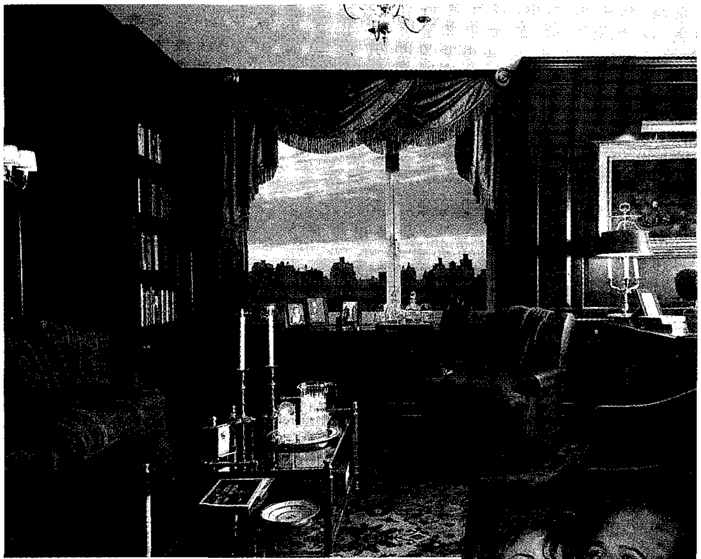
they moved makes the option unappealing to many." Every townhouse broker is starved for product. George van der Ploeg sends letters to former clients advising them that if they'd consider selling, now is an excellent time.

Until Olympic Tower arrived on the scene in 1974, condominiums were almost unknown in the city. It was then that people realized they could purchase an apartment without having to pass muster before a snooty co-op board. But by the late eighties, condominiums were glutting the market: a result of new construction and conversions of rental buildings. Now top-end condominiums have led the apartment-market recovery. At the new Millennium Tower at 101 West 67th Street, which opened last fall, 65 of 83 apartments on the forty-sixth through fifty-sixth floors have already been sold—despite stiff pricing and a nerve-jangling location with the vast Sony Imax theater center, a Coconuts music store, and the Reebok fitness complex in the building's base. Co-marketed by Zeckendorf Realty and Sumitomo Realty, Millennium Tower is aimed at empty nesters and foreigners, rather than families. Still, in a sign of the hunger for large apartments, many buyers are combining units. One owner took an entire 9,317-square-foot floor, at a cost of approximately $7 million. For people with a lot of yen, that's peanuts.

"I'm holding back what's left of my three-room units so that they can be available to buyers who want to combine them with larger apartments," says Millennium sales director Stacey Greenfield.

Several price increases, Greenfield says, haven't put off buyers. A few blocks from Millennium, more condo muscle is being flexed in the turnaround of Three Lincoln Center, a refined, charcoal-toned 60-floor residential tower at the culture center's northwest corner. Opened in 1989 as the market worsened, the tower's 344 apartments were ignored by buyers for four long years. Most had to be rented. When a new sponsor took over in 1993, fewer than 10 percent of the units had been sold. Today, 77 percent have been sold, and rental leases are no longer being renewed or offered. The sponsor has put through one price increase after another—the fifteenth in late March—yet buyers remain undeterred. In the latest round, a six-room unit jacked up from $695,000 to $750,000 was sold at the new price within a week.

Big rewards can go to bold bettors. Absolute top dollar in the condominium market is being reaped on the Upper East Side by a gutsy 38-year-old developer named Jack Heller, backed by Iran-based Investcorp International, Inc. Five years ago, Heller gambled in the face of an already becalmed market that the forlorn shell of the former Adams residential hotel at 2 East 86th Street could be transformed into one of the priciest condos in Manhattan.



1049 Fifth Avenue

Sales of these condominiums with marble bathrooms, mahogany-paneled libraries, rosewood floors, and coffered ceilings picked up after the L.A. earthquake.

Rush Limbaugh has taken an apartment here, and so have Mariah Carey and Tommy Mottola. A 3,300-square-foot penthouse just sold for $4.3 million.

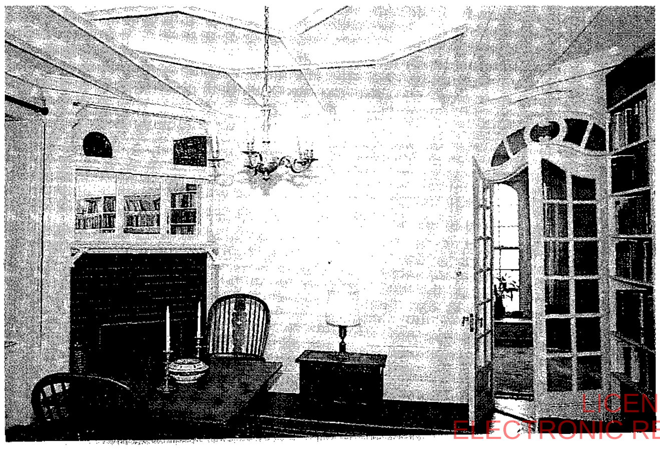
Almost emptied by a previous developer, the building has a few remaining tenants grouped on a single lower floor that has been renovated. Heller gutted the building, pouring extra inches of concrete on every floor to dampen sound. He installed fine marble bathrooms, coffered ceilings, rosewood floors, mahogany-paneled libraries, and extra wiring in the ample-size apartments. He even persuaded Borough President Ruth Messinger to use her prerogative to award the hotel an address of 1049 Fifth Avenue, even though it lacks avenue frontage.

Heller priced his 54 condominiums at $1,000 per square foot, the highest in town. At first, he found no takers in that range. But sales at lower prices began to accelerate after the 1993 Los Angeles earthquake. Luminaries like Mariah Carey and her husband, Tommy Mottola, bought in. So did the newly married Rush Limbaugh. When one prospective buyer was slow to sign his contract for a $1.1 million unit, Heller gave him an extra 24 hours—but still the buyer wavered. Then Heller flipped the apartment to a backup buyer for $100,000 more. Last summer, Heller sold a fifteen-room penthouse for $5.05 million, the highest price paid for a condominium in Manhattan in 1994. A few weeks ago, a smaller, 3,300-square-foot, eight-room penthouse went for $4.3 million. That works out to $1,300 per square foot, higher than any previous sale in the city for a condominium, according to Heller. By comparison, 1994 condo prices per square foot averaged $768 at Trump Tower, $534 at Trump Palace, $610 at Olympic Tower, and $528 at Museum Tower.

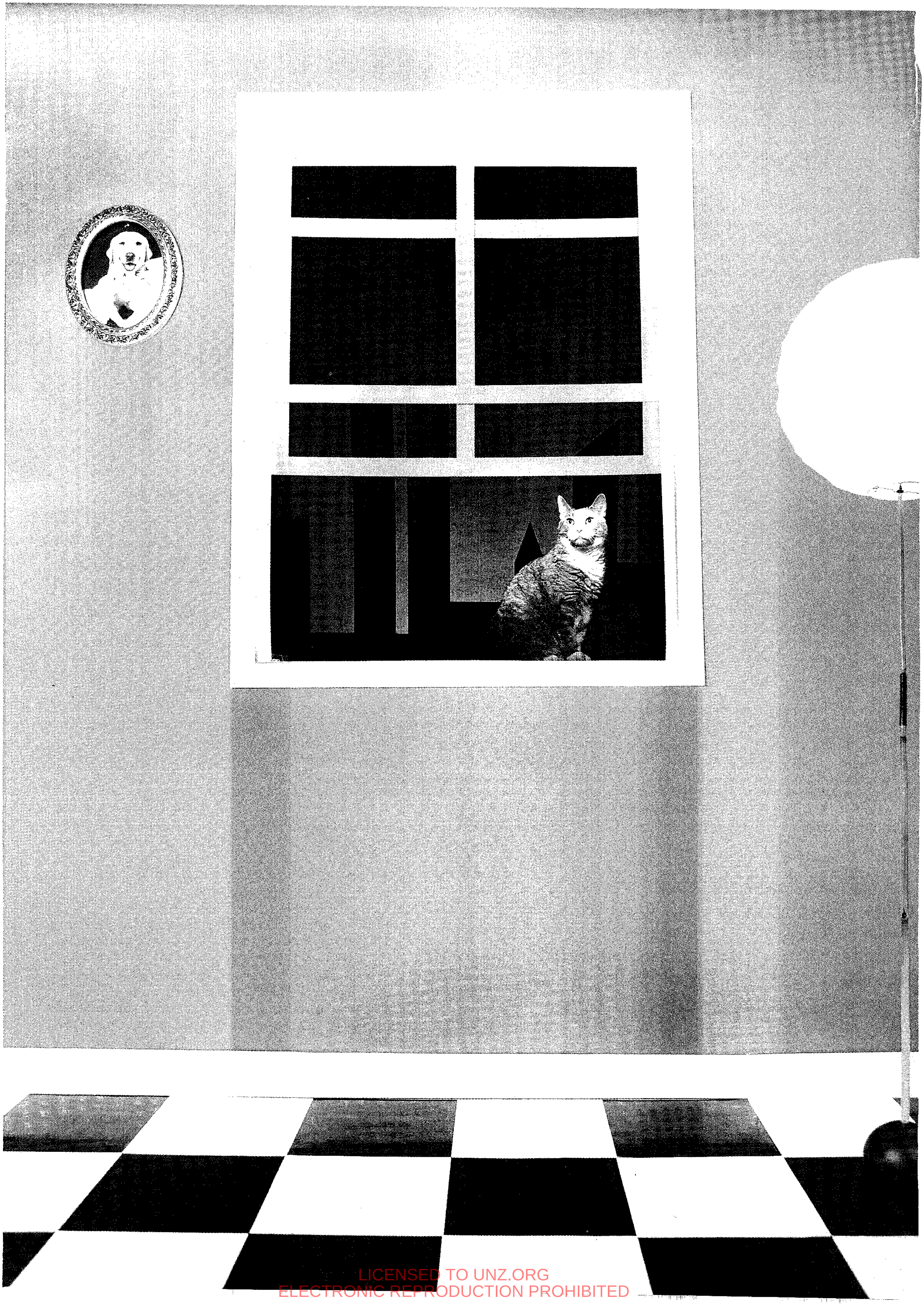
Nobody can know how high the spring surge will take the upper end of the Manhattan apartment-and-townhouse market, or whether the lower end will eventually be pulled along. But in what may be a sign of a gilded future, Dolly Lenz of Sotheby's, one of the city's true power brokers, reports that she's been getting "a ton of inquiries" about apartments in the Gulf & Western office tower at Columbus Circle, soon to be reconfigured into luxury condominiums. The apartments—with their unobstructed views, ten-foot ceilings, and bay windows—won't even be formally offered until June, and then only from plans. Still, Lenz already senses which apartments are drawing the most interest: "People want the full floors—at $7 million each. I'm planning to buy an apartment here myself." ■

The Doralton

A spacious seven-room apartment belonging to composer Meyer Kupferman in this turn-of-the-century building on the Upper West Side went unsold for most of last year. In January, the price was dropped from $640,000 to $595,000, and in late March, a bid near the asking price was accepted on the co-op.



Photographs: top to bottom, Michael Mundy; Gamma-Liaison; Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Michael Gibson.



It's A Jungle In Here

BY TAD FRIEND

When Gus the Central Park polar bear began having psychological problems, his handlers turned to cutting-edge behavioral therapy. What they learned should prove useful for the rest of the city's singularly neurotic pack of pets, zoo animals—and people.

THE HOLES IN THE BUCKET'S LID TANTALIZE GUS; THE green apple and fish are just out of reach. He's bashed the bucket, throttled it, even sat on it, but all the clawing fury of his 700-pound body hasn't popped the lid. He floats in his blue pool at the Central Park Zoo, brooding into his silky paws. Tries to coax the lid with his triton-shaped snout. Tucks the bucket to his ribs like a football and plunges to the bottom of the pool. At an underwater viewing portal, a small boy announces, "Polar bear! Garbage can!" Now he, too, is hooked.

Looking on from above like proud parents at the third-grade pageant are zoo director Dan Wharton, public-affairs manager Alison Power, and animal supervisor Tony Brownie. This is the most scrutinized animal in America; beauticians, auctioneers, long-haul truckers who've stopped for a doughnut all call the zoo to ask, "How's your bear?"

Gus claimed our attention with his backstroke. Last June, the tabloids suddenly noticed that he was swimming all day long, as glazed as an accountant doing laps at the Y. Better still, the zoo had hired a $50-an-hour animal shrink to help Gus appreciate his urban surroundings. (In the wild, polar bears roam up to 30,000 square meters; in Central Park, America's first zoo and its second-smallest, Gus

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOSEPH PLUCHINO
FOR *NEW YORK*

and his denmates Ida and Lily share 5,000 square feet.) "It really was a New York story," Alison Power says. "It's like Woody Allen always being in therapy—the idea that all New Yorkers are neurotic." Gus was the model New Yorker: screwed-up, acting out, groping to ease an unnameable pain.

Gus's first stab at self-medication was something of a bummer. When he arrived at the zoo in 1988, Gus would lurk until a child smushed its face to the underwater portal. Then he'd bomb toward the child with claws out and mouth agape. "He was stalking them," Tony Brownie says appreciatively. "He liked to see them scream and run in terror—it was a game. But we didn't want heart attacks, so we put up barriers to keep people farther from the glass."

Gus's subsequent idea was to swim. And swim. And swim. Such "stereotypic," or repetitive, behavior reveals something amiss; other problem indicators are listlessness and "hypersexuality," familiar if you've had a dog persistently hump your leg. Whereas humans doze off watching Leno, bored polar bears often pace backward in a slow-mo moonwalk. Additional stereotypies include bar-biting, tongue play, head-bobbing, overgrooming, playing with excrement, and self-mutilation (all commonplace, by the way, at S & M clubs).

To zoo critics like People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, this behavior vividly symbolizes the shame of captivity. "Animals like Gus aren't really fully alive," says PETA coordinator Peter Wood. "They're just shadows of what they are in the wild." Certainly, an animal in a bare cage—a gibbon unable to brachiate, to swing from vines or bars; a rambunctious spaniel locked in the bathroom—loses its essential animalness. "The small family living unit lacks space, earth, other animals, seasons, natural temperatures, and so on," the cultural observer John Berger has written, critiquing our urban co-dependence. "The pet is either sterilised or sexually isolated, extremely limited in its exercise, deprived of almost all other animal contact, and fed with artificial foods. This is the material process which lies behind the truism that pets come to resemble their masters or mistresses. They are creatures of their owner's way of life."

The curious fact about Gus the bear is not **how screwed up he is** *but—in relation to us—* **how screwed up he isn't.** *"Gus is just bored and* **mildly crazy** *in the way that a lot of people are in New York," says his behavioral therapist.*

But this Manichaean view—wild is good; captivity, bad—fails to do justice to the complex and much more interesting relationship New Yorkers have with animals and with freedom (let alone explain why in nature polar bears "stereotypically" rock back and forth). "People seem to be obsessed with this word, *freedom*, particularly when applied to animals," the late English naturalist Gerald Durrell noted. "They never seem to worry about the freedom of the bank clerks of Streathem, the miners of Durham [who] are confined by their jobs and by convention as securely as any zoo inmate."

Why should animals believe that freedom, defined as life in the wild, is the ultimate good? We certainly don't: Civilization is the history of our attempts to loose ourselves from the tyranny of life in the wild, with its continual pressures to find food and flee predators. Instead of hunting, gathering, and defending our patch of savanna, we've plumped for a social contract that lets us shop at Foodtown and turn the deadbolt on our (charming 1BR, EIK) territory.

There is a risk of conflating animals' abilities and goals with our own (if bats kept us as pets they'd lament our diurnal habits, our stupidity about echolocation). But the greater risk is of *undervaluing* animals' capacities. "It is often said of zoo animals that the way to tell if they are happy is to ask whether the young play and the adults breed," Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson writes tartly in his forthcoming *When Elephants Weep: The Emotional Lives of Animals*. "Most zookeepers would not accept this standard of happiness for themselves."

Even by Masson's standards, the curious fact about Gus is not how screwed up he is, but—in relation to us—how screwed up he *isn't*. "Gus is just bored and mildly crazy in the way that a lot of people are in New York," says Gus's behavioral therapist, Tim Desmond. Desmond is at the fore of a new wave called behavioral management, whose managers seek meaningfully to complicate animals' environments, beguiling them—challenging them—to draw upon their full responsive armament (save, of course, stalking and mauling).

Like most carnivores, polar bears' primary natural activity is finding food, so Desmond first ensured that "there is no free lunch." In addition to scrimmaging with his lunch bucket, Gus cooperates with such "operant conditioning" as tapping a square of white Lexan to get a chicken tidbit, hunts live trout in his pool, and sifts for treats in a gravel pit. Essentially, Desmond has restored a version of nature's imperative—hunt to live—even while granting Gus a new playroom with such appropriately urban toys as traffic cones and rubber garbage cans.

"We've made almost a one-third dent in Gus's stereotypic behavior," Desmond says proudly. The zoo plans to apply these experimental techniques to other animals: "In the future, habitats won't be a diorama but a stage where you change sets for the animal to change its behaviors, to play out new dramas." Conceivably, he adds, "we could introduce live seals for Gus to hunt—great for the bear, great for half the viewing public, terrible for the other half, and, of course, tough on the seals."

God's injunction in Genesis that man shall have "dominion over . . . every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth" carries a daunting responsibility. It would be lovely if we could meet animals on the same footing as did Al Smith, "the Happy Warrior." The former New York governor and presidential candidate had been made "Honorary Night Superintendent of the Central Park Zoo" and given a master key by the zoo's renovator, Robert Moses. At night, Smith "would walk through the animal houses, switching on the lights as he entered each one, to the surprise of its occupants, and talk softly to them," Robert Caro has written. "He would have in his pocket an apple for Rosie, the huge hippo. And if one of the zoo's less dangerous animals was sick or injured, Smith would enter its cage and stand for a while stroking its head and commiserating with it."

But New York is not really a place for James Herriot stories, as the laughing gulls at the Jo Cos Marsh near Kennedy International Airport can attest. They're an unwitting safety threat: In 1975, a jet hoovered a flock into its engines and went down in flames. So gulls were shot by the thousands as they approached the airport. This year, after a lawsuit, bird-patrol cars use a behavioral-management technique: They play an amplified loop of a laughing gull's distress call as it dies after being shot.

Even at home, most of us often feel like my friend Lisa, who filled her journal with helpless un-Herriot-like observations about her turtle. "I am very concerned about Steve Reeves," she'd write. "Tonight his tail was curled up at an odd angle." "I started to feel what it would be like to be a turtle, the grimness of it," Lisa says. "I tried catching bugs for him outside, but he just let them sit atop the water in the tank until they turned to mold. He wouldn't move for days on end. Something about this sluggish turtle in this tiny glass terrarium in New York City—God, it was depressing."

In fact, this city is a giant zoo. We are not animals' despotic, all-knowing captors so much as alpha males in a multi-species pack, trusties in the same cage of tiny apartments, shrieking subways, and anxious desires. We too grapple with treat-filled buckets, only our treats are called LOW-RATE MORTGAGE or JUNIOR PARTNER,

and often require the wearing of neckties. We too try to connect while simultaneously maintaining "flight distance"—the space needed for psychic comfort.

The bars around us used to be easier to see, because they were literal. Not so long ago, a visit to London's Bedlam was considered a lark: In 1753, a writer for *The World* observed "a hundred people at least who, having paid their tuppence a piece, were suffered unattended to run rioting up and down the wards, making sport of the miserable inhabitants." And as recently as 1906, the New York Zoological Society displayed a Pygmy named Ota Benga in a cage with chimpanzees. Mind you, Ota Benga had his own ideas about freedom and happiness. After being released, he went crazy and later killed himself.

"FOR WILDE BEASTS THERE IS deer, bear, wolves, foxes, raccoons, Otters, Musquashes and Skunks," one Daniel Denton wrote about New York City's fauna in 1670. In some ways, little has changed: Save for deer and bear, which have repaired to the suburbs, and wolves, which have been replaced by Mort Zuckerman, Denton's animals are still here. We also continue to keep steady company with Virginia opossums, eastern moles, masked shrews, great horned owls, eastern pipistrelle bats, and peregrine falcons, among others.

Yet the New Yorker–beast relationship has evolved in ways Denton would hardly credit. No longer does a flash in the thicket simply make us think, "Food! Clothing!" We now flicker uneasily between efforts to imitate nature, to improve upon it, and to wipe it out entirely.

The human-animal relationship, in fact, grows ever more complicated. In February, 33 rare South American gulls and terns escaped from the Bronx Zoo after a heavy snowfall collapsed the aviary. Only two were recovered. The others probably starved, because, unlike their urban cousins, they didn't know enough to eat garbage. In the past few months, three coyotes wandered into the Bronx from the wilds of Westchester. One was killed on the Major Deegan Expressway; one was shot to death with a .22 by persons unknown; one survived on handouts of spaghetti and shrimp lo mein.

As recently as the 1950s, an East Bronx man was fined for trapping minks without a license, but most of the snares we lay nowadays are for pests: the common cockroach, the house mouse, and the Norway rat, which by some estimates outnumbers the 7.3 million of us three to one. Alligators are not, in fact, breeding in our sewers, but in October, firefighters discovered six alligatorlike caimans living in a fourth-floor loft in Williamsburg. Also present were four turtles, two iguanas, an artificial sun, a cockroach farm serving as a granary, and one Mike Gimbel, who waxed wroth when the city carted his menagerie away. We have hedgehogs and pythons held as pets; escaped monk parakeets brightening the treetops; and a pack of feral dogs that prowls the Staten Island wetlands, living on crabs and bird eggs. A few years ago, someone in Brooklyn thought it would be nifty to have a lion guard his gas station. It was not nifty.

Health Department studies are rife with other personal Edens gone awry. The "dapper, middle-aged man whose neighbors believed he was collecting stray cats for stews." The elderly woman who, "unable to bear separation from her dead cats, eviscerated them and dried them on her fire escape. The resultant 'cat boards' were kept in cupboards throughout her apartment." "Then there was the Manhattan woman in the West Thirties who was keeping 300 pigeons in her apartment," says Martin Kurtz, former director of Veterinary Public Health Services. "She kept her windows open and left out bread for them—word gets around, and the pigeons came and stayed. When we arrived, it was total, total, pigeon shit, stalactites and stalagmites of pigeon shit. We were grabbing pigeons out of the air and putting them in boxes. She was shouting, 'Me and the pigeons have this relationship!' like we were the crazy ones. We solved that relationship by nailing her windows closed."

Styling by Mindy Gross; set design by Juan Lopez.

Modern-day Noahs, staffing private arks for the flight from catastrophe, often live marginally; when Dr. Alan Beck studied obsessive animal collectors in New York, he found that only 8 of the 39 subjects had telephones. In sharp contrast is the Blade Runner–style futureworld taking shape at the Bronx Zoo, where many animals carry rice-grain-size subcutaneous transponder chips that can be read like bar codes. Zoo technology molds animals' lives in ways that—if they had our sense of dignity—would leave them deeply humiliated. In "assisted reproduction" programs, zoo personnel have manually masturbated such animals as Andean condors (a prodigious procedure in the case of the rhinoceros, which ejaculates every minute for an hour and a half). The zoo recently sneaked a fake egg, loaded with sensitive equipment, under the white-naped cranes to study incubation parameters. One day, the birds began alarm-calling furiously and a researcher ran over and saw a local raccoon charging them, determined to steal the egg. The cranes mobbed and shrieked, the researcher bellowed about his thousand-dollar egg, and the perplexed raccoon scampered off.

The city, pandemonious to us with our relatively poor hearing, is such a scratch on the blackboard for keen-eared dogs that behaviorist Dr. Peter Borchelt has proposed "N.Y.C. phobia," half seriously, to explain why some dogs won't go out. And as Jacque Schultz, the ASPCA's director of companion-animal services, notes, "The fun is gone in having a beagle or any scent-hound in New York. There are too many smells for walks to be pleasurable—you're constantly trying to rip up their heads from sniffing the chicken bones and condoms."

Summer in New York also features the High-Rise Syndrome in dogs and cats, a condition found almost nowhere else in the world, in which hundreds of animals, including the odd turtle or snake, plummet from the windows of tall buildings and suffer from what the literature calls "extreme vertical deceleration trauma"—i.e., landing. Cats achieve a "terminal velocity" of 60 miles per hour, right themselves after falling nine stories, land with their limbs spread like a lunar module's, and often walk away relatively undamaged (one cat survived a 46-story fall). Dogs go boom. A 1993 report by Manhattan's Animal Medical Center said some of the dogs appeared to be chasing squirrels, other dogs, or their owners' cars as they drove away below; "one owner suspected that her dog was thrown out the window by a child." According to Dr. Michael Garvey, the center's chief of medicine, the alluring hara-kiri hypothesis is insupportable: "There is no evidence whatsoever to suggest the cat or dog is trying to end it all."

Even when they're not plopping from the skies, animals test our forbearance. Many mundane animal activities provoke particular outrage indoors. Chewing, spraying, intermale aggression, predation, possessiveness over food, scratching at the door, begging at the table, and persistent barking are all normal pet behaviors. Training can mask, but not efface, these desires. So

New York vets are deploying the new shock troops of behavioral suppression—antianxiety and antidepressant drugs, which work about half the time—to tweak pets into what we consider acceptable behavior patterns. Elavil and Tofranil help reduce separation anxiety; Valium fattens cats with anorexia; Xanax damps thunderstorm or firecracker phobias; and Prozac unruffles parrots prone to feather-picking. Dicier approaches abound, including pet psychics. One notorious consultant relies on Coué-ist suggestion. Faced with, say, a hyperactive Manx, she tells the owner to play the cat a tape of whale songs with her voice tracked in: "You're a happy, healthy cat! A happy, healthy cat!"

ANIMALS HAVE LONG BEEN ASSUMED TO BE capable of moral discernment. In the fifteenth century cats were burned at the stake by papal decree, and in the eighteenth century a cow was publicly hanged in France for some unspecified but no doubt monstrous capital offense. Animals can certainly think for themselves in ways unconnected to the instinctive pragmatics of survival. Juvenile parrots and Japanese macaques make snowballs; sea lions can grasp the cornerstone of Aristotelian logic (If A=B and B=C then A=C); and a pygmy chimpanzee named Kanzi has shown the grammar skills of a two-and-a-half-year-old.

> *"The fun is gone in having a* **beagle or any scent-hound** *in New York. There are* **too many smells** *for walks to be pleasurable—you're constantly trying to rip up their heads from sniffing the* **chicken bones** *and condoms."*

More important , animals can also feel. "There are few feelings that apes do not share with us, except perhaps self-hatred," primatologist Sue Savage-Rumbaugh writes in *Ape Language.* "They certainly experience and express exuberance, joy, guilt, remorse, disdain, disbelief, awe, sadness, wonder, tenderness, loyalty, anger, distrust, and love." Wolves sing at sunrise; bears and chimps have been seen admiring sunsets.

Many pet owners frankly believe animals are not only morally capacious but also nobler, kinder, and generally more desirable than their fellow humans. As the North Shore Animal League's subway ads encouraging pet adoption put it, IMAGINE HAVING A MATE THAT'S GOOD-LOOKING, TRUSTWORTHY, AND NEVER COMPLAINS ABOUT DINNER BEING COLD.

"A common problem is the woman whose male poodle won't let her new boyfriend into bed," notes the ASPCA's Jacque Schultz. "[These women] are weak; they spoil the dog and elevate his dominance by sleeping with him in their bed. When the guy tries to shoo the poodle, it'll lift its leg and growl, or bite. We'll say to the woman, 'You have to lower the dog on the pack ladder, and he can no longer sleep on the bed. You can either have a relationship with a human or keep things the same with the dog.' Most of the time, they choose to keep things the same with the dog."

This preference for animals over humans is starkest with the homeless. In 1992, Thomas Armstrong, a blind man who sold pencils on Fifth Avenue, and his Seeing Eye dog, Smokey, were both hit by a runaway cab in front of Tiffany's. They were a fixture in the city's imagination: the gravel-voiced man, the loyal Labrador. (People are twelve times as likely to greet the handicapped if they have an assistance dog.) Smokey, at the Animal Medical Center, received hundreds of cards and hundreds of dollars in donations; Armstrong, alone at Bellevue, having lost even his artificial eyes, got four get-well cards.

"A homeless man named James once told me the saddest story," says animal photographer Mary Bloom. "He lived in the park near the Queensboro Bridge, and at Christmastime many people gave him food for his black mutt, Suzanne—very few gave him food for himself. James had so much food, he knew that Suzanne couldn't eat it in a year. So he took it in a shopping cart to give to the Humane Society. The door was locked and he knocked. The people inside were having a Christmas party. All they saw through the glass was his dirty face and the umbrella skins he wore sown over old coats to keep warm—they couldn't see the dog or the food. So nobody would open the door.

"People think of animals as innocent beings in need of care, so they'll steal dogs from the homeless—the only people who are home with the dogs 24 hours a day. They steal the dog to give it a better home—they never steal the man."

Domestic animals get so much of our love because they are what twelve-steppers might call powerful enablers. "A well-dressed dog is a woman's best accessory in New York," says Leigh Applebrook, owner of the Pet Department Store, which lets shy women walk its natty dogs, using them as a social lubricant. "We guarantee that if you walk our dog that's dressed in a Harley-Davidson fringe jacket and a biker cap, a man will get down on his knees in front of you and pet your dog."

We speak to animals as we do to babies, imprinting them in "motherese" by raising the pitch of our voice, lowering the volume, and ending sentences with an especially heightened inflection: "Is the wittle woog-ums hun-gwy?" We also speak to babies in terms of animals: Virtually all great children's stories, from *Where the Wild Things Are* to *Charlotte's Web,* involve talking creatures. The animal-child equation makes intuitive sense. Recently, when the owners of the sheepdog Ruffian sued the infamous Long Island Pet Cemetery (which incinerated animals en masse or dumped them into collective graves instead of performing the promised individual ceremonies), the judge awarded the plaintiffs $1.2 million. He agreed with their argument that the loss of a pet is "equivalent to the loss of a child."

What's this all about? A number of experts suggest that the instinctive tug is transferred from our predisposition to children. We are seduced by pedomorphy (our preference for infantile human characteristics, such as big eyes and round faces) and neotony (infantile characteristics persisting into adulthood, a trait we have and a trait we've bred for in pets). Thus the import of the Bronx Zoo news release trumpeting "three engaging and incredibly adorable snow leopard cubs with big paws and big eyes," and the reason most of the zoo's elephants—remote and majestic creatures—are saddled with infantilizing -y names: Sammi, Patty, Happy, and Grumpy.

Dr. Aaron Katcher, a leading expert in human-animal relationships, points out that unlike with human infants, however, "you don't have to get married to have a companion animal, and you can abandon it at will. [Most animals are abandoned around Memorial Day or Labor Day, as their owners seek a seasonal fresh start.] Also, a boy after the age of 5 may not want to be hugged, kissed, and stroked. Furthermore, for most of us now in cities, the dangers we face are either other people or our own thought stream, which constantly rehearses the bad things people have done to us and may do to us in the future. Animals," he concludes—perhaps explaining why there are so many New York pet owners who are single—"are a much less complex and difficult relationship."

An intriguingly original hypothesis for this bond is provided by Robert Fagen, an "evolutionary aestheticist" and professor of biometrics at the University of Alaska. "Rather than there being a genetic logic in our love for animals, it's an emergent property of complex brains to appreciate the way cats and dogs and horses move," Fagen says. "The animals we have domesticated are on the top rung of sheer aesthetic value. Think of the photographs of Balanchine with his cats—cats really groove on this stuff; their play has choreography. Cats and dogs are genetically very similar to European wildcats and wolves, but there has been a major co-evolutionary change in their tolerance for humans at close range, in their trust, and in their ability to forgive mistakes. The same holds for us.” In an extreme example of forgiveness at the Philadelphia Zoo some years ago, after a gorilla named Bamboo ripped the arm off of keeper Sammy Guanato, Guanato returned to wave the stump at his charge. “You didn’t mean it!” he shouted. “I know you didn’t mean it!”

“WHEN THEY SEE THIS, PEOPLE call us to complain, ‘Can’t you do something?’ ” says Dr. Fred Koontz, director of the science resource center at the Bronx Zoo. We’re watching a male gelada baboon, his chest patches flushed crimson, gruntingly mount a female from the rear. In this Bronx habitat, painstakingly modeled on a real site in Ethiopia, rocks near the viewing area are heated to encourage the baboons to gather in public. But the baboons haven’t learned our sense of propriety (or performance anxiety)—at least not yet.

Moments before, we’d been watching a snow leopard pad among the hand-painted Annapurnan lichens on the glacial scree of its “Himalayan Highlands Habitat.” Suddenly, it gathered and pounced—an astonished chipmunk had wandered into a Nepalese killing zone. That global-food-chain moment (though the leopard missed) was a reminder that the world comes to the Bronx and vice versa: The zoo houses 674 species on its 265 acres and is involved in 272 field conservation programs in 50 countries.

Watching the leopard, Koontz slapped the railing excitedly. “There’s an inspirational, magical link between the visitor and the animal when an animal is up and doing,” he said. “The same breeze that touched the leopard touched me—that emotional link is necessary if we’re going to change our behavior and recycle and buy a smaller car and a smaller house.”

But certain activities, like the baboons’ frank humping, only confirm visitors’ big-car remove. A study at the Buffalo Zoo found that “people will stop for animals that beg, animals that are feeding . . . animals that make sounds, or animals that are mimicking human behavior. People express irritation or annoyance with animals that sleep, eliminate, or regurgitate.” In nature, most carnivores sleep all day; but zoogoers don’t want to see natural behavior.

The conclusion many zoogoers reach is that captive animals are unhappy. But compared to what? “It’s a harsh world out there,” Koontz observes. “Black howler monkeys in Belize spend a lot of their time swatting away botflies; they have tremendous battles with their neighbors, great stress.” Indeed, animals live twice as long on average in zoos as they do in the wild. Taking note of the exhausting needs of migration, foraging, and self-defense, the great behavioral thinker Heine Hediger observed that “the free animal does not live in freedom.”

“**People will stop for animals** *that beg, animals that are feeding, animals that make sounds, or animals that are mimicking* [illegible] *People express irritation or annoyance with animals that* **sleep, eliminate, or regurgitate.**”

We can’t yet read the physiological cues of, say, a captive caiman well enough to judge its state of mind, but a zoo habitat is now judged successful if the animals are healthy, reproducing, and engaging in a “natural” range of behaviors. This standard, minimal though it is, has nonetheless risen considerably with the three revolutions in zoo philosophy that have occurred in the last hundred years (the only such revolutions since pigeons were first kept captive in Iraq 6,500 years ago). Early in the century, a German, Carl Hagenbeck, hit upon moated environments instead of cages. Then, about fifteen years ago, realistic habitats and landscape immersion came to the fore: Zoogoers found themselves deep in forest (Seattle’s Woodland Park) or high ir lush canopy (the Bronx Zoo’s JungleWorld).

Many of these reforms, particularly in New York, were lon overdue. In 1974, a young keeper at the Prospect Park Zo locked himself in the monkey house to protest conditions tha had led to ten animal deaths there. After the New York Zoological Society agreed to take over all the city’s zoos from the Parks Department in 1981, it reopened them with more naturalistic habitats and later started calling them Wildlife Centers. Most recently, in 1992, it shut down the nursery rhyme–themed petting zoo in Central Park, where overstressed rabbits and donkeys were responding to pats with bites.

The recent third wave in zoo reform has been heavily influenced by Hediger, who noted that because isolation from the cycle of life can’t be avoided in captivity, “a fresh, artificial cycle must be created. Naturalness in the treatment of wild animals does not consist, therefore, of a pedantic imitation of one model section of nature. It means that a [suitable] substitute for it must be found. . . .”

The new thinking informs the kind of training being done with Gus and in fact provides a rough model of how humans and animals can gainfully mingle in an increasingly cluttered world. Behavioral managers hope not only to teach animals to unfurl all their proclivities in captivity but to teach them (and us) how to behave when (and if) they are restored to the wild. Koontz posits, for instance, that jaguars might be taught not to kill cattle; in return villagers would bestow an occasional fatted calf. As Bill McKibben noted in his book *The End of Nature,* there will soon be very little pristine “out there” out there; even Pago Pago will face the issues that already confront us here. The 7 percent of the earth (at best) preserved in wildlife parks will eventually be managed with the same skills now used in zoos—watchfulness, intervention, behavioral guidance.

More immediately germane to us is what we do with the herds we press-gang into New York. Animal advocates draw the first line of battle here, with the instinctively appealing argument that depriving animals of liberty is simply wrong. A lion “deserves to be free to hunt and to choose its own prey,” writes George Adamson, husband of *Born Free*’s Joy Adamson. “It should have the same rights as we have.” This case was made most cogently by philosopher Dale Jamieson in his 1985 essay “Against Zoos.” “Aren’t we preserving genetic material at the expense of the animals themselves?” Jamieson asked. “[Is it] really better for them to live in artificial environments of our design than not to be born at all?” Anti-zoo thinkers further suggest we entertain zoo visitors only with Imax films, holographic images, or empty cages with informational placards.

This is just agitprop. As we, too, are animals who live in artificial environments, Jamieson et al. should favor a collective Jonestown. They don’t. Nor do they believe that we should all return to the savanna and leave cities full of empty suits in empty buildings (although this idea seems to be working in Los Angeles). The anti-zoo argument is guilty of the naturalistic fallacy: That which is, is good. But our own history disproves this idea.

Having lived preponderantly in cities for less than a thousand years, we’re still adapted for a dog-eat-dog existence—whose rugged imperatives now alarm us. In fact, Section 161.01 of the City Health Code, forbidding animals that are “wild, ferocious, fierce, dangerous, or naturally inclined to do harm,” could easily be construed to apply to us. A study of human-on-human bites in the city found that most biting occurred in changing neighborhoods. One interpretation is that people were guarding their territory like jackals, biting as an instinctive response. Is heeding that blind summons of the blood a free and laudable act? Mur-

der is "natural" among both our ape and our human ancestors; should such behavior be encouraged?

Surely not. Man began by domesticating himself, moved on to cats and dogs, and now will inevitably domesticate zoo animals and co-evolve with them. Activists draw the second line of battle here, saying, "Look what we've done to the animals we've already domesticated." And indeed, people shoot cats full of arrows, soak them with gasoline and ignite them, or simply toss them from a speeding car. A common ingredient in FBI profiles of serial killers is animal torture (e.g. Robert Alton Harris and Jeffrey Dahmer).

Animal activists can also draw support for their argument from the cruel ways we make animals proxies for our own distress. Stephen Zawistowski, science adviser at the ASPCA, tells the story of an angry lover who smashed the pelvis of his girlfriend's Yorkshire terrier. It was mended and the terrier went home. "A little while later, the guy Krazy Glued the dog's eyes and ears shut. And often," he adds, "we get calls from the woman locked in the bathroom to escape the man's unneutered Rottweiler. You feel the guy may be using the dog as a weapon—does he smack her around?"

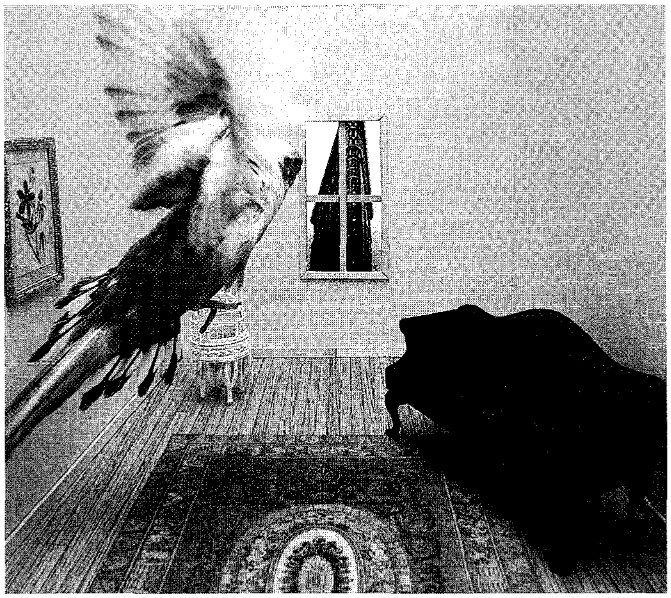
"I would hope someone would euthanize my dog before letting him go on the street," says PETA coordinator Peter Wood. "A painless death is better than being in the wild [!] of dogs and of gangs who will set them on fire." He makes an analogous argument against zoos and in favor of widespread extinctions, if necessary: "Would you rather have a child in prison all its life, or just have it die at the beginning?" Um, prison.

PETA and related organizations are in favor of spaying and neutering. And New York *does* contain too many unwanted pets. Last year, the ASPCA euthanized 35,533 animals. (On January 1, after 100 years, the society relinquished animal-control duties to the highly euphemistic Center for Animal Care and Control.) The wakes are bleak: Until recently, after the animals were killed with an injection of sodium pentobarbital, they were sent to a New Jersey rendering plant to be boiled into hog-food supplement and low-phosphate grease for soap. After a 1989 *Wall Street Journal* article highlighted the rendering, the city began shipping the corpses to a crematorium in West Babylon, Long Island. There they are cooked into carbon ash at 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit and then shoveled into a West Babylon landfill. Corpses picked up by the Sanitation Department are dumped straight into Fresh Kills, where they decompose alongside Q-Tips and coffee grounds.

Yet spaying and neutering, in Darwinian terms, run dead counter to nature. For male dogs and cats, removing testosterone curbs dominance aggression, intermale aggression, marking, roaming, and masturbation. What's left is a docile, unnatural animal attuned to *our* needs—and an animal that activists believe will be happier than its putatively homeless offspring.

Favoring spaying and neutering constitutes a significant concession. For once you make even the smallest nod to the necessity of behavioral management, you're on a slippery slope. "Is the dancing bear in the circus so bad?" Gus's behavioral specialist Tim Desmond asks. "The behavioral activity was probably good for the animal. Of course, the aesthetics sucked." (And of course the bear didn't get to say, *Shall we dance?*) But bad aesthetics are tolerable as long as the animal experiences *funktionslust*, the German term Masson uses to describe the animal's full enjoyment of its powers.

Bad ethics are another matter, and we're guilty of that when we treat animals as mere stimulus-response machines lacking coherent and capacious purpose. For instance, in dogfighting or—though he did it with scientific intent—in Konrad Lorenz's manipulation of nesting birds' instincts so they would incubate lightbulbs and beer bottles.



Zoo directors protest that they don't want to get involved in this debate, that they're not trying to change their charges' nature but to preserve it intact. Yet four fifths of the mammals in zoos were born in captivity; all they know is the world we make for them. They can't return to Eden for a picnic. When keepers develop "trust" with an elephant, they change the elephant's aspirations—and their own.

This needn't dismay, for nature has no purpose in mind. Evolution lacks a teleology; it's simply the accumulation of temporary solutions to problems posed by circumstance. And so it is again with pets and zoo animals. Our efforts to "artificially" improve the lot of animals are no worse than what nature does "naturally." In short, the fact that chimps raised in captivity love joystick-operated video games should alarm us no more than the fact that 11-year-old kids love joystick-operated video games. Animals, with no received dream of wilderness to haunt them, may mind nature's end less than we do.

Back at the Bronx Zoo, Fred Koontz mulls these questions of captive felicity. "People can design a zoo environment that will make animals happier . . . ," he says, trailing off as he watches white-naped cranes meditate in an "Asian" pond. Than they would be in the wild? "Than they would be in the wild *today*."

THE RECORDED HOWL OF THE TIMBER WOLF rings around the lofty stone interior of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, echoed by the vaulting barks of dozens of dogs. This is the Feast of St. Francis, the city's greatest annual celebration of animal life and pet-ownership. It's as popular as the Christmas and Easter services; more than 5,000 people have jammed the cathedral. Also seeded throughout are cats, parrots, ferrets, snakes, and pot-bellied pigs, one of which boasts bright-red toenails and answers to the name Princess.

Dancers in white float through the aisles, bending like dryads. When the Reverend Danny Martin offers a homily about animals from Matthew, the "Look at the birds of the air; they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns" passage, he omits the line "Are you not of more value than they?" as contrary to the spirit of the day. The service closes with a silent procession launched by the spectacular, ponderous-footed arrival of Cora the elephant. Cora, garlanded with flowers, is followed up the aisle by a llama, a turkey vulture, a chimpanzee, a goat, and an upheld jar of worms.

Outside afterward, on the pulpit green, priests bless people's animals one by one in a nonsectarian rite. "I lay my hands upon you in the name of the one Creator," the Reverend Canon Joel Gibson says. "I invite the spirit of the Creator to be here with us as we pray"—for healing, for a clean passage through surgery, for happiness. "The animals don't have a cognitive consciousness of the sacrament," Canon Gibson says later, "but they're aware of its loving nature." Over the years, he has blessed a cockroach and, cautiously, a tarantula. He has never been bitten, scratched, or stung.

The Feast of St. Francis augurs well for the future of our multispecies pack. It's a form of behavioral management that allows us and our fellow animals to display our noblest traits. But what shape might the pack take outside holy ground? One interesting proposal comes from architect Christopher Alexander in *A Pattern Language,* which proposes allowing people to keep any animals they choose on private lots. This restoration of "the missing web of animal life" would include having pigs to recycle garbage, and cows for milk, all housed on "protected common land, where animals are free to graze" and "where dung can fall freely."

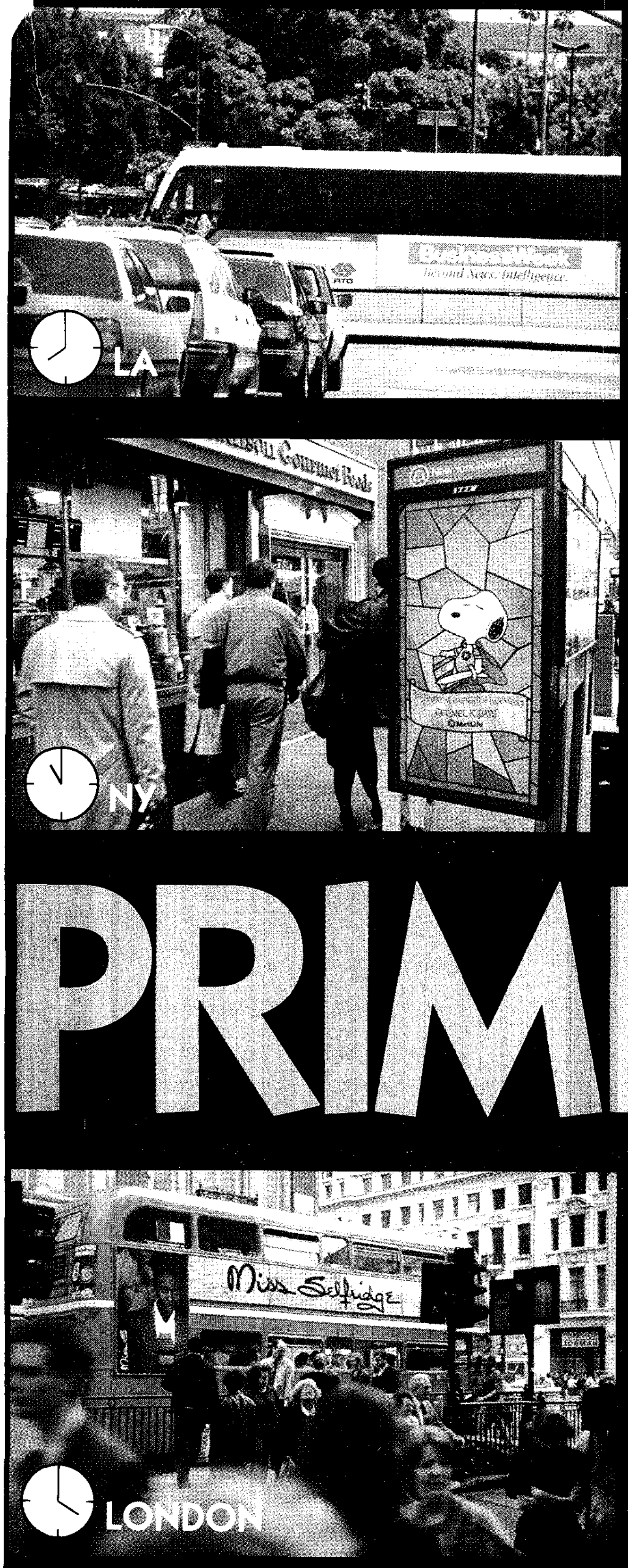
This crofter's vision of the world is hopelessly unpragmatic. But then, so was the notion of turning the wolf—a predator—into our best friend. So, still, is the idea of having a pet in this city. What has made these alliances work at all is a witting mutual obligation. "It is almost a perfect contract between two beings," says Dr. Michael Garvey of the Animal Medical Center. "The exchange rate is love and protection. The animal gives up a lot of its instinctive and natural behaviors. The person gives up time, expense, and effort."

In dreams we can extend the third wave of behavioral management sufficiently that behaviorally enhanced wildebeests, hippos, and even alligators can be paroled from zoos into common spaces. Maybe even into living rooms, if we can feed the furry masses using the whole artificial-sun-and-cockroach-farm concept. If New York City proves anything, it is the vitality of Hediger's notion of a "fresh artificial cycle" that replaces the splendors of nature.

"The lesson of co-evolution is this," says Robert Fagen. "It's more like making new dances than breeding new varieties of corn. Animals and people that are not good company don't survive." Survival, even New Yorkers' crabwise approach to happiness, comes from choosing the terms of our mutual captivity.

Sure, there are dozens of territorial and behavioral issues to be worked out. But it seems not entirely impossible to envision a future in which Gus's great-great-grandchildren are patenting a line of Sub-Zero freezers and playing Marco Polo in city swimming pools. Aside from the annual migrations—rerouted to Miami Beach—the streets would be no wilder than they are today. And it would be nice to broaden the tax base. In the future, we may be able to say (tampering with Rousseau): Animals are born in chains and are everywhere free.

That's long-term, mind you. Short-term, we don't need any more polar bears in Central Park, so we've given Gus a reversible vasectomy—a vas plug. For a while, we were managing the supply side: We had his zoo-mates Ida and Lily on the pill. But the bears suffered an all-too-human side effect—they kept gaining weight. We weren't too happy about that. And frankly, neither were they. ▬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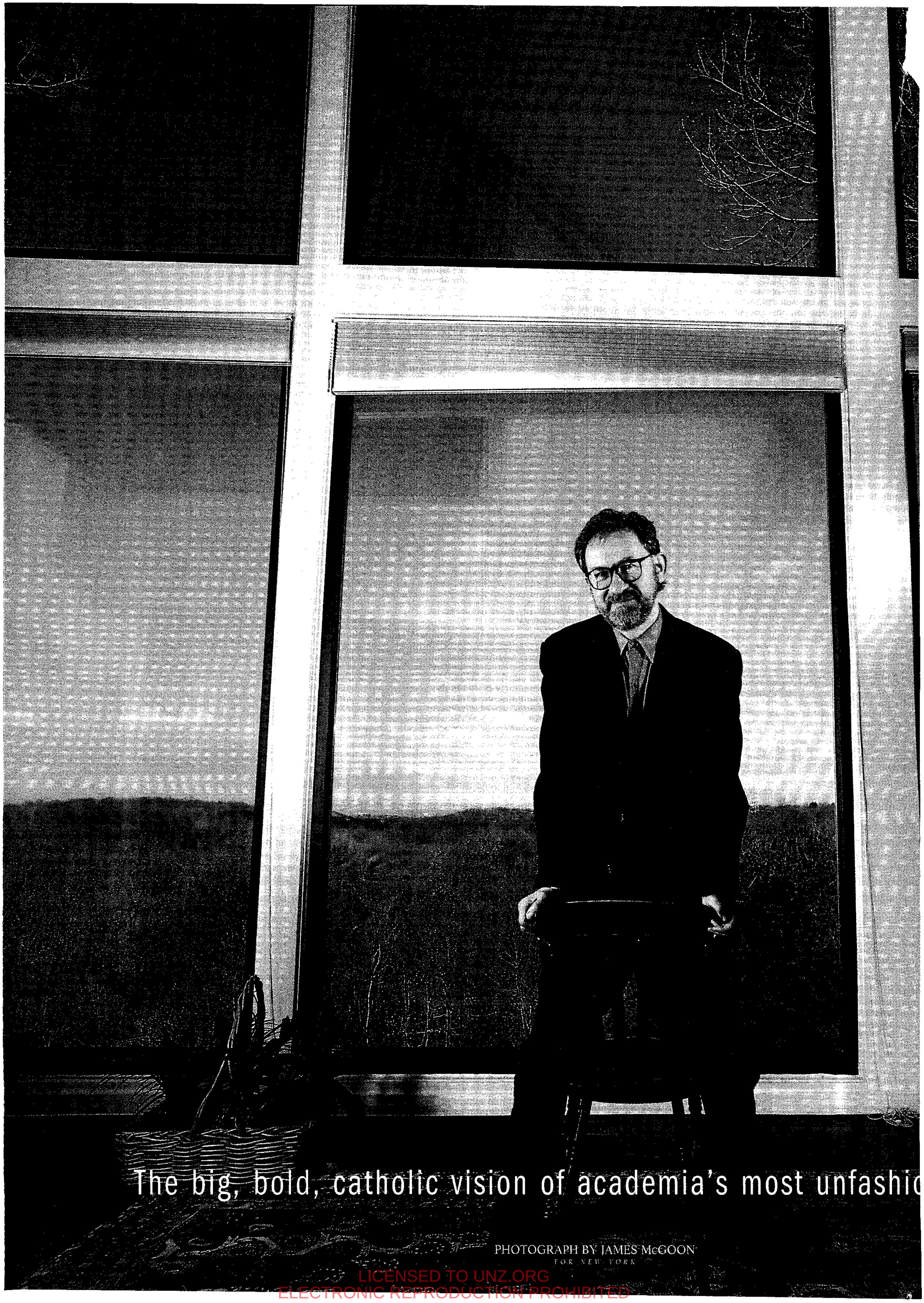
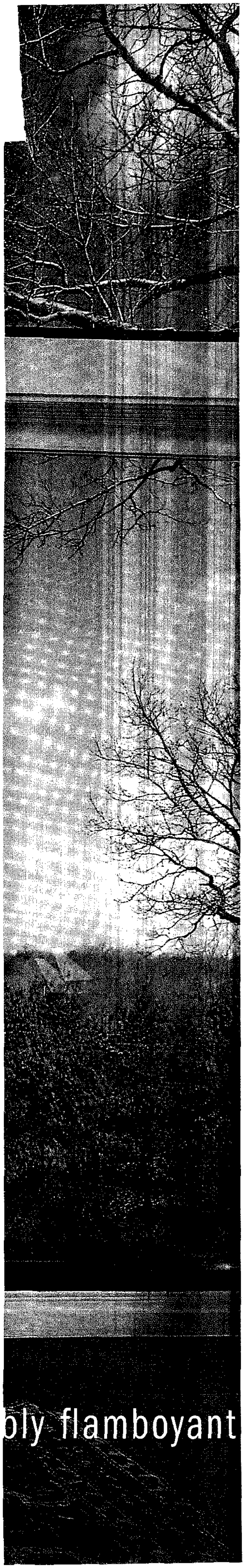


The big, bold, catholic vision of academia's most unfashio

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES McGOON
FOR NEW YORK



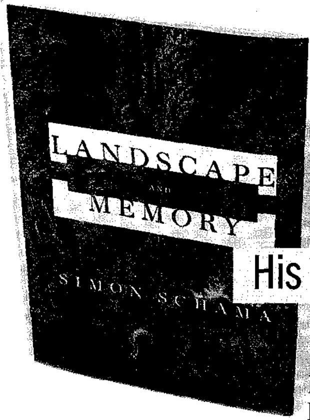
Simon Schama Makes a Mess of History

bly flamboyant storyteller By Lawrence Klepp

"GOOD HISTORY IS A MESS!" PROCLAIMS SIMON Schama over tea in his house north of New York City. In which case the house isn't good history. Perched on a hilltop overlooking a densely wooded hollow and distant ridges in the Hudson Valley, the home of the British-born historian bears no traces of what he has called the "shameless eclecticism" of his own historical method. Schama has lived here since 1993, when he left Harvard to teach at Columbia; the house is severely modern, spacious, sparely furnished, and serenely messless. On this March afternoon, the view is blurred by mists and darkened by storm clouds, placing it squarely in the Romantic movement. Add a solitary figure with his back to the viewer, and the picture framed by the picture window would be by Caspar David Friedrich and would belong in Chapter Two ("*Der Holzweg:* The Track Through the Woods") of his latest book, *Landscape and Memory.* On a more radiant spring day, brimming with transcendence, the view would revert to the Hudson River school and go in Chapter Four ("The Verdant Cross").

Vaguely expecting something historic, picturesque, and motley, I had driven up the long, steep driveway wondering whether this lesson in solid geometry could really be Simon Schama's house. I also wondered which side was the front of the house and which one wasn't. I guessed wrong, and he let me in through the back door. When he was at Harvard, he said, his family had lived in an even more cubical modernist house, designed by a student of Walter Gropius. As I stared out the window trying to memorize the landscape, Schama handed me *Landscape and Memory*—hot off the presses, the first finished copy, which he had picked up at the offices of his publisher, Knopf, on his way home.

It's a thick book, copiously illustrated, copiously written, and, of all his works to date—including *The Embarrassment of Riches* (1987), the best-selling *Citizens* (1989), and *Dead Certainties* (1991)—the most far-ranging, the most ambitiously disheveled, yet. Zigzagging all over the map and across millennia, it is a vast, anecdotal catalogue of the ways in which cultures appropriate landscape through myth and art. It encompasses (among other things) Roman legions in German forests and the failed effort to include Susan B. Anthony on Mount Rushmore; climbers in the Alps and *banditti* in the landscapes of the seventeenth-century painter Salvator Rosa; shepherds in Arcadia and Jewish lumbermen in Lithuania; tourists and Taoists and Nazis; the Baroque fountains of Bernini and the scorched-earth paintings of Anselm Kiefer; Robin Hood in the greenwood and Frederick Law Olmsted in Central Park and even Simon Schama at a concert on London's Hampstead Heath. It's about the profane process by which landscapes become sacred and how thorny and entangled the commerce between culture and nature really is.



His conversation is as compulsively encyclopedic as his books, but it also h

As rain drills on the window, Schama elaborates on some of the ideas in *Landscape and Memory* that will win him no friends among radical environmentalists. The American environmentalist movement has turned into "a kind of church, a penitential church for the sins of American progress," he says. It has a "theology" that resists compromise and promotes a "crudely mechanistic" version of Western culture, reducing it to depredation and doom.

But it is not just environmentalists who are likely to be provoked by the book. Whenever he publishes, Schama subverts an entire historiographical tradition. At 652 pages, *Landscape and Memory* may be "another damned, thick, square book" (as the Duke of Gloucester said to Gibbon), but it never congeals into pedantry. It is nothing at all like what academic history has for the past half-century been narrowing its focus to produce, books with titles like *Landscape and Litigation: Price Fluctuations in Flemish Flax Production as a Factor in Property Disputes, 1672–1681.* Schama has revived the epic tradition of Gibbon, Macaulay, and Parkman, though without the grand magisterial manner. His books leave out most of the statistics; they are full of drama, anecdote, arresting detail, the recovered life of the past.

And the recovered art of the past. The art on the austere white walls of his living room—mostly seventeenth-century Dutch prints—reminds me of his third book, *The Embarrassment of Riches,* the first to cause general commotion, not least because of the speculative way it used paintings and popular prints as prisms through which to view the Dutch Republic in its anxious golden age. (The book itself, with its cascade of details, anecdotes, and images, called to mind one of those Dutch still lifes overflowing with pears, pipes, herring, loaves of bread, tankards of ale, oysters, and orange peels.) "Simon is a man of brilliant, angular insights," says the art critic Robert Hughes. "He's very good at extracting the social significance of art without reducing the art to social significance; he knows why a Rembrandt or Hals *feels* like a Rembrandt or Hals."

The imagination that informs his histories is visual and theatrical, the imagination of a born storyteller. It's no surprise that *Landscape and Memory* has already been turned into a five-part BBC television series, with Schama as presenter, which begins airing in Britain this month, or that *Dead Certainties,* his experiment in historical fiction (or cryptofictional pseudohistory, as his scholarly detractors might put it), is in the process of being turned into a film, depending on whether an NEA grant comes through (which may depend on whether the NEA itself comes through).

SIMON SCHAMA HAS A VOLUBLE charm that amounts almost to a stage presence. Just turned 50, bearded, with only a hint of gray in his reddish-brown hair, he dresses with a certain professional panache—subtly coordinated tweed jacket, oxford shirt, corduroy trousers—and wields a disarming combination of Oxbridge accent and American informality. His conversation is as compulsively encyclopedic as his books, but it also has the weaving, caroming velocity of a New York taxicab at full throttle. Historians, painters, film directors, wines, teas, cabbages, kings, and whole provinces of learning are blurringly glimpsed and quickly left behind. And he does voices. Imagine Robin Williams with a highbrow data base. Moderating a panel on historical fiction at the Unterberg Poetry Center of the 92nd Street Y last month, he deftly slipped in and out of two anecdotal characters, an ancient Cambridge mathematics don and himself as a schoolboy reciting Shakespeare.

Schama's theatrical imagination may come from his father, a textile merchant who would rather have worked in the theater. The elder Schama produced performances for Jewish charities and took young Simon to Shakespeare plays at the Old Vic. But Schama's interest in narrative history comes largely from his tutor at Cambridge, the eminent historian J. H. (now Sir John) Plumb. Plumb, says Schama, "wrote for a broader audience always—he regarded it as no vulgarity to do it."

Schama first came to this country in 1964, when he was 19, to visit relatives in Brooklyn, and, he tells me, he "immediately fell in love with America and the whole American adventure." He moved from Oxford to teach at Harvard in 1980; he had met his wife, Ginny Papaioannou, a Californian, in Oxford three years earlier. They were married in 1983. Schama now seems fully at home in the suburbanized American woods.

Schama has said that all of his books contain an autobiographical element. He's researching a book on Rembrandt right now; like *Embarrassment of Riches,* it was partly inspired by boyhood holidays in Holland and wanderings through the National Gallery. *Landscape and Memory* came about after he was "rather thunderstruck" to learn that his mother's Jewish ancestors had been woodsmen in the Polish-Lithuanian forest.

The autobiographical motif in his work is consistent with Schama's distrust of a historiography that emphasizes large structural agents of change, such as modernization or economic imperatives. Individuals get lost in the seductive simplicity of sweeping theoretical generalizations. "Bad history is metanarrative," says Schama. By going on less about the *meaning* of everything, his history tells us more—about how it felt to live then, how people looked and ate and thought, how different their thoughts were from our own, about their mystery and ours. "A lot of avant-garde history simply eliminates human beings, and you have nothing but structures and abstractions," says Schama's friend Robert Darnton, the Princeton historian of eighteenth-century France who wrote *The Great Cat Massacre.*

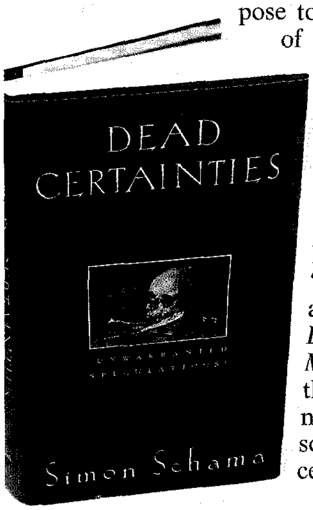
AFTER SCHAMA PICKS UP HIS TWO CHILDREN from school, the conversation plunges into the shadowy depths of Jung's theory of the collective unconscious. Jung has come up because *Landscape and Memory* is all about myths—their persistence, their ambiguity, their strong undertow. The book is precariously poised on the edge of German painter Anselm Kiefer's insight—"to ignore myths is to fall under their spell." "I'm interested in

Photographs by Jonathan Gross.

myth as a living thing," says Schama. "It's around us . . . it's an essential part of contemporary life; it never goes away."

Schama, for instance, talks about New York's Central Park as one variation of the Arcadia myth. (With perfect timing—or Jungian synchronicity—Schama's book appears just as *Arcadia,* Tom Stoppard's brilliantly intricate play about landscape and chaos and slippery history, is drawing crowds to Lincoln Center.) *Landscape and Memory* traces the Arcadian mood and its mutations from Taoists and Theocritus to environmentalists. An unfathomable nostalgia, he writes, seems to have accompanied the contemplation of nature since history began—a sense of paradise lost, harmony lost, simplicity lost. In one deadpan paragraph, Schama notes that the date for Western civilization's fall from ecological grace keeps getting placed earlier and earlier. Was it the spawning of the modern scientific mentality in the Renaissance? The invention of the plow in the sixth century? The development of irrigation by the Babylonians?

Schama's anticlimactic answer is that there was no fall because there was no grace: "Even the landscapes that we suppose to be most free of our culture may turn out, on closer inspection, to be its product," he writes. "And it is the argument of *Landscape and Memory* that this is a cause not for guilt and sorrow but for celebration."



the weaving, caroming velocity of a New York taxicab.

SCHAMA'S SERENE SENSE OF PERENNIAL HUMAN muddle confounds not only the simplicities of historical decline but also the simplicities of historical progress. That's what got him into trouble with *Citizens.* The book, which came out in the bicentennial year of 1989, proposed a French Revolution driven not by vast, providential necessities but by chance, miscalculation, oratory, fashion, ambition, and Rousseau's notion of radical innocence and general will. Small contingencies, such as the accident that delayed the coach of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette as they tried to flee France in 1790, had large consequences. Moreover, in Schama's view, the revolution didn't deliver France from static feudalism to bourgeois modernity, as in the orthodox Marxist account; it impeded or reversed the social and economic advances of the last years of the old regime. It was a lot of violence for very little progress; it was mostly, he implied, a mistake.

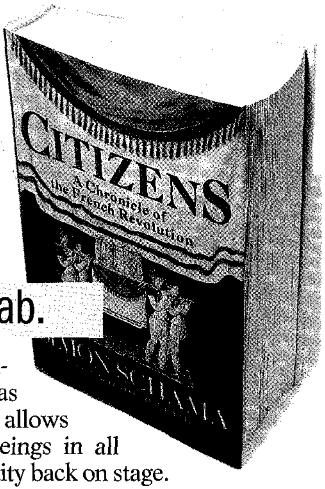
This was enough for the book to be dragged toward the guillotine in the pages of *Le Monde* by the French historian Roger Chartier. Chartier, whom Schama describes as "an extremely self-righteous and deeply fashionable historian," hadn't read the book but decided it reeked of Reaganism. It still hasn't been published in France. In this country, it took refuge on the New York *Times* best-seller list, where it stayed for ten weeks. But that wasn't the last of the matter. When Schama addressed a convention of French Revolution specialists in Washington, D.C., that summer, a cluster of historians got up and burst into a spirited rendition of "La Marseillaise."

Schama had a recurrent nightmare while working on *Citizens.* "It was a standard Kafkaesque paranoid nightmare set in a generic Central European country," he recalls. "I was followed through the streets, spied upon, betrayed. I would wake up in a cold sweat." The dream charts the course of Schama's feelings about the revolution. He had begun *Citizens* thinking he would be writing a sympathetic account. He wound up seeing revolutionary politics as a rehearsal for twentieth-century totalitarianism. In the Reign of Terror, he found a politics of purity in which whole groups of people were identified as contaminating traitors, to be hunted down and exterminated. His view seems to echo 200 years of conservative critique of the Revolution, dating back to Edmund Burke, though Schama doesn't sound like a royalist clinging to the hope of a Bourbon comeback, or, for that matter, like a Republican (he says he voted for Clinton).

His next book, *Dead Certainties,* received a sound thrashing in *The New York Review of Books* from Gordon S. Wood, a Brown University historian who lumped the book together with TV docudramas and simulated news events as indicative of a fishy cultural tendency to mix fact and fiction while banking on an aura of historical authenticity (he didn't even mention Oliver Stone). What provoked Wood was the fact that Schama had written what he himself called "historical novellas." Schama had made up a soldier's diary and put thoughts in heads and words in mouths while telling the stories of two deaths—General Wolfe's, at the Battle of Quebec, and a murder committed by a Harvard professor in the nineteenth century. Today, Wood strikes a conciliatory note, suggesting that "Schama was simply being playful and experimenting with new techniques. . . . The book lent itself, inadvertently, I think, to a tendency in the air."

One acrid element in that air is poststructuralist or postmodernist theory, much of it deriving from the work of the late French philosophical historian Michel Foucault. Does Schama mean to flirt with conservatism and postmodernism at the same time? Postmodernists believe that historical objectivity is an ideological construct, used to conceal class or ethnic interests, the hegemonic power of certain elites; following Foucault, they consider the Enlightenment project of rationality and objectivity little better than a plot to marginalize and colonize other cultures and groups. Their history aims to be multicultural and "decentered." When Schama, replying to Wood in a talk at the New-York Historical Society in 1991, said that "so far from the intellectual integrity of history being policed by the protocols of objectivity, distance, and scientific dispassion, its best prospects lie in the forthright admission of subjectivity, immediacy, and literary imagination," he sounded almost as if he had fallen in step with the postmodernists.

But Schama is up to something much less fashionable and much more interesting. By giving chance and accident major roles in history, he's also making room for other unpredictable things—passion, personality, charisma, eloquence, art, sex. His history as unintended consequences amounts almost to history as chaos theory, and it allows individual human beings in all their clumsy complexity back on stage. Postmodernists regard the individual as one more ideological construct. They submerge individuals in group or class identity, and they don't have much use for chance either. Their history, like Foucault's, has a deterministic, conspiratorial tone; it's full of the machinations of "power" or "patriarchy" or "logocentrism."

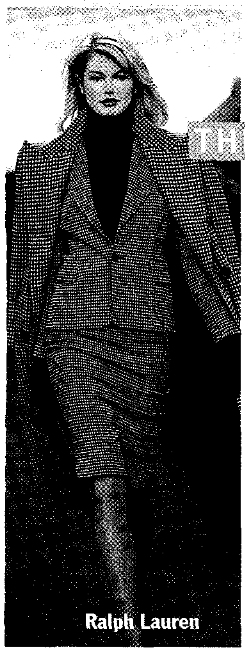


Individuals, the more eccentric the better, run away with all of Schama's books, even the myth-laden *Landscape and Memory.* His doubts about absolute objectivity have more to do with premodern than postmodern skepticism. In *The Embarrassment of Riches,* he mentions in passing the "ironic sense of limits" possessed by the Dutch Renaissance humanist Erasmus. This is what Schama is working with as well. It accounts for his appreciation of messes. It accounts for his suspicion of historians (and politicians) who want to straighten everything out, clean everything up, put everything away. One of his heroes, the nineteenth-century Swiss historian Jacob Burckhardt, predicted that this century would be dominated by demagogues, ideologues, "terrible simplifiers." As a historian, Schama has made it his business to trip them up. ■

NEW YORK PARIS MILAN

FALL '95—A REPORT FROM THE FRONT

BY JADE HOBSON CHARNIN



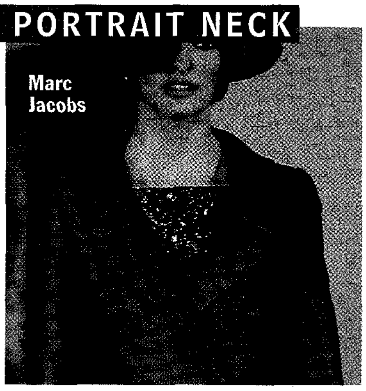
THE ENSEMBLE

Forget everything you've been taught about putting together your own unique mix-'n'-match look. Arlene Francis rides again.

THE SHOE

The spike heel is upstaged: Look for chunky or delicate "Louis" heels, sensible *pumps.*

THE PORTRAIT NECK



Wide, formal lapels frame the face—like a Wedgwood cameo.

Michael
Kors

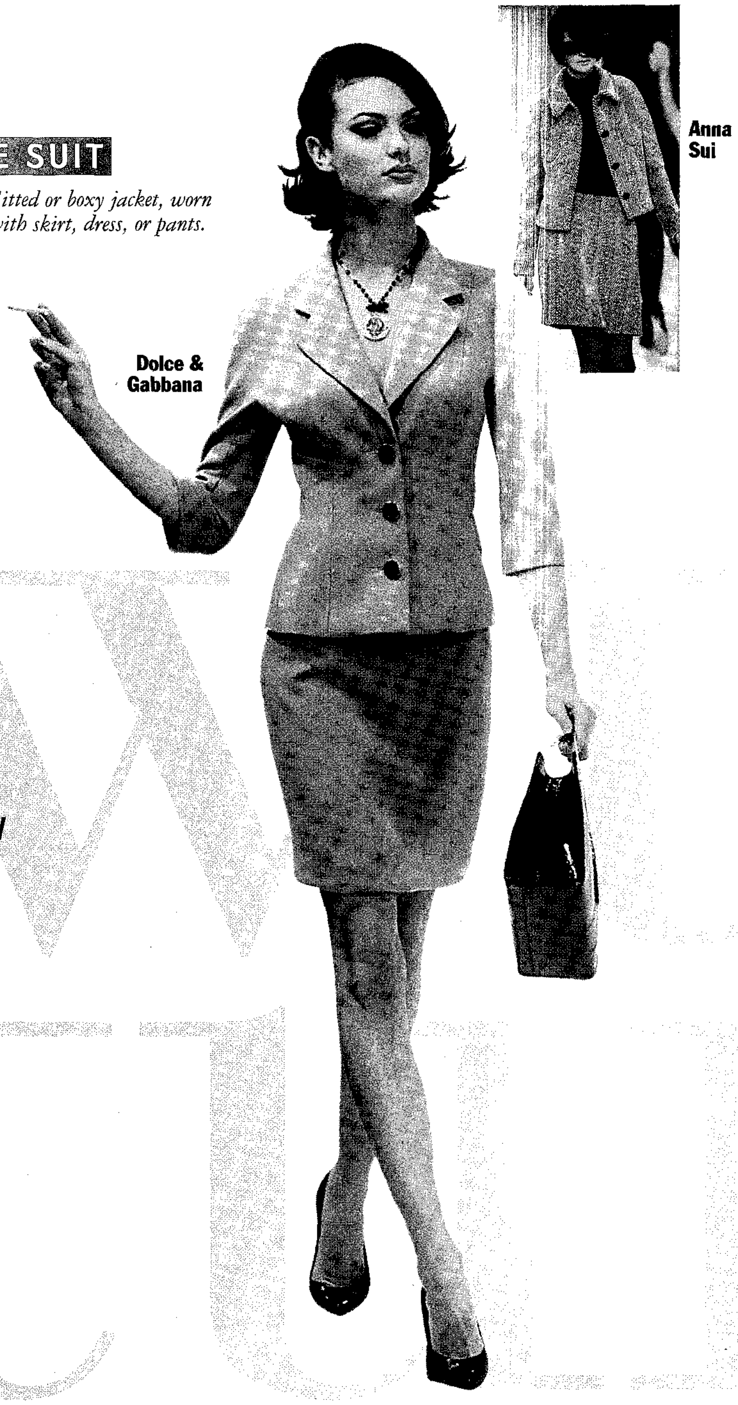
THE DIRNDL

This forties throwback may work for Helena Christensen, but on lesser mortals, it could provoke uninvited references to 'The Sound of Music.'

Assistant editor: Elizabeth Shepherd

THE SUIT

Fitted or boxy jacket, worn with skirt, dress, or pants.



ROW

THE TERM *FASHION FORWARD* ONCE seemed like a tautology; now it seems like an oxymoron. As designers in Milan, Paris, and New York trotted out their fall '95 fashions over the past month, it became clear that the *shmatte* trade is moving to the right faster than Bob Dole can say *Let's repeal the assault-weapons ban.* The fashion business has always been a tough but edifying tug between the designers' image of themselves as artists in fabric and the brutal reality that women are not going to run up and down Madison Avenue wearing cantilevered cake hats. Fear of falling won out this time. Were designers making sure not to give the buyers *any* excuse to shun their lines, or did they think Congress would outlaw sequined G-strings? Conservative designers were even more restrained than usual; predictably outrageous ones like Versace, Margiela, and Oldham evinced newfound admiration for conservative tailoring; and even Donna Karan eschewed her traditional sass for a kind of Benedictine-monk high seriousness.

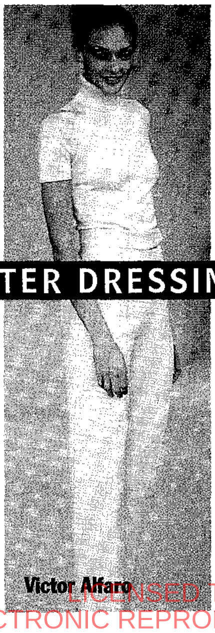
The relentless propriety of the shows no doubt explained the subdued mood in the tents in Bryant Park, where the New York shows have now been held semiannually for two years. Celebrities were few—*My God, that* is *Connie Francis!*—and packed a singularly attenuated buzz. Molly Ringwald, closing Cynthia Rowley's characteristically charming show, looked visibly miffed that her entrance was not the *coup de théâtre* she'd been expecting. Amid the glass-eyed fashion professionals, only impresario Malcolm McLaren, in from England, bothered to look fascinated—that being his self-styled posture.

The best designers of the season stood out because they—quite literally—stuck to their knitting. On these and the following pages, we honor those deserving of praise and point out the salient developments in a season that will inspire few superlatives from the trendoids but will no doubt please, um, *normal* Americans.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN & CORINA LECCA
FOR *NEW YORK*

SWEATER DRESSING

Ralph Lauren

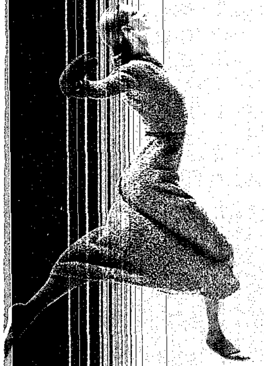


Narrow, sleek; no jacket required for day if you look as good as these two.

Th[illegible]
Co[illegible]

Ge[illegible]

There is o[illegible] Astaire: th[illegible]



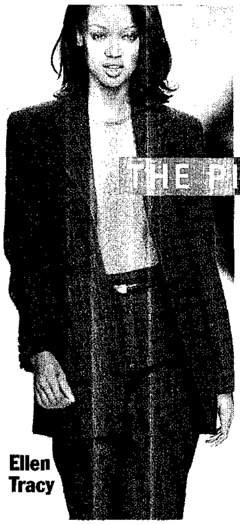
American [illegible] second [illegible] made the [illegible] sixties mo[illegible] seem as [illegible] as Lemon Pledge. S[illegible] and sexy, [illegible] piece was [illegible] revelation.

[illegible]

Is fashion's [illegible] drive-by fa[illegible] [illegible] is Ga[illegible] [illegible] play w[illegible] fabrics and [illegible] but s[illegible] seems to have [illegible] problem [illegible] [illegible]-busters [illegible]

Ann Demeulemeester

Shock value gets the headlines, but eventually you need to make clothes people might actually wear. This former [illegible] learned her lessons fast, and the result is less a commercial compromise than a triumph of restraint.



Ellen Tracy

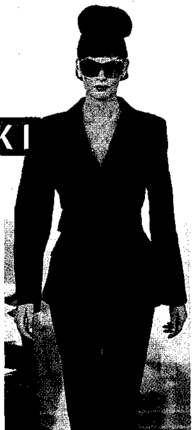
THE PINSTRIPE

That most corporate of fabrics shows up in suits, dresses, and ball gowns.

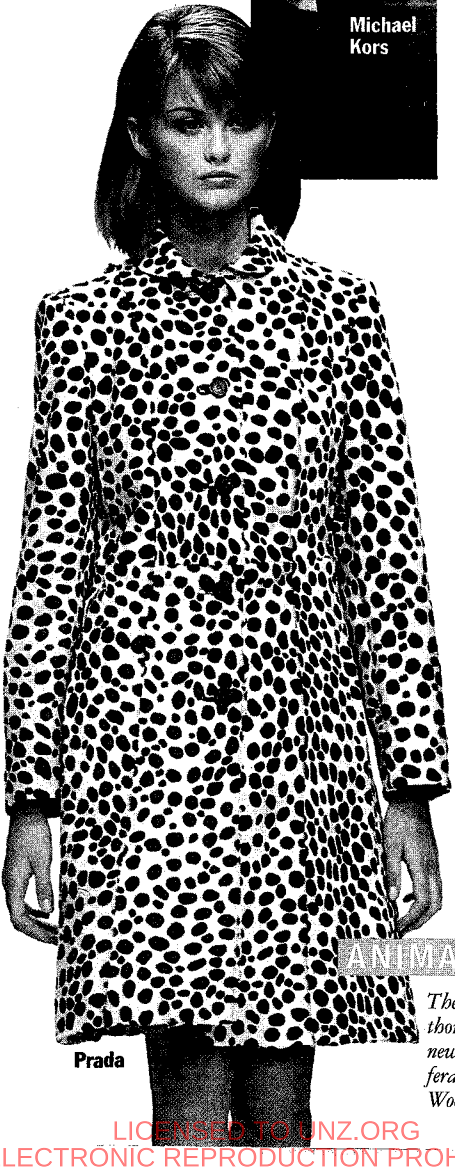
Istante

SKI

That 'North by Northwest,' just-skied-in-from-Sun Valley look.



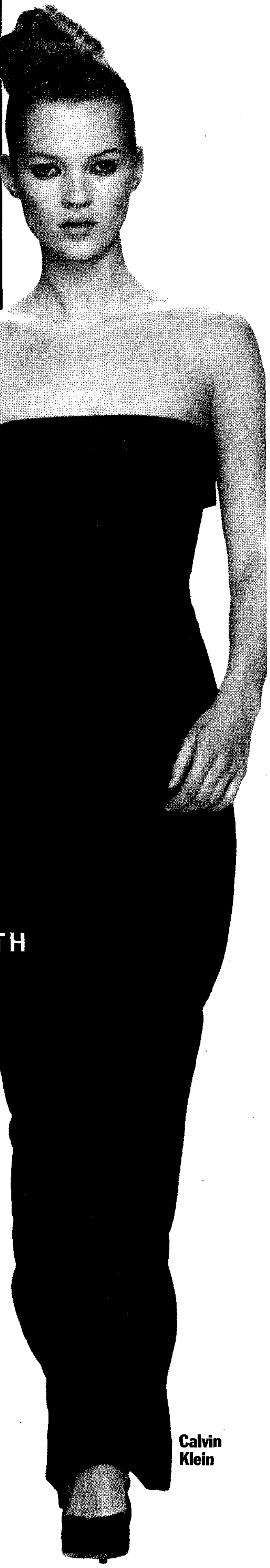
Michael Kors



Prada

ANIMAL

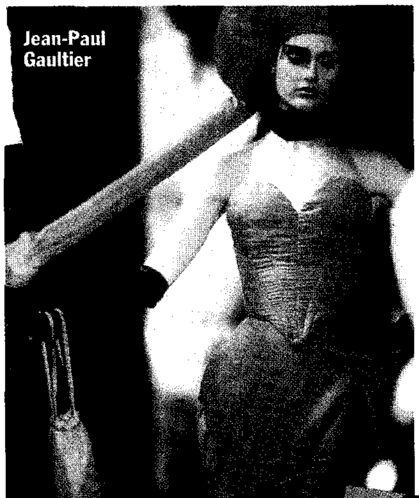
They're fake—as if you thought otherwise—but the new looks are surprisingly feral. An instant classic. Woof. Woof.



Calvin Klein

THE SHEATH

Worn at all lengths, in structured (as opposed to clingy) fabrics.



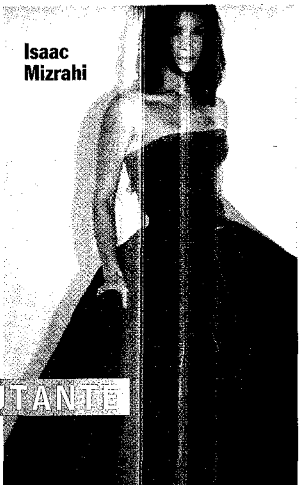
Jean-Paul Gaultier

Xavier Raoux

DOWN

Once a fur alternative, now in evening dresses.

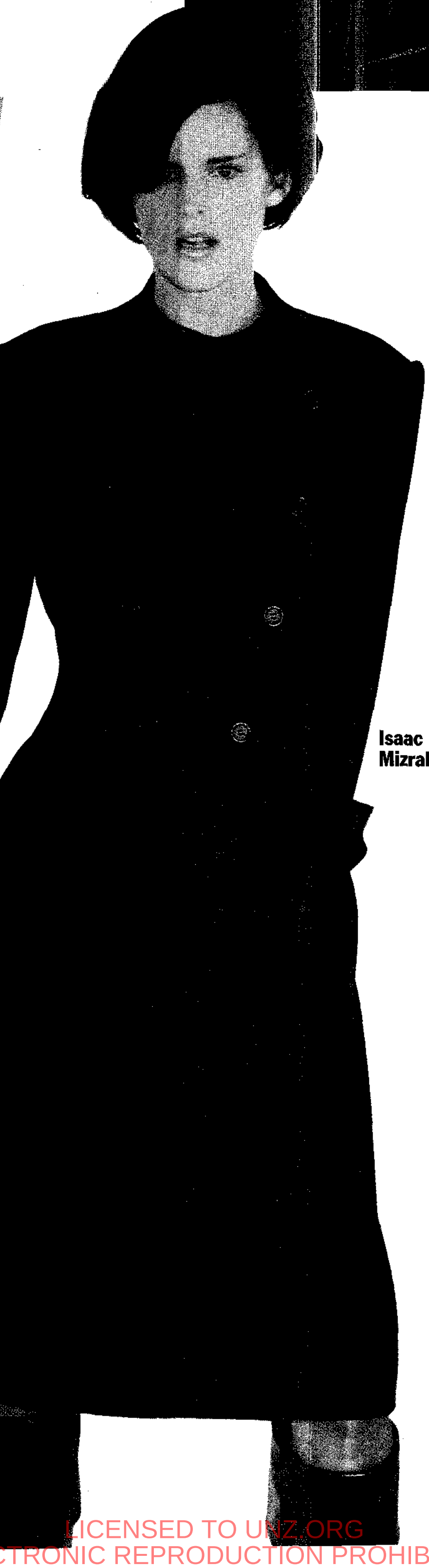
Isaac Mizrahi



Isaac Mizrahi

A chance to relive your coming-out, sans pimples.

THE DEBUTANTE



Isaac Mizrahi

Yves Saint Laurent

The "bathrobe" coat; the "boy" coat, worn straight and to the knee; and the "redingote," Mizrahi's homage to the English riding coat.

THE COAT

Anna Sui

Helmut Lang

A Philip Glass of frockery, Lang provokes yelps of pleasure from the faithful with every new stylistic twitch. He's super-stripped-down, so ultra-avant-garde, even his T-shirts tell *the fogies to* piss off.

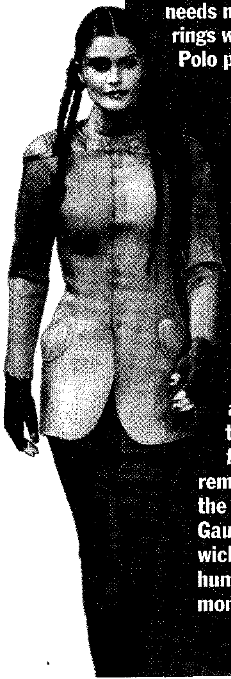
Yohji Yamamoto

A coat is a coat is a coat *isn't* a coat when it's confected by this sublime Japanese designer. In knits, tweed, or leather, Yamamoto expands the range of what fabrics can do and say.

Ralph Lauren

Like a saxophonist homing back to the melody *after embarking* on a long, risky solo, Ralph Lauren rediscovered how nice it is to be . . . Ralph Lauren. Who needs nose rings with their Polo ponies?

Xavier Raoux



Jean-Paul Gaultier

A crop-topped self-styled nut-bag, Gaultier makes market share through deft image manipulation. He also makes clothes, as this innovative stretch-*fabric-happy collection* reminded us. A radical with the heart of a classicist, Gaultier can find wit and wickedness amid the humdrum of this fashion moment.

THE BEST COLLECTIONS

Thierry Mugler

Patrice Stable

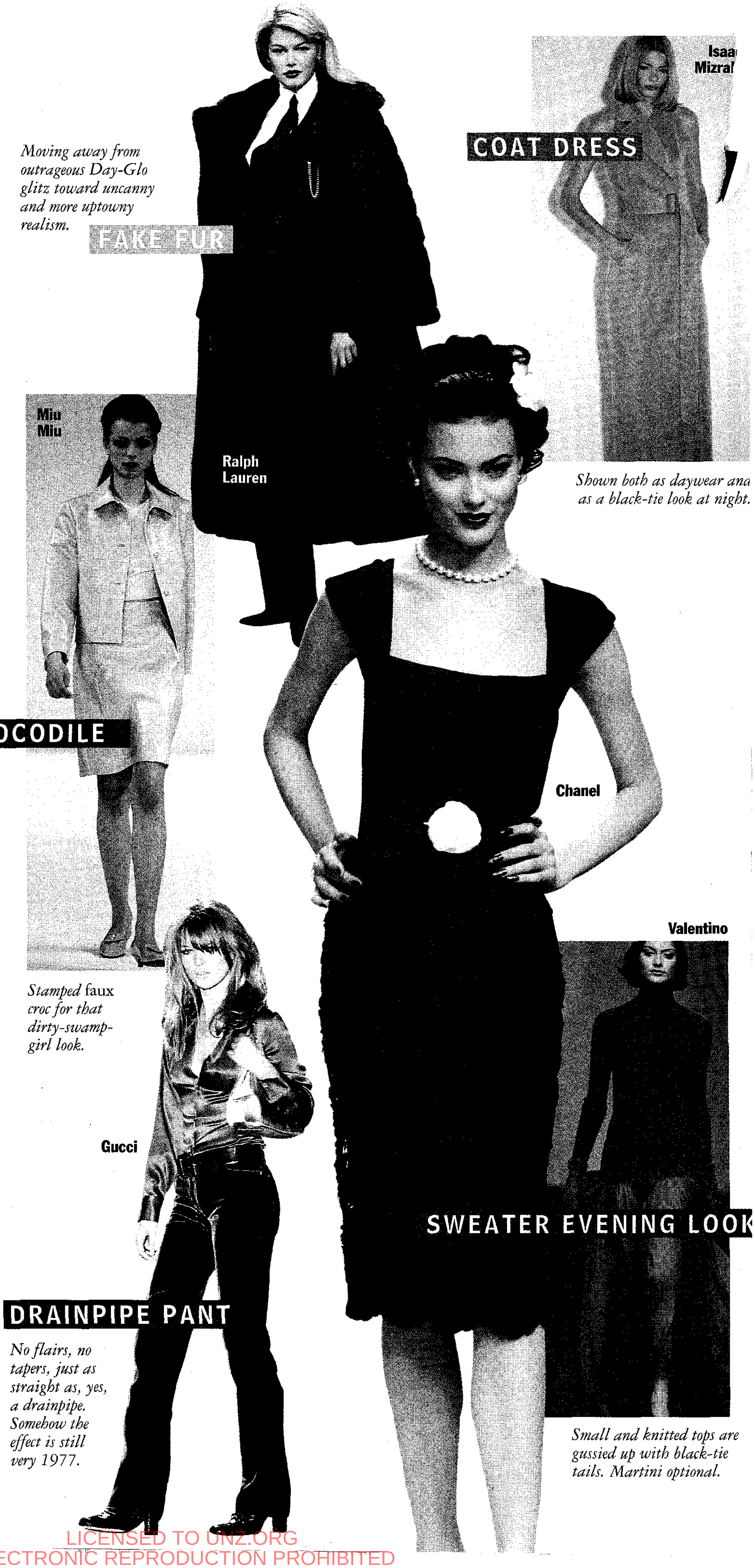
He is one of the world's great costumers, a fact he let no one forget at his twentieth-anniversary extravaganza in Paris last month. He can also cut a mean suit—and in fact has a thriving ready-to-wear trade—but this collection was a business-be-damned celebration of the fine art of excess.

SOME MORE OF THE SEASON'S MOST PRAISEWORTHY COLLECTIONS

Giorgio Armani
Jean Colonna
Issey Miyake
John Galliano
Gianni Versace
Marc Jacobs
Isaac Mizrahi
Anna Sui
Zoran
Prada
Richard Tyler

OLD RELIABLES, UP-AND-COMERS, AND SOLID PERFORMERS

Bill Blass
Dolce & Gabbana
Victor Alfaro
Chanel
Isabel Toledo
Comme des Garçons
Calvin Klein
Fendi
Martin Margiela
Liza Bruce
Norma Kamali
Roméo Gigli
Junya Watanabe
Miu Miu



FAKE FUR

Moving away from outrageous Day-Glo glitz toward uncanny and more uptowny realism.

COAT DRESS

Shown both as daywear and as a black-tie look at night.

CROCODILE

Stamped faux *croc for that dirty-swamp-girl look.*

DRAINPIPE PANT

No flairs, no tapers, just as straight as, yes, a drainpipe. Somehow the effect is still very 1977.

SWEATER EVENING LOOK

Small and knitted tops are gussied up with black-tie tails. Martini optional.

NO WONDER THEY CALL IT HIGH FASHION.

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DAFFY'S

CLOTHES THAT WILL MAKE YOU, NOT BREAK YOU.

Lord Jim

Poet, hoop star, and junkie, Jim Carroll was an original source of downtown cool. Now, with the release of *The Basketball Diaries,* the prodigal returns

By Alex Williams

"I COULD GET MY SHOOTING EYE BACK," SAYS JIM CARROLL in a voice from the Borough of Lost Souls. "But that first step, man, that's the first thing to go." Carroll, at 44, still has the wounded-fawn cheekbones and red hair of the immortal adolescent. Thirty years ago, he was already a go in his small New York universe, a basketball star, literary prodigy, and fledgling heroin addict. That boy has been mummified in celluloid in the film version of his memoir, *The Basketball Diaries,* with Leonardo Di Caprio playing the stoned angel in a blazer and rep tie.

The actual Jim sits today in a Madison Avenue coffee shop, over rice pudding and apple-cinnamon tea, and looks back on his glory days with toneless eyes of battleship gray, eyes that look like they have seen three lifetimes.

"I was always such a fuckin' gunner," he says. "Y'know, if they had a three-point line back then, I woulda scored, like, seven more points a game. But see, I wasn't a natural one-step leaper. I didn't have spring. But I worked really hard with, like, weighted spats and stuff. So by my sophomore year, I could dunk a ball, like, backwards, take off from the foul line. After a while, they'd have a guy just sitting there for me. Y'know?"

That was in 1966. Carroll was an all-city guard for Trinity, sparring with legends like Vaughan Harper—the Felipe Lopez of his day—and "the Goat," Earl Manigault, on the playgrounds of Harlem. By night, he was traversing the city in a hormonal search for significance, pulling off wild stunts and minor crimes with pals like Pedro and Herbie, and using his basketball-star status to score with girls from Park Avenue to the Grand Concourse. And, amazingly, he was getting it all down on paper. Jack Kerouac said that at 13, he wrote better prose than 89 percent of the novelists in America ("I'm so sick of that fuckin' quote, man," says Carroll). It was a world without gravity.

Carroll is on his second coffee shop and it's only 10 A.M. He's just met with a few friends from Drugs Anonymous and is stopping off before continuing an epic walk to the Fifth Avenue office of his lawyer, ex-wife, and friend Rosemary Carroll. A few minutes ago, he was walking down Lexington Avenue when a guy in Chuck Taylors, maybe 25, stalked him for a block before interrupting, reverentially: "You're Jim Carroll! I just heard this *voice. . . .*"

"It's, like, I call up stores, and the person on the other end of the line says, *'Is this Jim Carroll?'* " Carroll says in his characteristic pinched whine, equal parts Edith Bunker and William Burroughs.

He wears a denim work shirt, blue watch cap, and black sunglasses. Flecks of gray have pushed into his thin, incongruous beard. Tiny folds of skin gather under the eyes, though no one can see past his black-framed sunglasses. And he's talking incessantly, allowing each story the freedom to ramble.

Carroll is talking ball again, wagging his wrist in a dribble motion. "So it was the day we were auditioning Patrick [McGaw], who plays Neutron in the film, and they were short a guy for three-on-three. It was freezing, y'know, down on Thompson Street, with ice all over the side of the court, like where your hands get all cracked, like, when you're a kid, playin' outdoors in winter? It was me and Marky [Wahlberg] and James Madio versus Patrick, Leo [Di Caprio], and Bryan [Goluboff], the screenwriter. And *I was pa-thet-ic.* I go up for this little jump shot, with Leo guarding me, and he's got no leaps at all, and he comes in and *blocks my shot!*" He shakes his head. "I hate them for making me do that."

"That's the thing about this project, the biggest downer," Carroll says. "I had that moment. I'm not going back to try to recapture it. I had that one chance. . . ."

A world without gravity. Twenty-five years ago, *The Paris Review* published his teenage diaries over his strong reservations; he saw himself as a poet. But the diaries themselves are poetry of a sort: *He's down dealing on the hottest corner in the city, like a furnace that street, can feel narco heat waves through your sneakers.*

"I think they saw the diaries in *The World* magazine, published by the Poetry Project. They told me Plimpton wanted to see them," Carroll says. He says that Truman Capote's editor at Random House, Joe Fox, wanted to publish the diaries as a book, but Carroll was adamant about doing a poetry collection. He finally sold the rights to Bantam in 1979, insisting on paperbacks only. "It was the perfect book for the time, the punk scene, but I thought it would be out-to-lunch to publish it as this $19.95 hardcover." Carroll estimates the book has sold around 500,000 copies, and Bantam did a study that showed six people read it for every one who bought it.

The Basketball Diaries, which Carroll wrote between the ages of 13 and 15, is a panorama of winos, preppies, hustlers, and fools. It's New York picaresque—Oliver Twist with a habit. Carroll published poems in *Poetry* when he was still shooting jumpers against Riverdale High. In the seventies and early eighties, he played rock and roll and almost made it big.

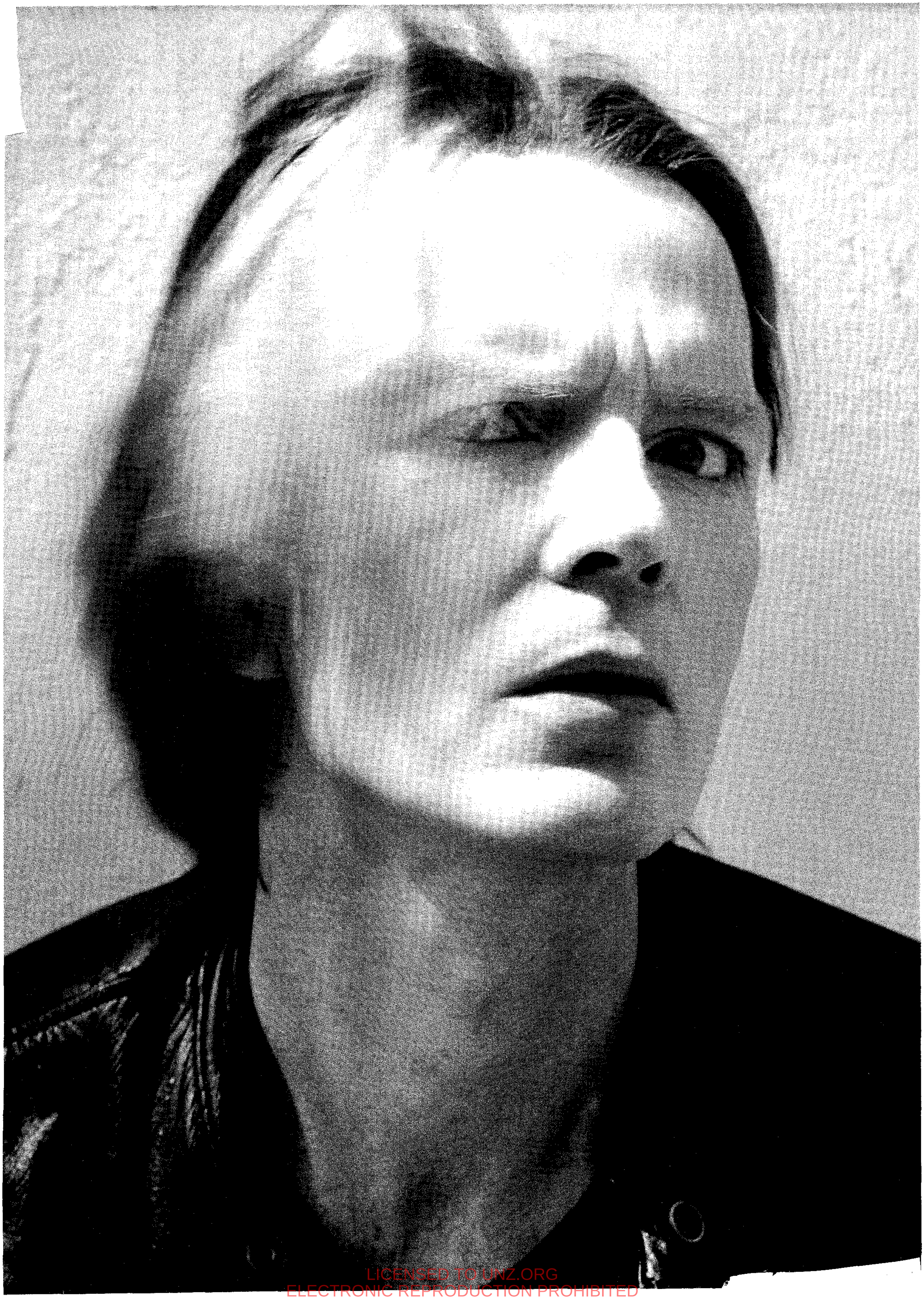
Now, with the arrival of the long-awaited film, comes Carroll's unsolicited midlife retrospective. Carroll sighs, a little weary: "With the records and everything, I've *had* my time aboveground. Y'know?"

JIM CARROLL WAS AN IDEA FIFTEEN YEARS IN THE MAKING FOR HIS parents, Tom and Agnes Carroll. They had tried to have kids well before Tom's wartime tours of Iwo Jima and Saipan. They'd given up when Thomas Joseph Jr. was born in 1949; James Dennis ("from Dionysius") followed a year later.

Carroll spent his early years in the East Twenties, a tough neighborhood at the time; at 13, his family moved to the more middle-class Irish enclave of Inwood in upper Manhattan. That was the first year he shot up. "I think the main reason I started using heroin was that everyone else was always going out drinking, and I hated drinking," he says innocently. He hated Catholic school, though, and as a freshman used basketball and good grades as a ticket to the affluent Trinity School on the Upper West Side.

His father was a hard-assed war vet whose own father had run a Harlem speakeasy for Dutch Schultz. "My old man would listen to the music I was playing, Phil Ochs, and say, 'What the fuck is this *Phil Ouches* guy? What is this goddamned Communist shit I'm hearing?' " Carroll says. "Y'know, his bar was this real cops-and-construction-workers redneck bar, and he'd have to listen to them go, 'What the hell is with your son with his long hair? You know, I used to read about him in the sports pages, scored 40 points; now he's got hair down to here.' And then Smitty, the

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK CONTRATTO
FOR NEW YORK



postman from our building, the loudmouthed bastard, starts saying, y'know, 'Your son gets all this poetry stuff in the mail; I mean, what in the hell is that?' Because that's the take in any neighborhood, in the Jimmy Breslin sense. Poetry is sissy stuff. Anybody who writes poetry is a fag." Carroll laughs. "Which I found out is absolutely true when I got out on the scene."

By the time he was a junior in high school, Carroll was traveling down to open poetry readings at St. Mark's Church, swallowing his fear, and turning heads. He impressed poet Ted Berrigan as well as influential literary editors.

He tried college, attending Wagner in Staten Island "for a year, as far as the draft was concerned." He adds, with disbelief, "My dorm roommates, like, they thought the biggest thrill was to go down and see the Johnny Carson show." He was gone within weeks, and spent even less time at his next school, Columbia.

In 1973, Carroll published his first poetry collection, *Living at the Movies,* and moved to San Francisco with a girlfriend and his methadone. From there it was up the coast to the art colony of Bolinas, where he met Rosemary. "I learned to like being by myself. Maybe too much. But that was the first time I discovered a writing routine."

Master and pupil: Carroll coaches Di Caprio on the set.

Photograph by K.C. Bailey/New Line Cinema.

He might have stayed on that path had it not been for a night in San Diego in 1978. Jim was hanging out with Patti Smith, an old girlfriend, before a gig. There was a scuffle involving roadies, and Smith booted the opening act from the bill. In a pinch, she suggested Jim open the show, just get up and speak-sing some poems, as he had done for her before. Her band would back him, just riff. "I was like, 'Uhhh . . .' " says Carroll, eyes wide with mock terror. "I didn't even like rock and roll that much." The gig lasted seven minutes. But the Jim Carroll Band was born.

"When I came back to New York, it was such a joke, because I was always referred to as the pure young poet who wasn't in it for what he could get out of it; and all of a sudden, the pure young poet comes back, and I've got this deal for the paperback of *The Basketball Diaries,* and I'm *hanging out with the Rolling Stones.*"

The single "People Who Died" was his rock-and-roll masterwork, a Ramones-style guitar grind molded around a terse catalogue of the victims he knew in his New York adolescence. "There was that line, *G-berg and Georgie let the gimmicks go rotten/died of hepatitis in upper Manhattan.* It was actually five of us that shared that needle, and three of us died from it. I just say 'G-berg and Georgie' because of the scan," he says. "G-berg, yeah, like Goldberg. The guy's name wasn't Goldberg; he was a Puerto Rican guy, but everyone said he looked Jewish."

Carroll's album *Catholic Boy,* which came out in 1980, put him on the commercial radar. Within two years, Carroll's group was opening for the J. Geils Band in hockey arenas. "There were always these girls pushing to the front to sock their tongues into your mouth," he recalls.

The fact that the next two records didn't move was no great tragedy. "These guys were always saying, 'The minute you get onstage, it's great, no matter how much you're hurting.' But that didn't work for me. There were some nights I did *not* want to get out there," he says.

He moved back to New York in 1986, and split amicably with Rosemary (two years later, she married Danny Goldberg, who is now chairman of Warner Bros. Records). He published a collection of poems, *The Book of Nods,* which even Carroll admits wasn't totally successful. "Rock and roll kind of screwed up my voice, poetically. I found myself having this 'Beat' voice in my poems. It was like this self-fulfilled prophecy, because everybody was calling me this rock poet, this Beat poet."

Carroll moved back to Inwood, two blocks from his old building. His mother had died, and he had made peace with his father, who was reduced to visiting her grave every day. He also wrote a sequel to *The Basketball Diaries,* which he called *Forced Entries.* The book was a journal of tawdry, Warholian downtown New York in the early seventies.

CARROLL ARRIVES AT ROSEMARY'S OFFICE. HE'S THERE TO VIEW A short film by a worshipful NYU student based on the final, cathartic passage of *Forced Entries.* Carroll's got a headache, so he asks a secretary for some Tylenol. He takes four, then wanders into a nearby conference room.

Cyril Connolly once said, "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first call promising." Carroll sums it up a little differently: "I was always the young guy. And when you're successful when you're young, it leads to an arrested adolescence or something, y'know. And there's that ecstasy period in your life as an artist. Every artist goes through this. I tried to get it back at first with music, and got, y'know, that adrenaline. But," he says cautiously, "there's a time when you switch into a more sober period."

Carroll knows that after the film hype fades, he'll finally have time to work on two novels that he says "just came to me three or four years ago. Like a gift." One is about a miracle, two priests, and an investigation by the Vatican. (He's been brushing up on the Gnostics.) The other is about a young star painter who walks away from art in a spiritual crisis. There are no drugs, and the painter is a virgin. "These are straight, linear novels in the third person. My editor was shocked. He was like, 'Jim! These are money books.' But if I don't get to work on these things, boy, I am betraying a gift; I mean, that's what *I* would define as a sin."

It helps that Carroll has finally achieved a quiet writer's ritual. "It's like I've been so jubilant, I just eliminated that need." Carroll rises every morning around 4:30 A.M., when he does his best writing. And he's shaken a nasty TV habit: "After that afternoon nap, it was always *Oprah* time. . . . So I got rid of cable and my VCR, but I found I was watching, like, infomercials instead of movies. But these days—" He pauses, indignant. "To me, late-night movies are old black-and-white movies with Cagney and Bogart, but today, old movies are like *The Sting II* with Jackie Gleason."

During the summer, he often teaches at Allen Ginsberg's Naropa Institute. He lectures and reads at colleges, maintaining little contact with the downtown New York he helped define, although he recently went to a viewing of *Diaries* at Rosemary's place with Lou Reed and Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore and Kim Gordon. "It moves well," he says. "It's hard for me to really register on it because of the personal attachment."

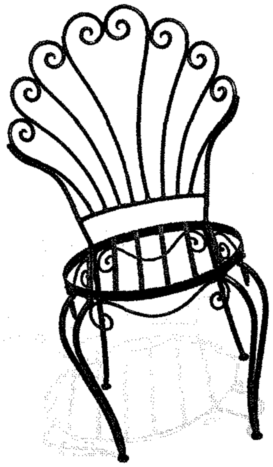
Carroll has been clean of heroin since the early seventies. He still has an occasional margarita, although he has never liked drinking. "I can't go for that complete-abstinence thing. I mean, I obviously have an addictive personality, especially for heroin. But I haven't smoked grass in like eight or nine years. I mean, I *wish* I could still smoke grass. But New York is just so speedy, it's so fast-paced. I mean, the phone's going to ring any minute and someone's going to lay a big trip on me, and I'll spend the first hour paranoid." ■

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

The House of Windsor



When Brian and Laurie Windsor moved their SoHo store, Brian Windsor Art and Antiques, across the street, they changed not only the address but also the focus, from large-scale furniture to smaller pieces. The new store is an extension of their Staten Island home, in which they've mixed nineteenth-century formal furniture with vintage garden tables and chairs. The Windsors operate on the premise that garden furniture doesn't have to live in a garden, so filigreed wrought-iron chairs sit comfortably alongside a nineteenth-century lady's dressing table. (From $6 for an old rose pot to $150 for a pair of iron planters to $3,800 for a pair of nineteenth-century decorative gates.)

BRIAN WINDSOR ART AND ANTIQUES/*272 Lafayette Street, near Prince/274-0411*

Hot Dogs

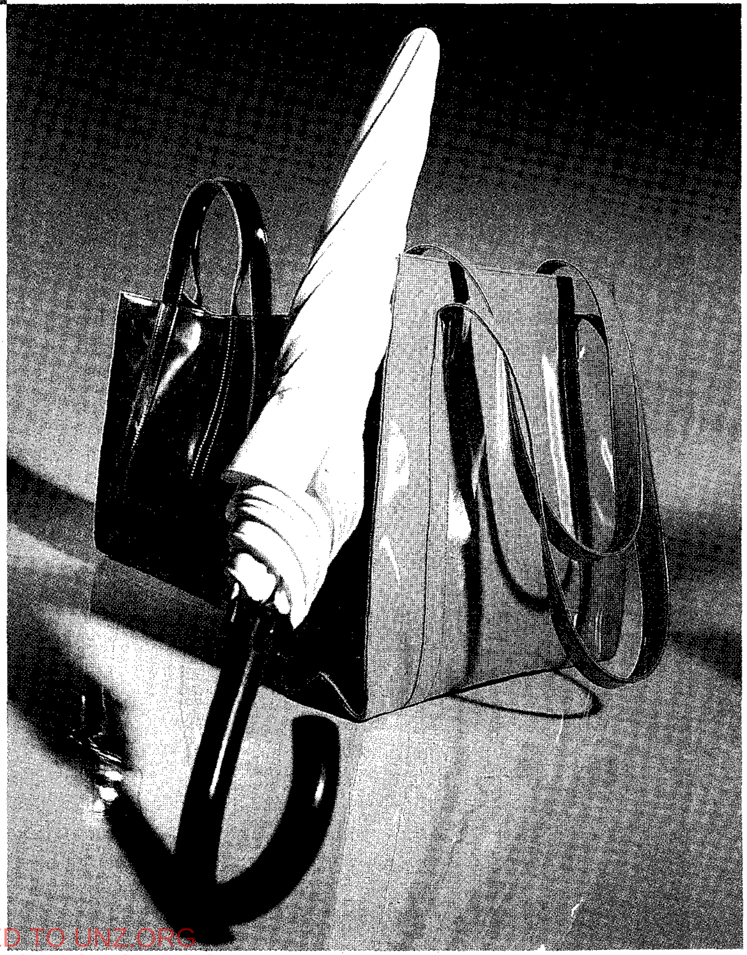
Unbelievably, before 1958, when Victor Krause invented Hush Puppies, there were no casual shoes for men: They wore sneakers for tennis, cleats for golf, and battered wing tips for mowing the lawn. So it's not surprising that in the late fifties and sixties, these suede oxfords became the quintessential American shoe. Recently, they've resurfaced in the most unlikely places—on the feet of Forrest Gump and the male models dressed by designer John Bartlett. Some of the new colors are rather extreme—lavender, lime, and fuchsia—but for the less intrepid, Wolverine World Wide is still producing Hush Puppies in taupes, browns, and grays ($80; in men's and women's sizes).

CHARIVARI/*18 West 57th Street/333-4040; and 1001 Madison Avenue, at 78th Street/650-0078*

Rain Supreme

Though it's long been a mainstay of kids' partywear, only lately has patent leather truly come into its adult own: No longer relegated to the shoe department, it's now used for skirts, jumpers, and jackets. At Bendel's, you'll even find patent-leather umbrellas and tote bags, all in this spring's fashionably bright colors (umbrella, $56; small tote, $88, large, $128).

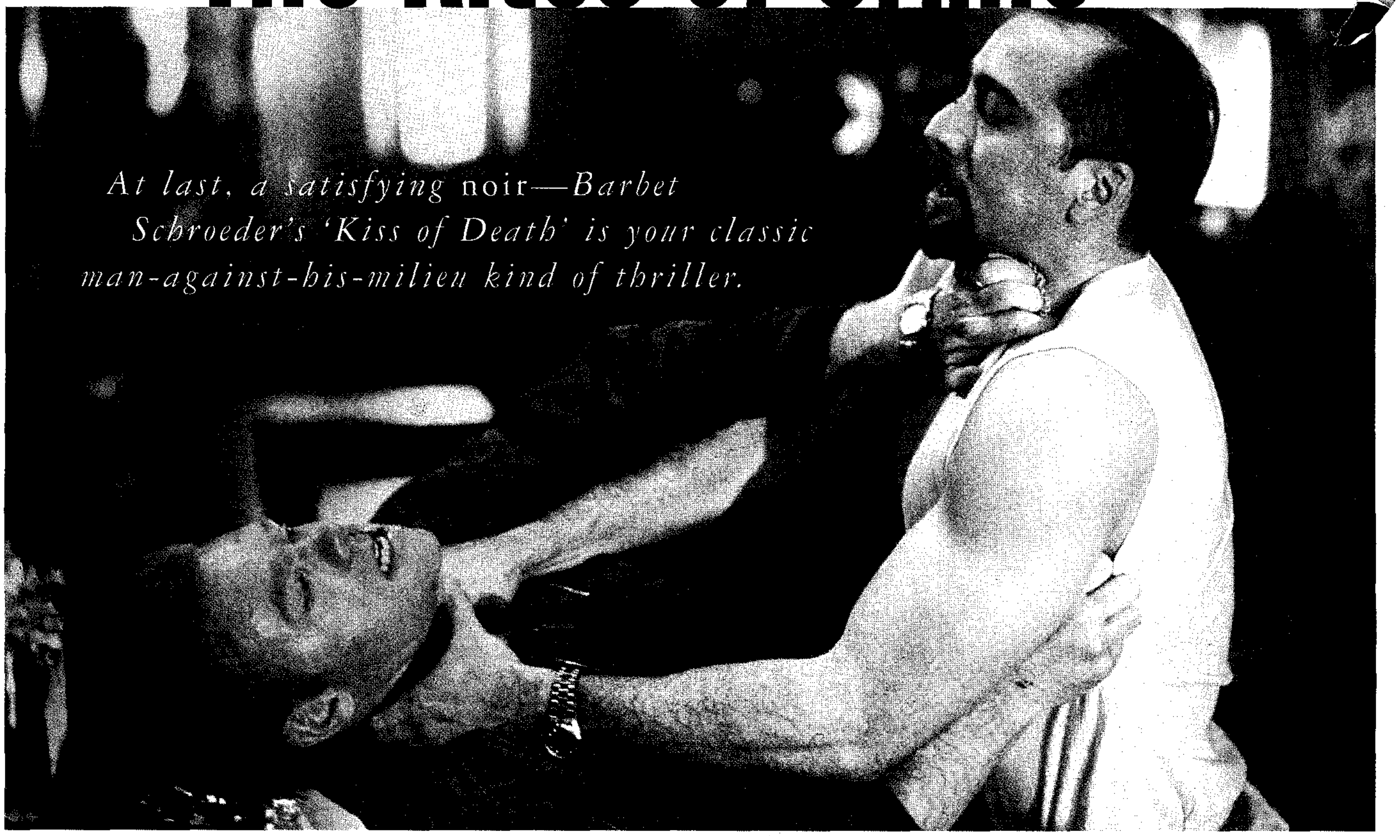
HENRI BENDEL/*Second floor*



MOVIES **DAVID DENBY**

The Rites of Crime

At last, a satisfying noir*—Barbet Schroeder's 'Kiss of Death' is your classic man-against-his-milieu kind of thriller.*



David Caruso (left) as Jimmy Kilmartin, an ex-con trying to go straight, and Nicolas Cage as Little Junior, a minor mafioso.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW CRIME PICTURE **Kiss of Death,** I sighed in relief and pleasure: The camera, high on a crane, slowly glides through an automobile junkyard located just beyond the outfield of Shea Stadium, and though we can't immediately tell what's going on, we know that it's got to be something dirty. After such piffling, ineptly directed works of fantasy as *Muriel's Wedding* and *Don Juan DeMarco,* we're back in the essentially serious world of New York. The auto boneyard is, of course, a chop shop, one of those advanced deconstructive enterprises in which stolen automobiles are broken down, or disguised and shipped overseas; and soon the hero, an ex-con named Jimmy Kilmartin (David Caruso), is driving a truckload of stolen cars through the night. The trip is dangerous for Jimmy, who, in language that now seems quaint to us, is trying to "go straight." Shot, then arrested, Jimmy goes back to prison; and when he comes out, a man with almost nothing in life but a beloved baby daughter, he falls into the hands of a Manhattan D.A. and the Feds, who use him to trap higher-ups in Jimmy's old criminal organization. Though Jimmy is as smart as anyone, he still gets exploited—his streak of decency makes him vulnerable.

Kiss of Death is the best crime movie since Scorsese's *GoodFellas,* and part of the pleasure of it lies in its ritualized elements. There is, for instance, Jimmy's scuzzbag cousin Ronnie (Michael Rapaport), who persuades Jimmy against his better judgment to make that nighttime drive. Ronnie is the type of groveling, hysterical movie punk whose entreaties always lead to disaster. And there's his counterpart, Zioli, the unscrupulous D.A., who, in the person of Stanley Tucci (you'll recognize the arrogant nostrils), is so cynical he will only respond to people who try to practice fraud on *him.* The picture is based on a 1947 gangster *noir* of the same title directed by Henry Hathaway, written by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer, and starring Victor Mature and the grinning giggler Richard Widmark. This new version shares the original's fatalism, but even with its crime-movie feel, it's a less stylized work, more realistic and matter-of-fact.

The writer, Richard Price, justly famous for his heightened naturalistic dialogue, creates an entirely malevolent world of thugs and law-enforcement officials. Everyone lies and betrays, and the most vicious cynicism is offered in ordinary tones. And director Barbet Schroeder (*Reversal of Fortune*) supports Price's gratifyingly nasty screenplay. Schroeder doesn't give the movie the dynamic or luscious visual scheme—a unified visual look—of a Scorsese or a De Palma. But Schroeder is impressively businesslike. He skips the obvious steps, presses ahead, and holds us very tightly. There's a great deal of violence in this movie, but it's done soberly—Jimmy, for one, can see the blows coming and accepts them as the price of living in the criminal world. The matter-of-factness has its own kind of wit: The cops, arresting a suspect, always manage to sneak in a punch or bang the guy's head on a car door.

Caruso's Jimmy Kilmartin is a fairly simple man. He's in his thirties, and has been a screwup his whole life; now he wants nothing more than to be close to his daughter. Caruso's voice is low and flat, and his creased, lived-in face, pale as Crisco, manages to suggest both a Catholic schoolboy and an elderly alcoholic lying in the gutter. The performance is infused with a powerful neo-Hemingwayesque mystique: Jimmy is a man with an internal sense of honor that allows him to endure pain and

Photograph by James Bridges/Twentieth Century Fox.

defeat and still go on. This may not be an original idea, but Caruso, who became a star on television in *NYPD Blue,* uses a quiet voice and slight movements of his facial muscles to suggest a man who's always thinking.

Somber as he is, Barbet Schroeder has learned one thing from Scorsese—when you do punks and meatballs, you can go far over the top without compromising the seriousness of your movie. Schroeder gets what should become a legendary performance from that powerful loose cannon Nicolas Cage. With his short black beard, furious stare, and militant chest hair, Cage, as Little Junior, an enforcer and minor mafioso, is as erect as a steel brush. Everything affronts him—he would rage at a bumblebee for disturbing a buttercup. Cage is extremely funny, and at times he just dispenses with naturalism and leaps into space. When Little Junior's father dies, Cage, working off the grief at Baby Cakes—the strip club Little Junior's family runs in Queens—hops up and down on the dance floor, screaming and gasping for breath. Little Junior is an asthmatic, and many of his rages end in a strangled wheeze.

In the face of such hysteria, Jimmy Kilmartin has to draw on all the guile of the criminal world. *Kiss of Death* has a mythlike structure, reminiscent of a medieval quest, except that the search here is for nothing more than his daughter. The man must go on and on, with only his faith to sustain him, until he reaches the end.

THE HIGHLANDS SWASHBUCKLER **Rob Roy** IS long and repetitive, and at times obscurely plotted; but if you long for glens and mist, and have never witnessed Liam Neeson's epic knees, you should probably go see it. The movie features some nifty feats of physical heroism and a general atmosphere of excruciating exertion—even the horses have trouble moving on those spongy downs. Director Michael Caton-Jones, also working hard, alternates between utter squareness and an earthy, mock-Shakespearean vitality. The hero and heroine (Neeson and Jessica Lange) remain true to one another, whereas the villains who try to destroy them are ornate, fey, and witty. Needless to say, one longs for the villains, especially for Tim Roth as a bastard expelled from England and seeking to gain his way in Scotland by public acts of obsequious flattery and private acts of utmost viciousness. Roth's Archibald is a put-on, a ruffled *faux*-pansy who speaks with many flourishes of hands and elbows but wields a wicked saber in close combat. There is a clanging duel between him and Neeson in a great hall and enough malice and treachery to start two civil wars. *Rob Roy* has its longueurs, but basically it's fine. A few splashes of Johnny Walker Red or Laphroaig might have helped the audience through it—but no, it's just fine.

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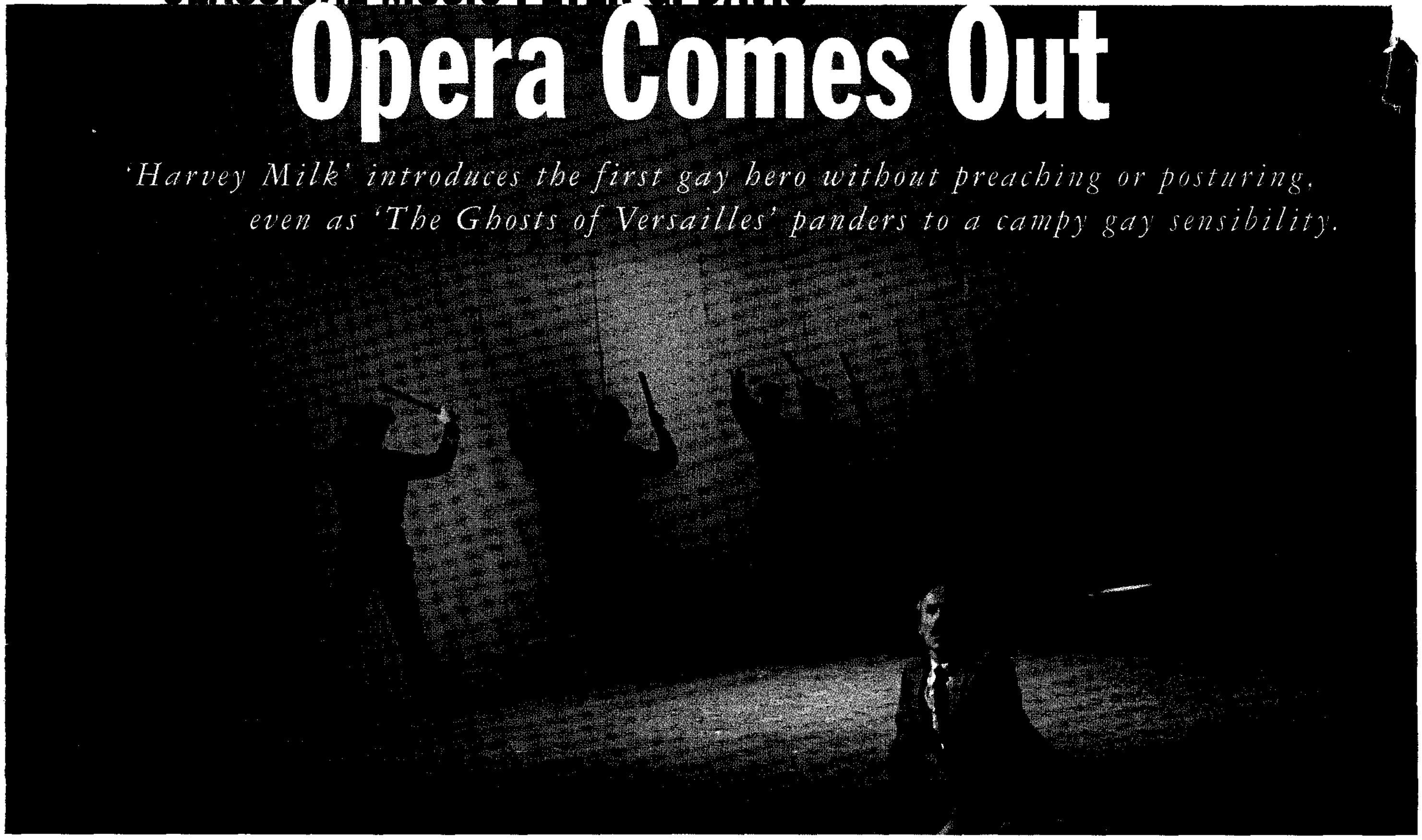
CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Opera Comes Out

'Harvey Milk' introduces the first gay hero without preaching or posturing, even as 'The Ghosts of Versailles' panders to a campy gay sensibility.



The City Opera's production of *Harvey Milk*, with Robert Orth (front) as the openly gay politician. Across: Orth with Bradley Williams (as Milk's lover, Scott Smith).

GAY POLITICS AND SENSIBILITIES DOMINATE THE music scene this month, nowhere more visibly or audibly than in **Harvey Milk,** now showing at the New York City Opera. In the interests of political correctness, and for those who must know where everyone is coming from, I preface this discussion with a statement of orientation, even if it "outs" no one: The librettist (Michael Korie) is gay, the composer (Stewart Wallace) is straight, and the author of the following comments (yours truly) writes from a gay perspective.

One thing about *Harvey Milk* is certain: Nothing quite like it has ever been done before. Gay characters occasionally turn up in opera as peripheral figures (Countess Geschwitz in Berg's *Lulu,* a male couple in Tippett's *The Knot Garden*), and homoeroticism is in the very fabric of Britten's *Death in Venice,* but until now, to my knowledge at least, composers have avoided homosexuality as a central theme. Harvey Milk, you will recall, was San Francisco's first openly gay elected official and had served only a year when he was assassinated in 1978 by Dan White, a fellow city supervisor unhinged by homophobia. The opera traces Milk's life as he struggles to integrate his Jewish and gay identities, falls in love, pursues an ideal, dies a martyr, and lives on as a myth. This scenario will inevitably evoke strong responses from gay audiences, simply because, for once, we are portrayed onstage as real people dealing with substantive issues rather than being indicated through code or the campy behavior of an overwrought diva. On a more general level, though, by focusing on the eventful career of a typically death-fated hero, the basic dramatic material of *Harvey Milk* should look comfortably like opera as usual to straight audiences. For those reasons alone, for its aesthetics as well as its politics, the opera gets a standing ovation from me.

Whether the work is strong enough to survive beyond the particular moment in gay awareness that brought it to the stage—well, that's something else. Traveling from the closeted New York scene of the sixties to the liberated flamboyancy of San Francisco's Castro district, Korie's libretto seldom stands still for long, swiftly capturing the spirit of a turbulent decade without preaching, posturing, or forgetting the part music must play in bringing the story to life. In the end, the text may present character and conflict too symbolically for the dramatic health of the piece, but the action is expertly imagined, organized, and paced, each act working up to a climax that any opera composer would seize as a gift: the 1969 Stonewall uprising, Milk's triumphant election in 1977, and the final candlelight requiem/Kaddish that sums up Milk's message of hope, not just for gays but for all of America's minorities.

Wallace is probably weary by now of hearing how his colleague dominates the opera and how the music never quite raises the heat high enough, even when the text invites it to do so. That, I fear, doesn't make the fact any less true, although there are many good things in the score, especially when it relaxes into a lyrical mode. Unlike so many other American composers producing opera nowadays, Wallace understands what the voice can do and how to write effectively for it—even Dan White has an attractive aria that recalls his Irish roots. Wallace has a keen ear for pop styles of the period, genre pastiche, and musical allusion (Scarpia's threatening chords from *Tosca* make several inspired appearances), and he can sustain such long sequences as the elegantly shaped soul-searching duet between Milk and his lover, Scott Smith. Unfortunately, the big theatrical moments, the three finales in particular, are fatally neutral, without the electricity, energy, or dramatic profile to lift an audience out of its seats or elevate the opera beyond the level of good intentions.

The City Opera production has been imported virtually intact from Houston, where it was first performed in

Photographs by Carol Rosegg.

January. Christopher Alden's direction and Paul Steinberg's unit set are loaded with symbols: a wall lined with closet doors, a gigantic cutout portrait of Maria Callas at her most anguished, merging pink and yellow triangles that form a Star of David. An opera already too heavily symbol-laden hardly needs more of this, and I suspect a grittier, less pretentious, more realistic approach would serve the piece better and throw the characters into sharper relief. Even at that, Robert Orth and Raymond Very bring a dramatic specificity to Milk and White that the roles only suggest, and the large cast performs enthusiastically under Christopher Keene's alert musical direction.

IF I SEEM MORE KINDLY DISPOSED TOWARD *Harvey Milk* than it perhaps deserves, I expect that's because I saw the Metropolitan Opera's revival of **The Ghosts of Versailles** the previous evening. With a libretto by William M. Hoffman and music by John Corigliano, this opera about the further adventures of Figaro and the Almaviva family during the French Revolution apparently entertained a lot of people when it was first done in 1991, but some grouches were turned off by a work that seemed vacuous, tawdry, and musically impoverished. The dreaded word *camp* even came up to describe the Act I finale in the Turkish embassy, in which an amply proportioned Egyptian chanteuse (Marilyn Horne) mugs her way through an interminable *orientale;* Figaro prances about in drag and lewdly peels a banana; a soprano dressed as a comic-strip Brünnhilde appears to denounce the frivolous goings-on; and the turban on the head of a huge pasha explodes. In the current issue of *Opera News,* Hoffman brushes off negative critical reactions to such low-brow hilarity as "homophobic" (he and Corigliano are both openly gay), while insisting that the comic operas of Rossini are just as campy. "Knowing the sexual orientation of the artists," says Hoffman huffily, "they feel they can apply values to us that they wouldn't dare apply to Rossini or Mozart."

Hooey. I've seen wittier shows than *The Ghosts of Versailles* in gay bars, and straights can do better in Las Vegas. As for Mozart and Rossini, even the most ardent admirers of *Ghosts* might hesitate to put Hoffman and Corigliano in the same category. How the piece may reflect a gay sensibility is too complex to examine here, but to label legitimate dissent over the opera's content as homophobic is pure delusional paranoia. Hoffman also seems to think that all the naysayers are snobbish music critics who resent being confronted with a presumably "accessible" new opera that the general public adores. More hooey. As a rule, nothing is simpler than disposing of an extra Met ticket, but no one I knew who had already seen *Ghosts* cared to sit through it again, and the friend I finally persuaded to come found the opera tiresome and cheap and left after Act I. Yes, gays can create meretricious art as well as masterpieces, and it's not just a few grumpy critics who consider *The Ghosts of Versailles* a hunk of junk.

Perhaps the novelty has worn off for Met audiences, too, since the rapture seemed distinctly modified compared with the warm reception of three years ago. The production continues to look terrific, thanks to Colin Graham's theatrical staging and John Conklin's elaborate sets, which cleverly combine the ghostly fantasy world inhabited by Beaumarchais and Marie Antoinette with the revolutionary realities faced by Figaro and his friends. Some cast changes are not for the better—Hector Vasquez (Beaumarchais) and Allan Glassman (Bégearss) are weak—and Teresa Stratas's Marie Antoinette has become distressingly threadbare, leaving Gino Quilico's exuberant Figaro pretty much in command of the stage. I doubt that *The Ghosts of Versailles* will be around much longer, but if its fleeting success encourages the Met to present more and better new American operas, then it will have served a good purpose.

NO ONE IS LIKELY TO PIN down the sexuality of Handel, although there are some who insist that he was gay. In any case, that was not the issue at the Manhattan School, where conductor Will Crutchfield launched a project to perform all 37 Handel operas, leading off with the composer's last, **Deidamia.** Interestingly, the plot hinges on cross-dressing—Achilles (written for a female soprano rather than a castrato) spends much of the time disguised as a girl—but Handel seemed more interested in his heroine, and no opera composer ever created a more varied or sympathetically, subtly drawn gallery of women. If Deidamia is hardly the most scintillating or complex of them, the opera, performed in a modest, updated manner and attractively sung by a well-prepared student cast, successfully introduced an ambitious but valuable long-term venture. ■

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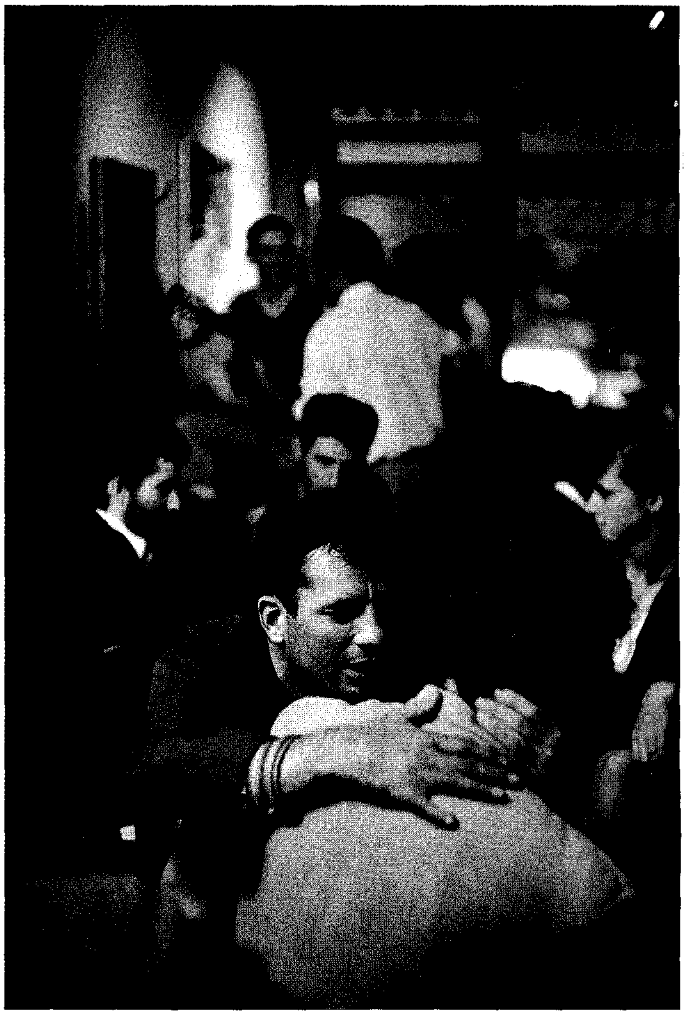
BOOKS WALTER KIRN

The Beat Went On

And on, and on, in frenzied, mawkish, solipsistic splendor. Jack Kerouac's 'Selected Letters' reveals a writer with the courage of his enormous pretensions.

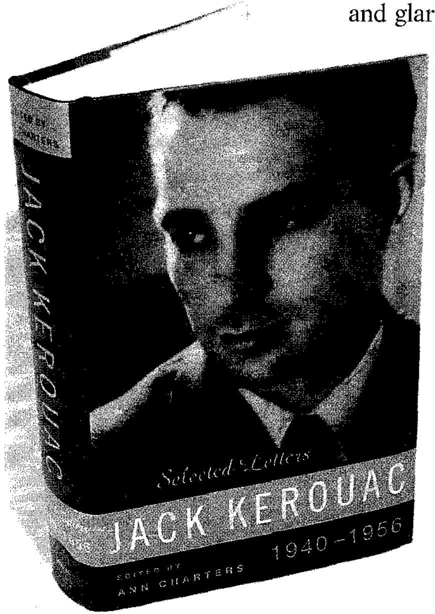


ONE WAY TO READ JACK KEROUAC'S **Selected Letters** is not to read them at all. Instead, in the nonthinking spirit of Kerouac's Buddhism, try to apprehend them as an object. Open the heavy volume spine-flat—as edited by Ann Charters, it's over 600 pages—and flip smoothly through it, front to back, as if it were one of those illustrated flutter-books portraying a striptease (in this case, a striptease of mind and soul). As the pages fan by, you'll see visual progressions: The standard typeface shifts to urgent CAPITALS, parentheses multiply, commas thin away, paragraphs lengthen. It's the typographical spectacle of a writer losing his traditionalist inhibitions. It's Kerouac the jazzed-up psychedelic butterfly emerging from his square cocoon.

The *Selected Letters'* time-lapse aging process starts in 1940, when Kerouac was manifestly 18 ("I spent the time on the way up here reading Saroyan!"), and runs to 1956, when he's chronologically 34 and spiritually 1,000 ("This universe without end is a solid diamond everywhere everything . . ."). What connects the student and the sage is zeal, a linked chain of enthusiasms: for friends, ideas, places, and himself. Kerouac was a serial crackpot. He was a believer, not a sneerer. Indeed, the writer whom goateed nouvelle beats worship as the king of cool would likely, if resurrected, strike them as unhiply hot.

Kerouac was a serial crackpot. The letters show a linked chain of enthusiasms: for friends, ideas, places, himself.

He was always wound up about something. In his early twenties, it was Man. The letters to boyhood friend Sebastian Sampas, leader of a supergeek discussion circle modestly named the Young Prometheans, ring with Western Civisms: "Veblen writes of the leisure class as the shrewd, exploiting group in society that holds the strings and glares to be called superior. . . . You must try to read him if you feel the need to understand the sociological implications of the collective movement. . . ." The earnest wartime social theorist took his dissipation seriously, too. Drunk and feeling Byronish, he longs to visit Russia "For 1. Vodka 2. Love 3. Glory."



Kerouac has the artist's gift of innocent, unceasing self-amazement. He's capable of truly massive unoriginalities; he titles an apprentice novel *The Sea Is My Brother.* In the navy, he pretends to be a head case and conducts a romantic self-analysis, discerning tragic inner conflicts between "the bent and brooding figure sneering at a world of mediocrities, complacent ignorance and bigotry . . ." and a self that favors "a broad, rugged America; which requires the nourishment of gutsy, red-blooded associates. . . ." All young artists begin as phonies, these early letters suggest, but geniuses such as Kerouac start out as big phonies.

In 1944, after Sampas dies, Kerouac falls in with his legendary buddies. It's pledge week in the fraternity of postwar letters. Hanging out with Ginsberg & Co., dirtying himself with New York street life, he starts brooding less and doing more. His ideas about Mankind give way to feelings about specific men. Here, things get interesting—and tricky. Manifestos alternate with gossip. Hissy fits, bitchy intrigues, and schoolyard feuds echo behind the theorizing. *Bill Burroughs is my best friend, not yours!* As the soap opera unfolds, you wonder if Kerouac knows himself at all.

For sexually wised-up nineties types, it's hard not to smirk at passages such as this oddly wordy shot at Ginsberg: "There's nothing that I hate more than the conde-

Photographs: top, Burt Glinn/Magnum Photos; bottom, Jonathan Gross.

scension you begin to show whenever I allow my affectionate instincts full play with regard to you. . . . It gives me the feeling that I'm wasting a perfectly good store of friendship on a little self-aggrandizing weasel." Elsewhere, Kerouac gets grumpy about Ginsberg's rapport with Neal Cassady, the studly cowboy love object that both men longed to groom and tutor. Kerouac is moving around by now, a cross-country odd-jobber in high hobo mode, but his soul's compass needle stays fixed on True Neal, whom he credits for inspiring him to finish *The Town and the City,* his first published novel. "What an amazing thing to realize that you, more than anyone else, can be said to be the biggest pitchfork that got me howling and screaming across the pea-patch towards my inevitable duties. It's that wonderful Nealish creativeness that did it."

Kerouac's orgasmic nonstop wordrush overflowed in *On the Road.* Kerouac called the style "spontaneous prose," and certain letters of the early fifties are show-offy demonstration pieces, complete with instructions and, often, self-tributes. To John Clellon Holmes: "I for one, please tell this to Allen, feel that I have completely reached my peak maturity now and am blowing such mad poetry and literature that I'll look back years later with amazement and chagrin. . . ." Kerouac's gassy expansiveness is almost suspenseful: This bubble has to burst, and it quickly does.

He rages at Ginsberg for dissing *On the Road,* which wouldn't be published for four more years: "I realize I'm no longer attractive to you queers. . . . Go on and hate each other and sneer and get jealous. . . . My whole record in NY is one long almost humorous chronicle of a real dumb lil abner getting taken in by fat pigjaws." Career trouble, no money, and broken marriages had rendered Kerouac a supercharged bore, a Benzedrine-powered Great American Nuisance.

Kerouac survived his dark years by pitting mania against despair. He changed jobs and homes like greasy old T-shirts, but the fabled cross-country traveler moved mostly inside his own head. The worse things got, the faster he went, and in the later letters his image blurs: He's passing his own shadow. High Samhadis multiply, and mystic pedantry creeps in. Besides spiritual respite, Buddhism offers Kerouac new exotic Japanese words—which he needs because he's burned through all the English ones. "I know these letters have the sound of bullshit because of the same level of enthusiasm for thoughts that are sometimes powerfully exploding and sometimes weakly imploding," he tells Ginsberg. No critic has ever nailed Kerouac's weak spot harder, yet frenzy was also his strength, his art. He was disciplined about giving up control. He had the courage of his huge pretensions. When *On the Road* was finally published, Kerouac was past it, already gone.

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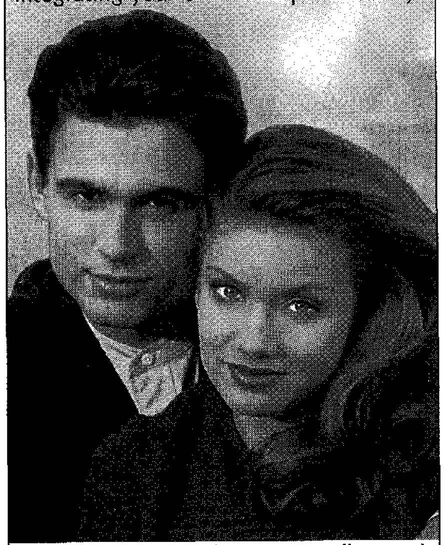

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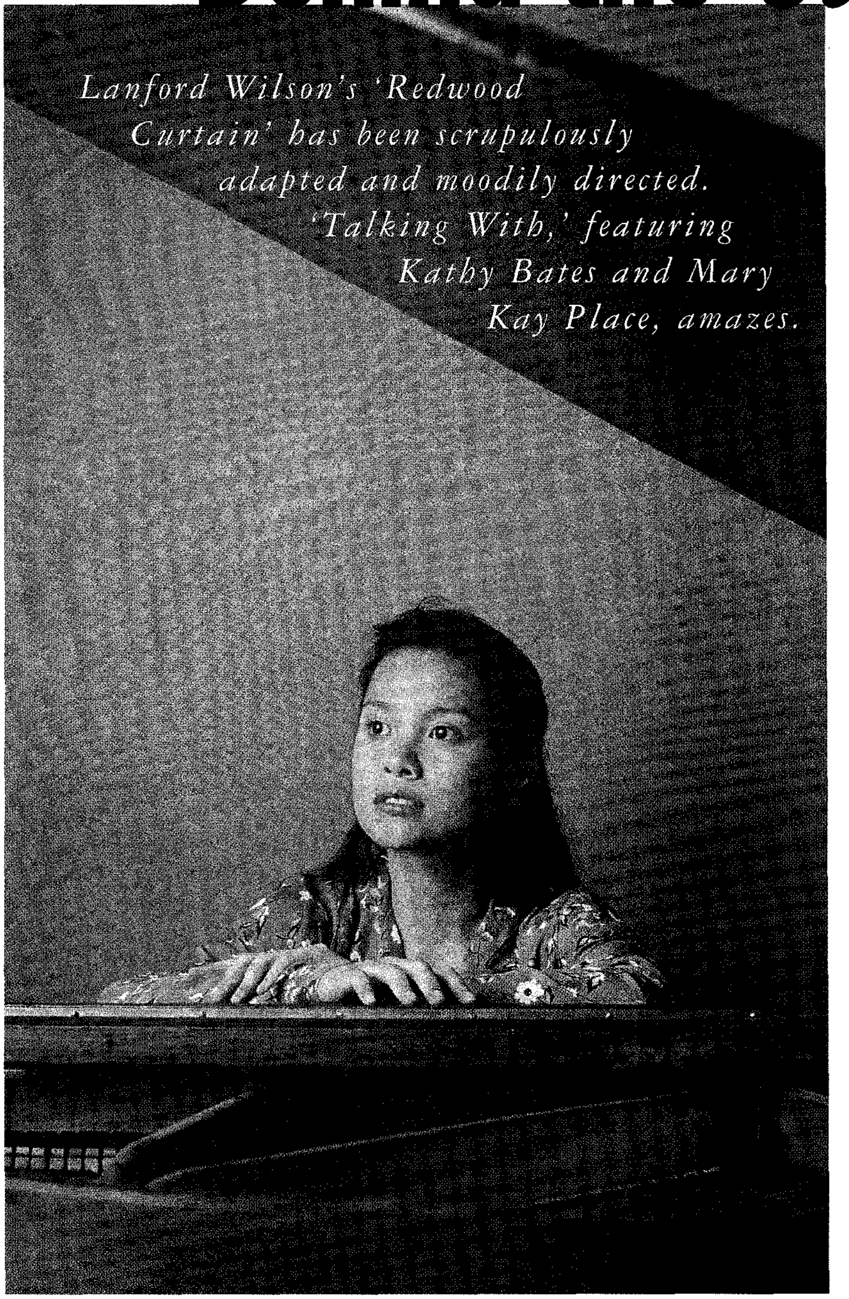
TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Behind the *Curtain*

Lanford Wilson's 'Redwood Curtain' has been scrupulously adapted and moodily directed. 'Talking With,' featuring Kathy Bates and Mary Kay Place, amazes.



Lea Salonga as piano-playing war orphan Geri Riordan.

REPORTING IN DISPATCHES FROM THE BLOODY front of our first rock-and-roll war, Michael Herr wrote famously: "I think Vietnam was what we had instead of happy childhoods." In Hallmark Hall of Fame's adaptation of Lanford Wilson's play **Redwood Curtain** (Sunday, April 23; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC), the music is composed entirely by dead white European males. It is played on a piano in a concert hall by a child prodigy, Geri Riordan (Lea Salonga). We are in Northern California instead of South Vietnam. And yet *Redwood Curtain* is the fall of Saigon all over again, from which Geri as a baby was saved by whirlybird.

Geri, the daughter of an American GI and a Vietnamese flower-shop proprietress, has never even known the names of her biological parents. She was adopted and raised by Laird Riordan (John Lithgow) against the wishes of his wife, Julia (Catherine Hicks), who is always busy with charity work. Laird, a Vietnam vet who'd rather not talk about it, taught Geri to play the piano, and arranges her concert dates, and drinks too much. But even before he dies of drink and disappointment, leaving Geri fatherless for a second time, they both know there's something missing from her music. She's all brilliant technique; she lacks passionate daring. Having discovered, in the time-honored theatrical tradition, a hidden box with a scribbled name, a creased photograph, and a flower pressed between the pages of a book, she leaves to spend the summer in the California redwoods with Laird's sister Geneva (Debra Monk). These primeval woods are full of refugees from Vietnam, bearded silent scavenging vets like Lyman Fellers (Jeff Daniels). Among their secrets is Geri's identity—the name of her passion.

Redwood Curtain depends for its deepest chords on an O. Henry plot twist I refrain from divulging, though you should be able to spot it even in this Black Forest. While Wilson's language, like Geri's music, lacks daring (Julia to Laird: "Where did you go?" Laird to Julia: "Too far from home. Not far enough from myself. I guess I just got lost"), Ed Namzug's adaptation is scrupulous, John Korty's direction is moody, and every performance is vibrant. See a Lithgow drink the great composers. See a Monk mourn the great trees, falling like Saigon. See a Daniels howl, like his dog. You may only wonder why Salonga is not as curious about her mother as about her father. After all, the name of neither female will be found on Maya Lin's wall of black marble.

But the twentieth anniversary of the departure of the last whirlybirds is upon us; the occasion will inspire all sorts of programs, and it's worth remarking that, just as Vietnam was our first Jimi Hendrix war, it was also what Michael Arlen called our first "living room war." Then, as now, television is how we think about it, from clichés like the deracinated/psychopathic vet to nightmares about the missing in action to guilt trips about having gone or having refused to. A dramatic series like *China Beach,* that dream ward of the wounded, and a mini-series like *Frankie's House,* that hotel full of war-junkie journalists, with their intense intimacy, novelistic duration, and superior scripts, captured more of the moral ambiguities of that war than all the lurid Ciminos, Coppolas, De Palmas, and Stones rolled into one big Jackson Pollock splatter flick. Television, as well as the repressed, is where we went instead of Vietnam.

"JANE MARTIN" IS A PSEUDONYM, I DON'T KNOW FOR WHOM. But her **Talking With** ("Great Performances," Wednesday, April 19; 10 to 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13) is an amazement, a series of six one-woman spoken arias from a social margin of obsessives. Kathy Bates not only sings one of these arias, as a rodeo rider bought out and disemployed by

Photograph by Andrew Eccles/ABC.

"Minnie-damn-Mouse in a tutu," but also (indulgently) directs the other five—letting Frances McDormand, Marcia Gay Harden, Mary Kay Place, Beverly D'Angelo, and Celeste Holm show off, respectively, as a snake handler who doesn't believe in God; a dying mother for whom losing her marbles is metaphysical; a "twirler" whose silver baton is both the eye of the needle and a way to draw Jesus on the sky; a tattooed lady who defines love as the "unraveling of hieroglyphs" on her own body; and a senior citizen who would rather browse in an attic full of lamps where "this radiance has become my friend" than end up like her sister in some desert "Leisure World . . . baking in the sun like a Pop Tart." Place twirls the best performance on television so far this year. "Martin" dares everything.

WHAT CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS KEVIN Costner and Jim Wilson, and documentary filmmaker Jack Leustig, add in **500 Nations** (Thursday and Friday, April 20 and 21, plus two other nights TBA; 8 to 10 P.M.; CBS) to all those hours about American Indians on Ted Turner's cable channels is a splendid evocation of the pre-Columbian empires, from the creation myths of the Mayans to the human sacrifice of the luckless Aztecs. This plumed-serpent-and-pyramids stuff Friday night besots the eye and bends the brain, setting us up for the more familiar story to follow, from the European landfall to the massacre at Wounded Knee—a stream of historical consciousness.

The Human Quest (APRIL 18 AND 19; 8 TO 10 P.M.; Channel 13) introduces voluble Cal Tech biologist Roger Bingham, hip-hopping from Boston to Bali in search of cogent answers to such Big Questions in the neurosciences as Who Are We?, Where Did We Come From?, and Whither Will We Goest? He talks to marvelously opinionated philosophers, evolutionary psychologists, and Nobel laureates like Francis Crick and Murray Gell-Mann. He also plays with computers.

IN ITS "SPRING EPISODE," **In the Life** (APRIL 18; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) celebrates not only veterans of World War II, Korea, and Vietnam who may have been gay or lesbian but veterans as well of the wars against homophobia in the military, discrimination in the corporate world, and AIDS everywhere. There are interviews with Tony Kushner, Melissa Etheridge, Paul Monette, B. D. Wong, Martina Navratilova, and Bill T. Jones; a visit to the fifth annual Boston book-and-author "OutWrite" conference; snippets of *Still/Here* and the documentaries *Tuesday Night* and *Coming Out Under Fire;* and previews of Chay Yew's new play at the Public Theater, *A Language of Their Own,* and the recently opened Harvey Milk opera. This slick (and nevertheless subversive) gay-newsmagazine program really ought to be at least a monthly and preferably a weekly. It's got all of right-wing television to make up for, including, surprisingly, reruns of a surprisingly homophobic *Dragnet* on Nick at Nite.

Etcetera: WATCHING REBECCA LOBO SHOW UP on the Letterman show so soon after her University of Connecticut basketball team won the college championship on CBS, I wondered how long it will take the jet-propelled-sneaker people to sign her up. They need somebody else besides Air Jordan as a signifier and an avatar. Michael himself, Gravity's Rainbow, was a godsend for Nike, anyway, much more user-friendly than the rap-recording Shaq Attack, much more resonant with brand-name recognition than Grant Hill, much less swaggering than Sir Charles, and a windfall as well for postmodern pro basketball and its sponsors on NBC, TNT, TBS, MSG, and Sports Channel. In the early days of television, corporations owned entertainers like trademarks or tropical fish. Jack Benny belonged to Jell-O, Milton Berle to Texaco, Arthur Godfrey to Lipton Tea, Dinah Shore to Chevrolet, Bob Hope to Pepsodent. Nowadays, athletes come without a program's overhead and hardly have to sweat their sound bites, and so the smell of indentured servitude is sweeter, though not the Hard Sell stink and social irrelevance. ▬

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THEATER/JOHN SIMON

Broadway Goes Off

Far from the main stem: 'London Suite' is a nice place to visit but . . .; 'Cryptogram' is mostly verbal mastication.

Carole Shelley (left) and Kate Burton breathe life into Neil Simon's *London Suite.*

NEIL SIMON'S **London Suite** COMPRISES FOUR playlets placed in the same rooms of a discreet London hotel, the perfect locus for sundry indiscretions. We get the four principal Simon modes: the protracted revue sketch, the sentimental comedy, the comedy-drama, and the unbridled farce. As always, there are crackling one-liners, freewheeling sight gags, the sudden ambush of poignancy. Yet it is not quite Neil Simon at his best: guffaws for the fans, but only chuckles for the others. Then again, it's Off Broadway, and the ticket prices are lower, too.

Settling Accounts juxtaposes a man with a gun and a man with an attaché case—a burned-out writer and the trusted accountant who cleaned him out. Jeffrey Jones and Paxton Whitehead, two fine funsters, achieve a perfect comic symbiosis.

In *Going Home,* an attractive American widow and her married daughter are in London: the mother chiefly for shopping (mostly shoes), the daughter chiefly for theater (mostly Shakespeare). Their interaction should be the comedy; instead, it devolves, more feebly, on a date Daughter has engineered for Mother with a wealthy Scotsman also staying at the hotel. A date where everything goes wrong, not least the play caught at the National Theatre. It's by David Mamet, and full of "the F-word, the P-word, the C-word, and the shove-it-up-your-A-word." Kate Burton and especially Carole Shelley infuse flickers of genuine life into this flimsy venture.

Things pick up with *Diana & Sidney,* about a putative romantic reunion between an Angela Lansbury–ish TV star and her dapper bisexual ex-husband, who is now living with his Swiss sculptor boyfriend on Mykonos. Money matters, however, leap to the foreground, and cancer lurks in the background. Carole Shelley and Paxton Whitehead negotiate the shoals and maelstroms of this trickily mood-shifting piece with the skill of master navigators.

The Man on the Floor is knockabout farce in which an American tourist (Jones) puts his back out; the peculiar English hotel doctor (Whitehead) does, too; and both end up supine on the floor, to be joined there by a badly tripped-up bellhop. A distraught wife and an officious housekeeper thicken the confusion. Everyone here is in fine fettle, with Whitehead, whose transformations from play to play are positively protean, slightly outdazzling the rest.

Daniel Sullivan has directed with suavity and élan on John Lee Beatty's mouthwatering hotel set (you want to move right in), with condign costumes (Jane Greenwood) and lights (Ken Billington). Still, the plays are as short on comic bite as on dramatic edge.

"A PLAYWRIGHT WHO IMPRISONS HIS CHARACTERS WITHIN crippling verbal debris" is how Jeanette Malkin of Jerusalem's Hebrew University describes David Mamet in a book. I agree with this completely—except that she intends it as praise. It's one thing to imprison Mamet's characters—in Sing Sing, an underground oubliette, or crippling verbal debris—but another to so incarcerate the audience. Mamet's characters, after all, are guilty of having become involved with one of our most pretentiously vacuous playwrights; the audience, however, save for having been suckered into a shell game, is relatively innocent.

The Cryptogram starts out with what appears to be a typical middle-class family on the eve of a stay in their cottage in the woods. The seeming paterfamilias, Del, is reading on a sofa in their living room in 1959. The date, given by the program, is meaningless except perhaps to Mamet, but let's not quibble about a minor meaninglessness here. Offstage upstairs, John, circa 10, should be asleep. Offstage downstairs, mother Donny is making tea. But John is kept awake by excitement about the trip

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

and comes down the exposed stairs to start pestering. And Donny, as she announces four times offstage and at least once on, has broken the teapot.

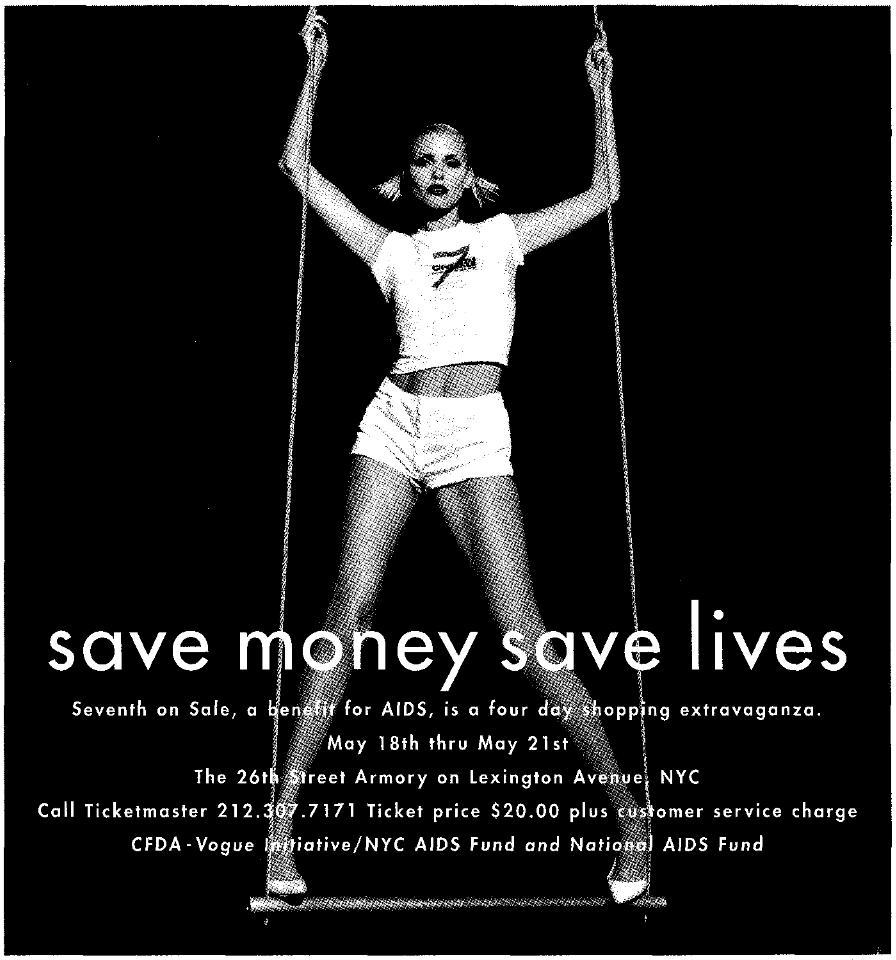
Further, Del is not Donny's husband and John's dad despite being patriarchally ensconced on that 1959 sofa. The real daddy is Robert, who is working overtime at the office—at least that's what Donny keeps telling John; actually, he'll never return. Del is a family friend, vague father surrogate, and something else I can't tell you without giving away the *crypto* and leaving you with only a couple of grams of *gram*.

Mamet is up—or down—to his usual verbal games. It begins with why John isn't wearing his slippers: They're already packed. This piece of information is chewed and re-chewed. So is the fact that John couldn't sleep: "What does it mean, you couldn't sleep? It means nothing other than the meaning you choose to assign to it." Later, the kid says, "I'm perfectly alone; that is what I was saying to myself—because I didn't have a pen to write it down." This is stated three times; it all sounds writ by a nitwit who read Wittgenstein. Or just heard about him.

The form is dramatic fetishism: Object after object is verbally idolized. The slippers, the teapot, the blanket John wraps himself in against the cold. This blanket has a hole in it: freshly made, as John claims, or an old tear, as Donny maintains? This problem is good for many lines, though not quite so many as which coat John should take, an agon meriting at least twelve speeches. But even the coat cannot hold a candle to the knife: the German army knife Robert may have captured in the war (or may not have); the knife he may have given Del when they went camping together (or may not have—as, indeed, they may not have gone camping); the knife that may be in two different locations and may in fact be two knives. And should this knife be entrusted to John, to cut the twine around the package that contains . . .

But who cares what it contains: Contents is not what Mamet is about. About language, then? Yes, if you like rambling monologues that, merely because they occasionally connect, pretend to be dialogue—and don't even connect so much as encroach on one another. Mamet is the man who mistook the hat he was talking through for his muse.

Felicity Huffman moved me: Here is a capable actress who clearly believes in what she is doing to the point of imagining a role where there is none. She does not even mind mouthing Mamet's solecisms: "The older I get, the less that I know" and "If you do not sleep, lay there." Ed Begley Jr. also grapples touchingly with such lines as "Who am I? Some poor queen who lives in a hotel." Granted, Mamet dialogue should be inflicted on a kid only as punishment; but Shelton Dane betrays no charm or talent whatever and suggests that John must be Childe Mamet. ▬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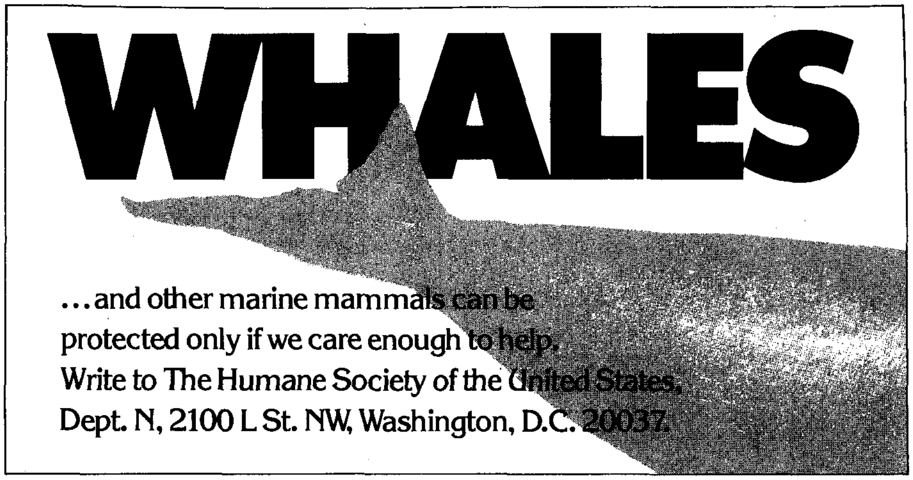
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THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Watts Cooking

The old Chefs Cuisiniers Club gives way to the utilitarian swank of Alva, a house of amiable spirits and outsize rations.

Alva's fried-shrimp cocktail.

WHY DO I LIKE **Alva**? WHY DO I STILL HAVE A crush on Alva after it's been careless with my heart? I hope this isn't a symptom of postadolescent masochism not unlike falling hopelessly in love with some strutting, heart-ripping Don Juan. Is it petty to wish the room were a tad brighter for a spot celebrating Thomas Alva Edison? Not enough of the smart black-and-white photographs on the wall are actually visible. Am I the only one who cares? Always so welcome with its pagan celebration of asparagus, morels, and suckling lamb, spring seems a shade cruel now that Alva has banished so many favorite dishes from the menu (with nary a tassel of asparagus or a whimper of baby lamb to show for the season). And I'm sure the chef is as sorry as I am that he missed the ugly whiff of skate that prompted me to trade it in for warm-goat-cheese-and-beet salad.

Still, I am directing you to Alva. For the warmth of its greeting. For its smart new dress—"utilitarian swank," the carpenters dubbed it. The celadon-green and "midsummer gale"–blue walls, the shiny black half-moon booths, and the staccato of naked lightbulbs, so tiny they don't hurt the eyes at all. Homey portions of (mostly) delicious food. And the knowledgeable and good-looking crew that somehow can't seem to deliver more than two or three dishes at a time to our table of four.

Let me warn you that chef Ronnie Matthews works best big, not small. An appetizer tasting may tempt the omnivorous mouth. But a savory Caesar, the goat-cheese-and-beet salad, and endive with fennel, pear, and blue cheese are infinitely more pleasing than these tortured canapés. Crisp-fried shrimp planted in a swamp of spicy red sauce is a witty play on the classic cocktail. Two thick slices of first-rate duck-and-smoked-chicken terrine seem designed to be shared. And a pair of cod-and-salmon cakes propped against a hill of wonderful warm vegetable slaw as a starter could be dinner.

The gummy risotto with the "double garlic" roast chicken is almost as good as the sensational barley pudding of my first tasting—it changes daily with the chef's whim. And the bird, too cooked on first tasting, is perfect now that I've asked for it "a bit underdone." Slices of duck breast, meaty and rare, circle spicy couscous, and even my guest, who finds the whole roasted leg forbiddingly fatty, can't stop eating it. Fire-roasted onions and crisp roasted potato-eggplant galette are just what a pepper steak calls for. The salmon, savored rosily rare (as requested) on slow-roasted tomatoes, now comes with lemon-verbena-cucumber sauce as well as fine mashed potatoes. But penne with spring vegetables lacks oomph, and veal ravioli in a too-oily thyme sauce can never replace the splendid mushroom ravioli in "winter pesto" (oh, how America stretches the seasons). And if lamb stew signals *printemps* to the French, why must Alva's sensational stew of veal, red onions, and macaroni surrender with winter? Please bring it back. It was a dish worth the trek.

Alva's chocolate pudding is a perfectly fine mousse, but like the pineapple upside-down cake and the Boston cream pie, it owes too deep a debt to gentrification and not enough to Mom. The lemon pound cake needs only a more generous ration of lemon cream. As for me, I'm going to defy the nutritional rules of the nineties for the fabulous cheese sampler. Still in jet lag from an excursion to France, the land of 365 cheeses,

Photograph by Andrew Garn.

I am impressed again by Alva's tasting from Egg Farm Dairy in Peekskill: the luscious farmstead Muscoot, Portuguese Jaime (made from a blend of sheep's and goat's milk), an unusual Cheddar, and more, served with pear slices, warmed whole-grain bread, and a ramekin of olives and caperberries. My chums, admitting mournfully that they no longer buy cheese, are cadging more than their share. An unusually deep and rounded list of wines with price tags to please most anyone softens the blow of the check, which can run $100 or more to feed two, all included. Yes, prices seem gentle enough—entrées $14 to $22 (from $10 at lunch)—but how quickly it all adds up.

This narrow space once percolated with the after-hours gossip and intrigues of the Chefs Cuisiniers Club. The dream hang-out of a chefly triumvirate of owners, it gradually fell victim to neophiliac drift and domesticity. Too many of its devoted stalwarts got married. The neighborhood kept it hopping, but as the founding force and only remaining owner, Aureole's Charles Palmer, admits: "I can't stay out till 4 A.M. anymore. The kids wake me up too early."

So when Fernando Saralegui, with his convincing résumé (architecture school, set design, downtown bars, Raoul's, Chez Panisse, Cafe Luxembourg), returned from California wanderings looking for a place to settle, Palmer gave him the key. For Charlie, with so many entrepreneurial seeds sprouting—Egg Farm Dairy and his latest restaurant venture, the new Lenox Room—it seems the ideal partnership. And no, this Edison fixation is not a lifetime obsession. It came to Saralegui in a flash on the subway: "I liked the aesthetics of the bare bulbs, and I saw them as a way to give some character to a room that felt cold." To call it Edison "seemed too obvious" (and too late, what with the Hotel Edison's antediluvian claim). But "Alva" appealed. It struck him as feminine in a room that reads masculine, and there was an unexpected dividend: "It puts us near the head of the list in *Zagat.*"

From a small notion, the theme took on a spin of its own. Reading a friend's book on shrines prompted Saralegui to create an adoration of the lightbulb in a glass case en route to the ladies' room. There may be bodylock as you enter Alva, where neighborhood fans still crowd the bar. A small crisis looms. The menu has been inviting "cigar smoking in the dining room after 10 P.M." Now the aura of genteel debauchery is threatened. Perhaps we'll have to hack our way through the smoke at the bar with a machete soon. I suppose I wouldn't be quite so cavalier if the city had outlawed Cheddar.

Alva, 36 East 22nd Street (228-4399). Lunch, Monday through Friday, noon to 3 p.m.; dinner, 5:30 to midnight daily; A.E., D.C., M.C., V. ■

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LEONORE FLEISCHER **APRIL 24, 1995**

SALES & BARGAINS

Everything from designerwear that benefits the rain forest to headwear for the Mad Hatter in you to furniture for the modern-stone-age family.

Tree Chic

TRANSFER, A RESALE SHOP THAT GIVES 10 percent of its proceeds to the Rain Forest Foundation, carries only women's and men's clothing by the most celebrated designers. The clothes, donated by fashion-industry insiders and outsiders, sell here for about 25 percent of the original price, but the shop is now having a sale: All winter stock is 75 percent off the shop's usual prices, and spring and summer merchandise is 50 percent off. Women's sizes are 2–10, with a few in 12; men's sizes are 36–44 for suits and jackets, and 28–36 for trousers. For women: a size 6 Chanel Boutique white cotton suit, retail $2,000, was $500 here, now $250; size 4 Armani jacket, retail $500, was $100 here, now $25; Claude Montana black zippered suit, size 6, retail $2,300, was $800 here, now $200; Valentino black cocktail dress, size 6, retail $4,500, was $1,500 here, now $750; size 10 Mary McFadden black-and-gold silk long evening dress, retail $1,200, was $350 here, now $175. For men: Jean-Paul Gaultier size S cardigan with embossed gold lettering, retail $500, was $125 here, now $31; Karl Lagerfeld size 38 olive glen-plaid jacket, retail $1,200, was $300 here, now $150; Comme des Garçons size S black tuxedo with ribbon trim and bow on shoulder, retail $2,800, was $700 here, now $350. A.E., checks accepted; all sales final. *Transfer, 220 E. 60th St. (355-4230); Mon.–Sat. noon–8 p.m., Sun. 1–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Hat Stuff

THIS SHOP'S SELECTION OF, UM, IMAGINATIVE women's spring and summer hats, most of them one of a kind, is now on sale. A pink straw Confederate-style cap, was $100, now $50; tall white horsehair bridal hat with tulle veiling, was $850 here, now $350; a group of Mad Hatter–style hats, were $275–$375 each, now $137.50–$187.50; two-tone fabric rain hats with large brims, were $145, now $72.50; large-brim leghorn with black-ribbon trim, was $245, now $122.50; Panama straw fedoras, were $50–$240, now $24–$120. A.E., checks accepted; all sales final. *Anne Moore, 33 E. 65th St. (717-1125); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; through 4/30.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

Night Court

THIS HEALTH CLUB HAS A SPECIAL DEAL FOR new members—join by May 1 (for as little as a month), and it will waive the initiation fee (usually $49). In addition, new squash members are invited to a free squash clinic (Monday, May 1, 6–8 P.M.) to learn fundamentals and strategy (a two-hour clinic usually costs $18); new racquetball members, to a free racquetball clinic (Tuesday, May 2, 6–8 P.M.; $18 value). All new fitness members get a free one-hour one-on-one training session to set up a program tailored to fill their specific needs ($30 value). If you commit to joining for a year, the membership fees are $5 less per month: A racquet membership, $29 per month on a month-to-month basis, costs $24 a month with a twelve-month commitment; a fitness membership, $44 per month on a month-to-month basis, is $39 a month for twelve months; a racquet-and-fitness membership, $54 per month on a month-to-month basis, is $49 a month for twelve months. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted. *The Chelsea Racquet & Fitness Club, 45 W. 18th St., seventh floor (807-8899); Mon.–Fri. 7 a.m.–midnight, Sat. and Sun. 8 a.m.–8 p.m.; through 5/1.*

Source of Comfort

THE ITALIAN SHEARLING SOURCE, A SHOWROOM on the West Side, has shearling garments in women's sizes 6–14 and men's sizes 36–44 at wholesale. Russian squirrel-trimmed 38-in. stroller, retail $3,000, here $2,000; mink-whipstitched shearling stroller, retail $3,200, here $2,000; walking coat with embroidered neckline, retail $2,500, here $1,500; brushed microfiber nutria-lined raincoats with mink collar and cuffs, retail $2,800, here $1,700 (the same coat wool-lined, retail $1,600, here $850); shearlings for men include toggle-buttoned stroller or parka with detachable hood, retail $3,000, here $1,800. A.E. accepted; checks as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final. *The Italian Shearling Source, 512 Seventh Ave., near 37th St., twentieth floor (764-2625); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

The Gouda Life

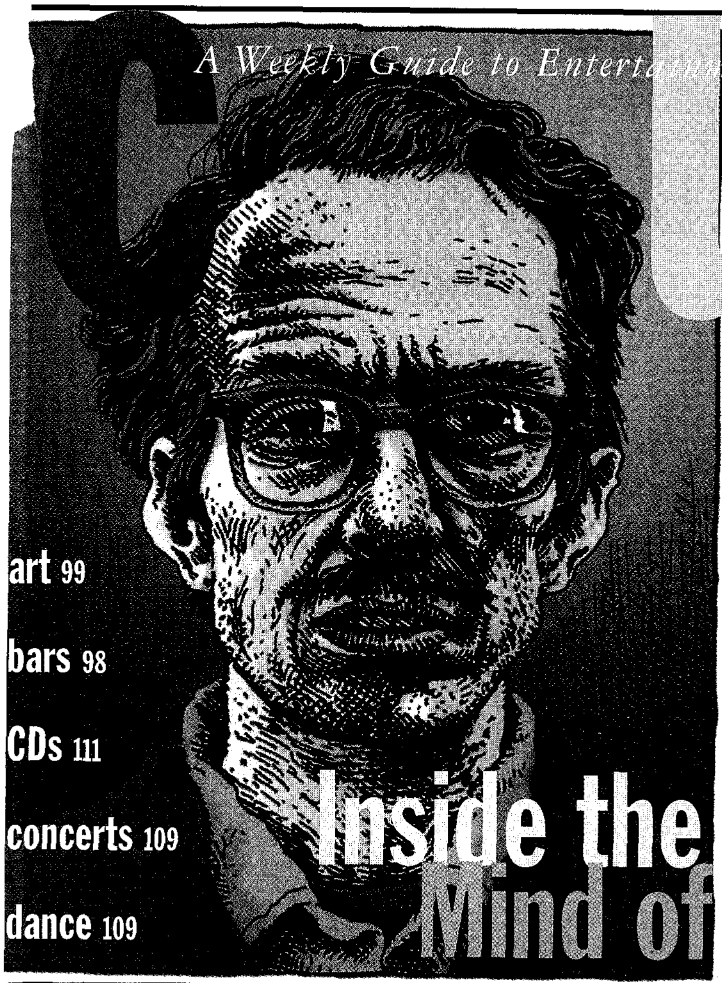
THROUGH THE END OF THE MONTH, ZABAR'S is having another sale. Food items include such cheeses as Switzerland Swiss, here $2.98 per lb.; Dutch Farmers Gouda, here $2.98 per lb.; and Italian Parmigiano Reggiano, here $9.98 per lb. Pinney's 1-lb. hand-sliced package of smoked salmon, kosher for Passover, retail $19.95, here $15.95; 1-lb. box of Lindt truffles, retail $15.98, here $9.98; 1-liter bottle and 3-liter can of San Giuliano extra-virgin olive oil, retail $8.99 and $24.99 respectively, here $5.98 and $17.98; Galloni prosciutto di Parma, retail $24.96 per lb., here $15.96 sliced, $10.98 whole. From the small-appliances mezzanine: Sabatier commercial six-piece knife-block set, retail $170, here $139.98; Breadman Special Edition 1½-lb. breadmaker, retail $189.98, here $129.98; Pavoni Carina Piccola espresso/cappuccino-maker, retail $400, here $298.98; Krups Touch-Top coffee grinder No. 208, retail $17.98, here $10; Braun hand blender and chopper, MR395, retail $45.98, here $34.98; Cuisinart DLC8M food processor, retail $200, here $169.98; Eureka Mighty Mite II vacuum cleaner, retail $110, here $89.98; DeLonghi toaster oven/broiler with interior light, XU20, retail $110.98, here $89.98. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; exchanges possible. *Zabar's, Broadway at 80th St. (787-2000); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–7:30 p.m., Sat. till 8 p.m., Sun. till 6 p.m.; housewares mezzanine 9 a.m.–6 p.m. seven days a week; through 5/1.*

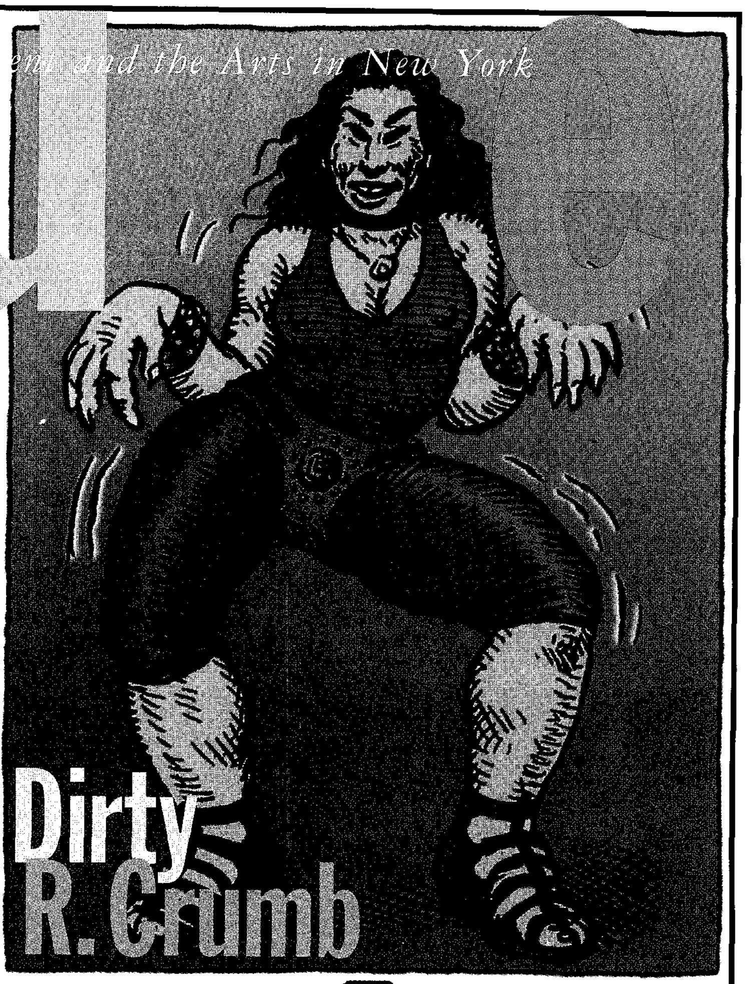
Everybody Must Get Stoned

THIS SOHO STORE SELLS CONTEMPORARY FURniture made of such natural materials as stone, marble, and rattan. It is now having a sale on much of its stock, most of it one-of-a-kind floor samples, at 10–60 percent off. Square black-marble coffee table, was $2,210, now $1,326; polished-chrome metal canopy bed, was $4,500, now $2,700; pink-marble dining table, was $6,000, now $2,400; solid-oak-and-limestone chest of drawers, was $5,200, now $3,640; bluestone dining table, was $3,845, now $2,307. M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; delivery arranged at additional cost. *Modern Stone Age, Ltd., 111 Greene St., near Spring St. (966-2570); Mon. and Tues. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Wed. and Fri. till 7 p.m., Sat. noon–7 p.m., Sun. noon–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.* ▬

Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York





Inside the Dirty Mind of R. Crumb

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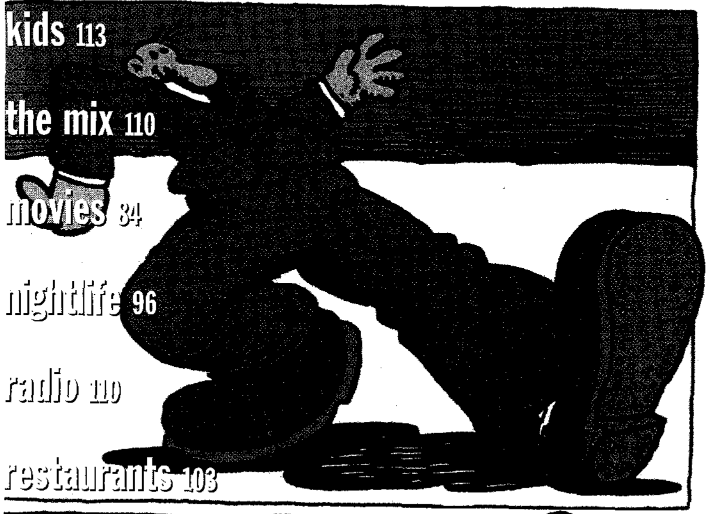

The twisted work and even more twisted life of **cartoonist R** [illegible] *are the subject of a powerful, troubling documentary that opens at Film Forum this week* (page 89)

movies

Revealing *Crumb*...Baiting Hollywoo

Burnt by the Sun

The Oscars are known for unpredictable taste in foreign films (*Mediterraneo* over *Raise the Red Lantern*? *Journey of Hope* over *Cyrano de Bergerac*?) But this year, perhaps the most deserving movie— Nikita Mikhalkov's sad but charming tale of Russia before Stalin's reign of terror took root—actually won. Opening April 21.

New Films

Amateur—Having a well-known star like Isabelle Huppert appear in his latest film is hardly a shocking case of sellout for director Hal Hartley. Still, it's telling that it should occur in his weakest movie in years. Mining his familiar terrain of droll, good-looking characters engaged in sharp self-observation, Hartley spins an absurdist tale about a former nun writing pornography, a vengeful porn star, and an overempathetic police officer brought together by Thomas (Martin Donovan). He's a charming and handsome fellow who suffers from amnesia and appears to have been a real bastard before his memory loss kicked in. Intelligently done, with strong support from Hartley's usual collaborators. But the irony isn't thick enough, with too much time spent on surprisingly straightforward plot developments. One keeps waiting for the joke, for the cheeky spin on movie conventions—but no one seems to be kidding, at least not enough. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Square.*

Bad Boys—Will Smith and Martin Lawrence are buddy cops (Smith is the wealthy and smooth-talking romantic; Lawrence the hard-up family man) looking to bust some bad guys who stole a cache of heroin from police headquarters—just the sort of thing that really ticks the law off.(2 hrs. 5 min.; R) *Village Theater VII; Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; Movieplex 42; National Twin; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Bar Girls—Like last year's indie hit *Go Fish,* this is a comic drama focusing on women who are falling in and out of love with other women. Men put in token appearances and angst—thankfully—doesn't even merit a cameo. While *Go Fish* had a strong script but a generally weak cast, *Bar Girls* has a more pedestrian girl-meets-girl story delivered by a stronger cast (and stronger tech credits) all around. Written by Lauran Hoffman. Directed by Marita Giovanni (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Basketball Diaries—Jim Carroll's autobiographical novel about a budding high-school basketball star who finds himself spiraling out of control because of drugs is fatally marred by being switched from the seventies to the present. Also desperately missed from the book is Carroll's overwhelming sense of fatalism, which went some ways toward explaining why he sought dangerous, momentary escape from such an outwardly appealing life. (Not that one *needs* a reason, but at least it was something to hang your hat on.) Without it, this is just a familiar tale of a person who hits rock bottom drug-wise and then pulls out of it. Leonardo DiCaprio is good, of course, as Carroll. But the real surprise here is the fine supporting cast, especially Mark ("Marky Mark") Wahlberg, who does appear briefly in his underwear, and Patrick McGaw, who doesn't but hopefully will sometime in the near future. Directed by Scott Kalvert. (1 hr. 42 min.; R) *Village East; 19th St. East; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

★**Before the Rain**—Writer/director Milcho Manchevski's debut has both poetic immediacy and frightening premonitory force as it tells the story of an anguished country—Macedonia—on the verge of civil war. It features three interconnected stories. The first and third are set in a mountain village in Macedonia, the middle one in London, and all three are seething with the Christian-Muslim hatreds that tore apart Bosnia and Herzegovina. Not all the loose ends are tied up, and Manchevski indulges in a few fancy touches, but the movie is a triumph. In Macedonian. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 56 min.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Blessing—While most debut films lately are filled with violence and pop-cultural references (or at least references to other movies) writer/director Paul Zehrer delivers a thoughtful look at life on a dairy farm in Wisconsin and its wearying toll on the family that works it. The father is somewhat violent and despairing, the mother is suspicious of his need to be alone, the daughter yearns to get away like her older brother. . . . Only the youngest child, a boy, seems quietly rooted in the job at hand. Though awkward during the moments of conflict, the movie ably paints a picture of the daily drudgery and why some people would still want to embrace it. With Melora Griffis. (1 hr. 34 min.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

Born to Be Wild—A boy and his gorilla. 'Nuff said. (1 hr. 38 min.; PG) *Criterion Center; Gemini Twin.*

Bulletproof Heart—A tough *noir*-ish little movie about a hit man (Anthony LaPaglia) who in the course of one night falls in love with the woman he's been ordered to kill (Mimi Rogers), only to find out that she knows what he's supposed to do and wants it to happen more than anyone. A solid, quietly observant flick with two great performances (Rogers's best since *The Rapture*) and a classic fade-out—make sure you stay to the end of the credits. (1 hr. 40 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Bullets Over Broadway—Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair; but it's not a satisfying movie. What's fatally missing from the movie is any love for the way of life being mocked. There's too much contempt—contempt joined strangely with self-exculpation. (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Waverly; 59th St. East; 62nd and Broadway.*

Burnt by the Sun—What a surprise. For once, the Oscar for Best Foreign Film actually went to what may well be the most deserving of a strong group. Quite charming and ultimately quite moving, it depicts an idyllic Russia just before Stalin's true tyranny began to emerge. On a summer day in 1936, an aging Bolshevik hero whiles away the hours with his lovely younger wife, eccentric friends, and adoring little girl. When an old lover of his wife's who has since joined the secret police makes an unexpected call, the subtle change in tone from playful bantering to resigned despair is almost unbearable. Co-writer, director, and star Nikita Mikhalkov is exceptional as the hero. And while it's dangerous to single out child performers—especially on their first effort—his daughter Nadia Mikhalkov is every bit as assured and adorable as she was on the Oscars. In Russian. (2

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

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– Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE MAGAZINE

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DiCAPRIO'S PORTRAIT IS NOTHING SHORT OF BRILLIANT."

– Raj Bahadur, NBC RADIO

"AMAZING!
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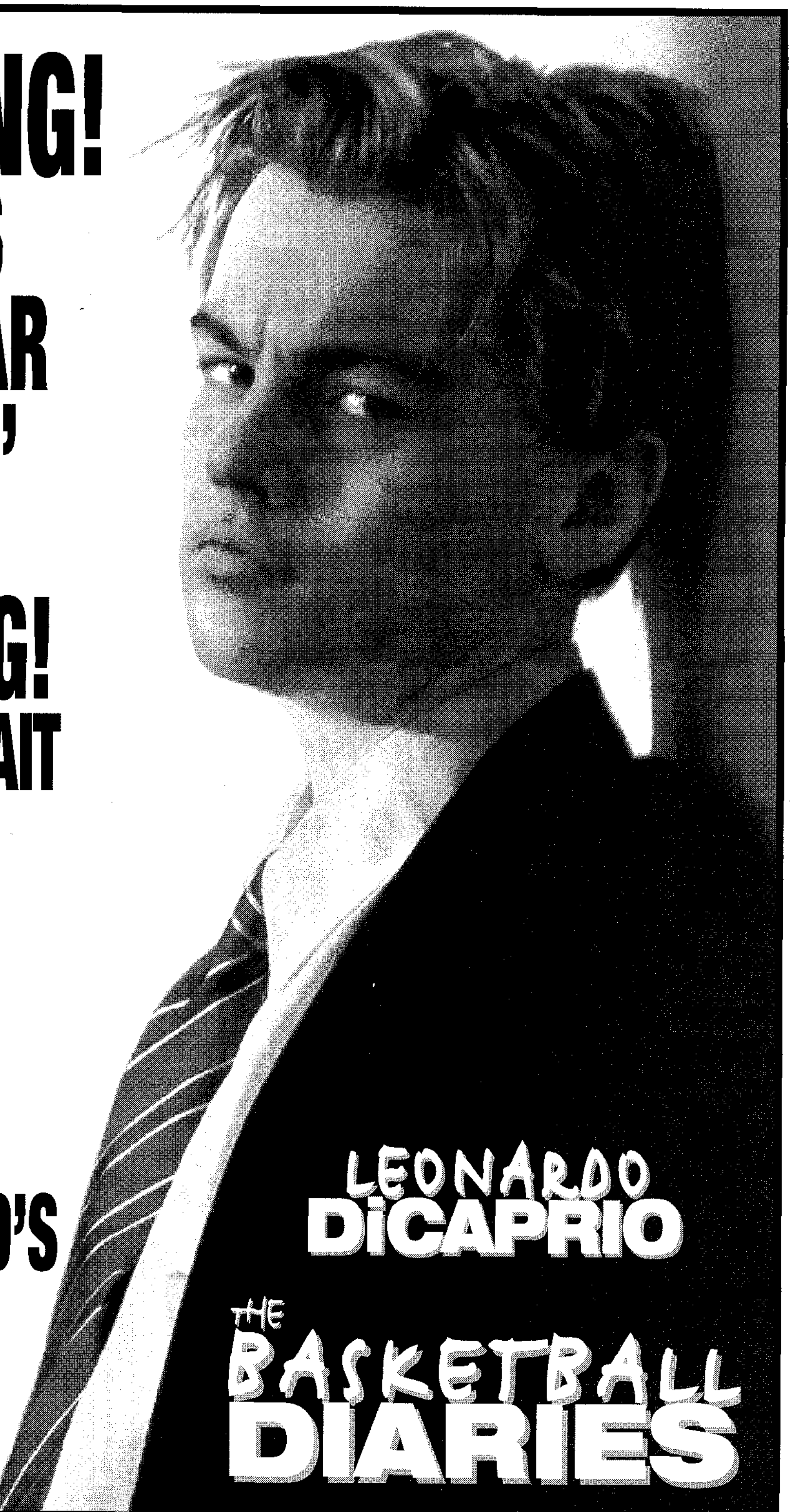

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hrs. 14 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza.*

Circle of Friends—Chris O'Donnell maintains his charm and a gentle Irish brogue in this rather predictable romantic drama. It's the story of three Catholic girls in the fifties who go off to school and soon yearn for independence and romance. It offers some interesting, original characters, only to shoehorn them into a by-the-numbers plot that any reader of Harlequin romances will be able stay two steps ahead of. Based on the novel by Maeve Binchy. Directed by Pat O'Connor. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th St. East; Baronet; 84th St. Six.*

Clean, Shaven—A notoriously unsettling movie about a schizophrenic (Peter Greene) who is racked by memories of a violent past and wants only to see his daughter. Then he finds out she's being deliberately kept from him. Definitely not for the faint of heart, the film polarized audiences at Telluride and elsewhere. Written and directed by Lodege Kerrigan. (1 hr. 20 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Crumb—See essay. (1 hr. 59 min.; R) *Film Forum.*

The Cure—A happy film about AIDS. Eleven-year-old Dexter (Joseph Mazzello of *Jurassic Park*) contracts AIDS from a blood transfusion and finds himself ostracized by everyone in town . . . until he's befriended by Erik (Brad Renfro of *The Client*) and the two spend a summer on a mock adventure to find a cure. With Annabella Sciorra and Bruce Davison. Directed by Peter Horton of *thirtysomething*. (1 hr. 37 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; Chelsea; 1st and 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

Doctor Zhivago—A newly restored print of director David Lean's most (commercially) successful film, an epic soap opera set in Russia with World War II and the Bolshevik Revolution as backdrop for the love of Omar Sharif and Julie Christie. (3 hrs. 17 min.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Dolores Claiborne—Kathy Bates plays a widow who lives on an island off the Maine coast. Dolores is believed to have murdered her vicious, alcoholic husband years earlier, and now she's in trouble again, suspected this time of doing away with the wealthy old termagant (Judy Parfitt) she took care of for years. In the midst of all these swirling suspicions, Bates has a fascinating neutrality. She suggests the reserve and patience of Americans from small towns or trailer parks, conventional in all outward appearance but powerfully individual inside. She might have had a triumph if the director, Taylor Hackford, had not cut up her performance into so many pieces. (Denby; 4/3/95) (2 hrs. 10 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 34th St. East; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Don Juan DeMarco—Johnny Depp plays a disturbed young man who claims to be the world's greatest lover, and Marlon Brando (out of semi-retirement yet again) is the doctor given ten days by the police to analyze him and recommend a treatment. With Faye Dunaway as Brando's wife. Written and directed by Jeremy Leven. (1 hr. 32 min.; PG-13) *Village Theater VII; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★**Exotica**—It doesn't really come together in your head afterward, but while you're watching it, *Exotica* is quite an experience. Director Atom Egoyan sets much of the film in a lush, palm-treed, pasha-palace strip club, where mysteriously significant rituals are enacted for our amazement. A spectacular young table-dancer (Mia Kirshner), opening her schoolgirl's white shirt, works for her special "client" (Bruce Greenwood), teasing and rubbing up against him. Yet he is forbidden by the rules of the place to do anything more than suffer. For most of the movie, we don't know what their hold on each other is. Their relationship is sex but not sex, love but not love. Egoyan uses the erotic for rapt moments of suspension, and for some of the niftiest jokes in years. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Murray Hill Cinemas; Sutton; 84th St. Six.*

Farinelli—More sensational than good, it takes a lurid look at castrati—the rock stars of the eighteenth century—and Farinelli (Stéfano Dionisi) in particular. Particularly attractive, Farinelli has a tormented relationship with his older brother, Riccardo Broschi (Enrico Lo Verso), a minor composer who hangs on to his singing-genius brother as long as he can. Written by director Gérard Corbiau and his wife Andrée, *Farinelli* is emotionally violent but nevertheless irresolute and arbitrary. In French. (Denby; 3/27/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Forrest Gump**—The Oscar winner of everything in sight. Haven't you seen it already? (2 hrs. 22 min.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th St.; Gemini Twin; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

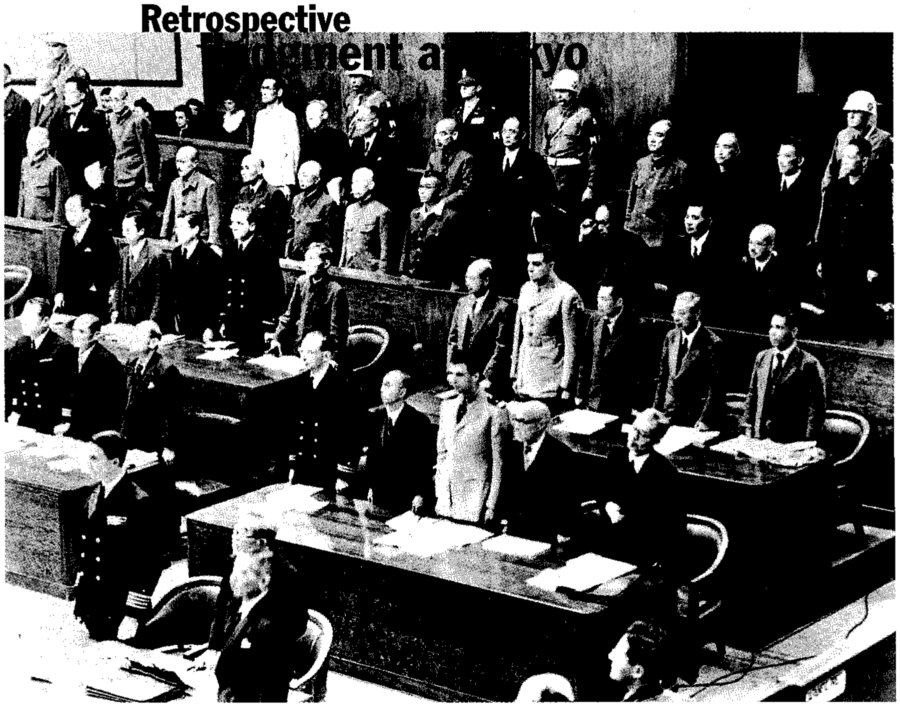
Fun—Two teenage girls meet, bond instantly through their desperate need for intimacy, and go on a spree of mindless pranks, climaxing in the brutal killing of an elderly woman . . . all in one day. Told in flashback as the girls are interviewed alternately by a prison psychiatrist and a tabloid reporter, it's most interesting for the way everyone else keeps insinuating (and hoping) they're lesbians. At least *then* they'd have something to pin such aberrant behavior on. Directed by Rafael Zelinsky. (1 hr. 35 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

A Goofy Movie—Goofy tries to bond with his son and score a hit in what constitutes a B-movie from the Disney animation folk. (1 hr. 16 min.; G) *23rd St. West Triplex; Guild 50th St.; Sutton; 86th St. East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova.*

A Great Day in Harlem—Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Documentary, this is an amiable if unremarkable documentary about an *Esquire* photo shoot in the summer of 1958 that gathered together every notable jazz figure in sight. (1 hr.; NR) *57th St. Playhouse.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *23rd St. West Triplex.*

Retrospective Judgment at Tokyo



Japan still looms menacingly in American movies, a military and economic threat waiting to strike. The fiftieth anniversary of the end of World War II provides a rare chance to see events from the other *point of view in "Japanese Film in War and Peace," at the Japan Society April 21–June 30. It kicks off with the 1983 war-crimes documentary 'Tokyo Trial' (above). Call 832-1155.*

Photograph courtesy of the Japan Society.

Jefferson in Paris— The title is dismayingly accurate: The movie offers a generalized view of the great man's years in Paris (from 1784 to 1789) as ambassador, lover, and observer of revolution. A widower, Jefferson suffered from melancholy and loneliness, and he became passionate friends—documented in scads of letters—with the talented painter Maria Cosway (Greta Scacchi), who w young, beautiful, and unhappily married. But screenwriter Ruth Prawer Jhabvala also offers up as uncontested fact Jefferson's love affair with the teenage mulatto slave Sally Hemings (Thandie Newton), the authenticity of which has been much debated by historians. According to this movie, Jefferson lost interest in Cosway because he was entertained nightly by his slave girl. But Ivory and Jhabvala fail to bring the love affair to anything remotely approaching life. Newton plays Sally as seductive and cuddlesome, a cloying tarty flirt who lightens the burden of the great man's soul. Jefferson is brought low, but the filmmakers, eager to maintain their hero's dignity, give Nolte nothing to do; he's merely amused and affectionate, and when it comes to sex, the film recedes hazily into discretion. Merchant Ivory can't do passion. They never could. With Simon Callow and Gwyneth Paltrow. (Denby; 4/17/95) (2 hrs. 20 min.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

Jury Duty—Pauly Shore plays a dude who needs a place to stay and gets himself onto the jury of a complicated trial where he deadlocks the proceedings by refusing to convict a seemingly guilty man. (1 hr. 30 min.; PG-13) *Movieland 8th St.; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum.*

Kiss of Death—See review. (1 hr. 41 min.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th St.*

The Last Good Time—Director Bob Balaban, best known for his wickedly black-humored cult film *Parents* (rent it if you haven't seen it), returns with quite a change of pace. This is a gentle, quiet story about an elderly man (Armin Mueller-Stahl), who has retired from the violin and apparently romance (he doesn't take up the friendly advances of neighbor Maureen Stapleton). All seems static until a young woman (Olivia d'Abo) arrives, stirring up desires he thought were gone forever. (1 hr. 35 min.; NR) *68th St. Playhouse.*

osing Isaiah—Jessica Lange gives all of herself, every breath and stray hair. Her Margaret Lewin, a Chicago social worker, adopts an abandoned black baby—a boy dumped into the garbage—and then refuses to give him up when his natural mother, repentant and shipshape, wants him back. It's a decent, upright piece of work. You won't be entertained, exactly, but at least you won't be insulted. With Samuel L. Jackson. (Denby; 4/3/95) (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Embassy 2-4; Manhattan Twin.*

★**The Madness of King George**—This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a greater physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. (Denby) (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; First and 62nd St. Ave.; Lincoln Plaza.*

Major Payne—Damon Wayans plays a hard-bitten soldier who has to turn a motley crew of Junior ROTC cadets into a respectable fighting unit. (1 hr. 35 min.; PG-13) *Chelsea; Movieplex 42; 86th St.; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinema.*

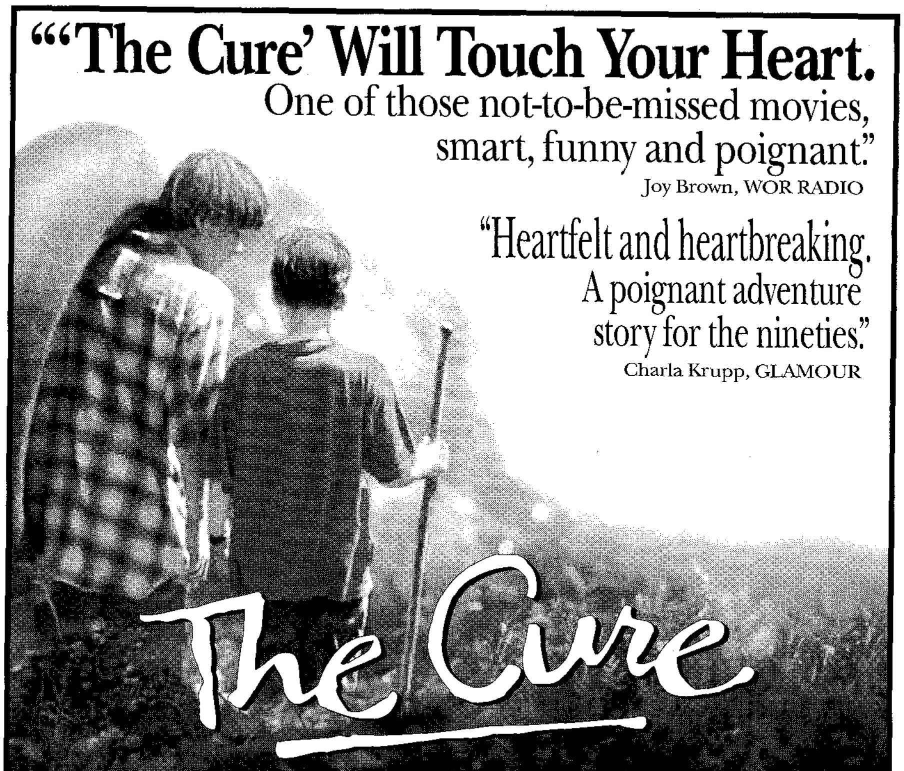
Martha and I—Marianne Saegebrecht is Martha, the German maid of a prominent Jewish doctor in Czechoslovakia. When the doctor's lovely wife dallies with another man, he divorces her and turns to the rather plain and submissive Martha as an easy substitute. Martha's poor family is properly delighted by her rich catch while his is shocked at having to socialize with the help. Their easy compatibility turns to love just as the encroaching Third Reich turns the doctor's role as protector into one of liability. With Michel Piccoli. Written and directed by Jiri Weiss. In German. (1 hr. 47 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Muriel's Wedding—Muriel (Toni Collette) is a heavy-set girl from the Australian resort town of Porpoise Spit, an excruciatingly shy, inarticulate slug, bullied by her father, dismayed by her beaten-down mother. She haunts the bridal stores, thinking of nothing but old Abba tapes and marriage. The film's first-time director, P. J. Hogan, seems to wallow in her troubles—her physical awkwardness, her rejection by her bitchy Barbie-doll friends. He makes everyone look bad—all the characters are caricatures, vile and loud, or so utterly depressed they might be zombies from a horror movie. (Denby; 4/3/95) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; 19th St. East; 86th St. East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza.*

New Jersey Drive—Writer/director Nick Gomez follows *Laws of Gravity* with this tough-talking tale of carjackers who are caught up in a cycle of bad crimes, badder cops, and an even badder world that doesn't seem to leave them any options but to keep on stealing until they're jailed or dead. (1 hr. 36 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Astor Plaza; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

★**Once Were Warriors**—Jake (Temuera Morrison), a massive Maori with short hair and piercing eyes, gets laid off, goes on the dole, and starts an endless party with his mates that moves from a huge bar to home and back again. His wife (Rena Owen) adores him, but he beats her and ignores the children, who are drifting toward chaos. Beth's rough life doesn't bother her; she revels in it, enjoying the rude, hard-drinking parties as much as anyone. But when Jake boils over—slams her against the wall and pummels her face—she's in danger of losing her life. Owen shows love fighting back rage, and then shame and despair tearing away at love. Her performance is classic, but Morrison doesn't have material of the same richness. (Denby; 3/6/95) (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema 3.*

Outbreak—A tiny monkey that may be a host animal for a deadly virus is taken to the U.S. and innocently let loose in the Northern California redwoods. What follows is an initially convincing horror story. Somewhere in the middle, though, the movie falls off a cliff and becomes a lamely conventional melo-



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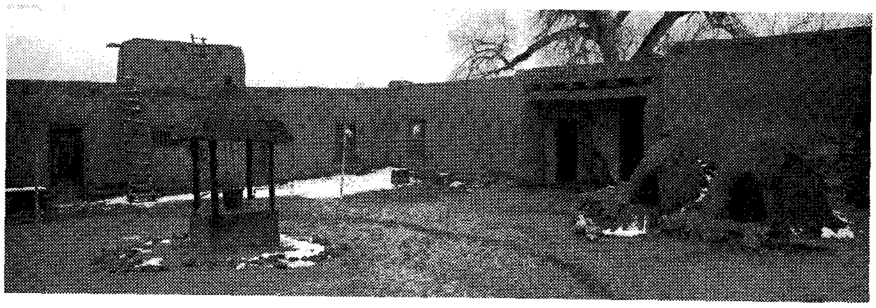

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drama in which the tough little humanist Dustin Hoffman fights the tall, cynical military nihilist Donald Sutherland, and all its terror fades. (Denby; 3/20/95) (2 hrs. 10 min; R) *Village Theater VII; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

The Pebble and the Penguin—In this animated tale, Hubie (Martin Short) is a hapless little penguin who hopes to win the heart of Marina, even though she's already desired by the biggest and toughest and meanest penguin of them all, Drake (Tim Curry). It's the latest pretender to the throne (and loot) of Disney. With score by Barry Manilow; songs by Manilow and Bruce Sussman. (1 hr. 20 min.; G) *Art Greenwich Twin; 23rd St. West Triplex; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; 86th St.; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

★**Priest**—A terrifically vital and surprisingly funny movie. It focuses on Father Greg (Linus Roache), who is both a sensual young man and a highly orthodox Catholic, and who expresses the satisfactions of the flesh as an inexpressible relief and an excruciating trial. But it's not only Greg's sexual desires but his moral instincts that are at war with church doctrine and his vocation. A forlorn teenage girl with a crumpled face tells him at confession that she's being abused by her father, which puts Greg in a dreadful position: His vows forbid him to violate the confessional, and so he hesitates to take action to save the girl—a reluctance he experiences as both a fulfillment of his priestly role and a betrayal of his Christian duty. Director Antonia Bird works broadly, at times too broadly (there's a show-offy opening scene). But then the movie settles down and takes hold; you feel tied to Greg's anxiety, his nausea, his moral impotence. Written by Jimmy McGovern. With the wonderfully bearish Tom Wilkinson and Cathy Tyson. (1 hr. 37 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

★**Pulp Fiction**—The most remarkable fact yet about this movie: It's grossed more than $100 million, a startling sum for any serious drama, much less one as edgy and violent as Quentin Tarantino's. Nothing like it since *Midnight Cowboy* . . . but that won Best Picture. (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Village East; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Red—There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. In French. (Denby; 11/28/94) (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker—In this Hong Kong feature set in China in the early 1900s, the female heir to a fireworks factory must suppress her feminine side, wear men's clothing, and learn the role of master to keep the family fortunes intact. She does so until a wandering artist senses her burning desire and woos the "Master" ardently and all too successfully for the comfort of those she is supposed to order around. Directed by He Ping. In Mandarin. (1 hr. 51 min.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*

Rob Roy—See review. (2 hrs. 14 min.; R) *Village Theater VII; Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; Ziegfeld; Beekman; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

The Secret of Roan Inish—Young Fiona Coneelly comes to the Irish seaside to stay at her grandparents', where she hears the family legends and slowly watches them come to life; the hard part is convincing everyone else. A gentle tale of magical realism and storytelling by the usually acerbic director John Sayles. Exceptionally well-reviewed. (1 hr. 42 min.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**Strawberry and Chocolate**—Tomáz Gutiérrez Alea's film is set mainly in an old Havana apartment building whose chipped and gnarled walls offer a nostalgic reminder of the old Spanish Baroque colonial city—sinfully decadent glories, out of place in the austerely functional Communist state. In this peculiar ruin, three characters who seem stranded from a Tennessee Williams play—a flamboyant and intelligent gay artist (Jorge Perrugoría), a retired prostitute (Mirta Ibarra), and a handsome young (male) virgin (Vladimir Cruz)—fall in and out of love and long for greater freedom. The movie doesn't have much of a story, but it's a touching plea for friendship, sex, and art. In Spanish. (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza.*

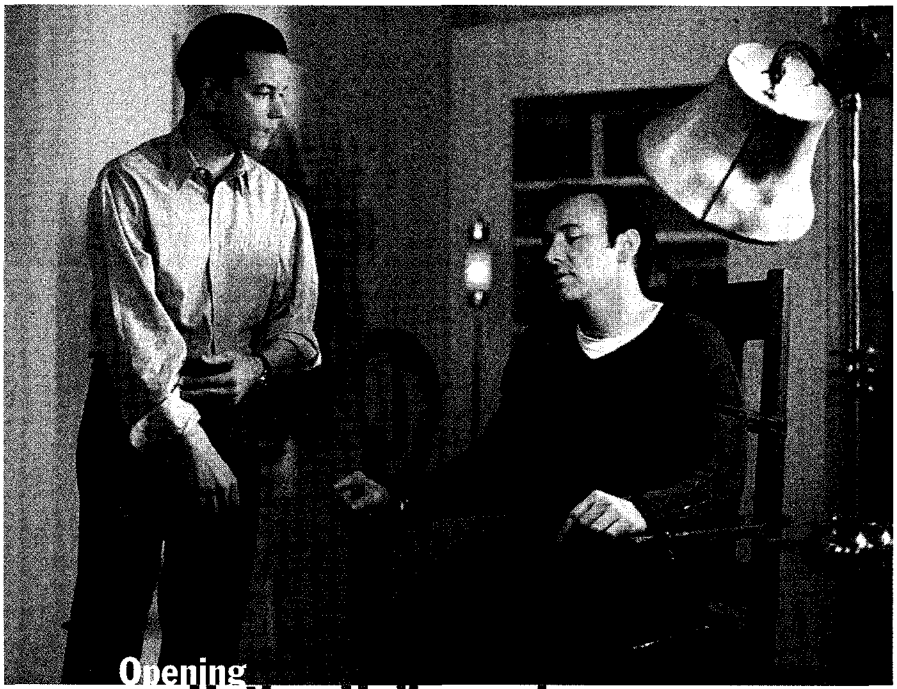
Stuart Saves His Family—But can he save the cinematic honor of *Saturday Night Live*? Al Franken takes his twelve-step alter ego to the big screen. (1 hr. 39 min.; PG-13) *Village Theater VII: Chelsea; Embassy I; Tower East; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Tommy Boy—Chris Farley must save the family business by outsmarting Rob Lowe and Bo Derek. Hmmm. Too close to call? (1 hr. 36 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th St. East; Astor Plaza; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

While You Were Sleeping—Sandra Bullock speeds up her career with this leading role as a lonely young woman who pines away for a man (Peter Gallagher) who always passes through her turnstile when going to work. He's attacked by hooligans and tossed onto the tracks, where she rescues him . . . but not before he slips into a coma. His grateful family somehow believes she is the man's fiancée and takes her to their bosom, which she feels guilty but wonderful about—until she finds herself attracted to her "fiancé" 's wonderful, down-to-earth brother (Bill Pullman, who doesn't have to play a hapless schmo for a change). Very confusing, though not very funny or romantic. Still, mildly enjoyable when it isn't sinking to sitcom humor and notable for being another example of Disney's newfound ability to avoid the cookie-cut sameness that dogged its live-action fare for years. Directed by Jon Turteltaub. (1 hr. 40 min.; PG) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. east; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th St.; 86th St. East; Lincoln Square.*

The Wild Bunch—Director Sam Peckinpah's elegiac classic, renowned for its sensual, lovingly photographed gun battles, is rereleased in a new director's cut. (2 hrs. 20 min.; R) *Village East.*

Wings of Courage—Director Jean-Jacques Annaud's foray into 3-D Imax is a surprisingly sedate affair about French airmail pilots who flew a dangerous route over the Andes. After some initial flying scenes, it settles into a quiet pattern of shots of Craig Sheffer climbing/walking to safety after a plane crash alternated with shots of worried loved ones safely at home. It's 3-D! Throw some spears at us or something, one can't help but think. But Annaud scrupulously avoids any such pandering, which would be fine if the story were more engaging. It isn't, but the nifty new technology is marvel enough to keep the curious sated. There's a real sense of depth to the picture and audience members in front of you occasionally seem to be surrounded by snow and mountain. Just a gimmick, probably, but a fun one. With Val Kilmer and Elizabeth McGovern. (40 min; PG) *Lincoln Square.*



Opening
Hating Hollywood

No one loves to cut down Tinseltown more than those who feed off of it. Case in point: Robert Altman's caustic, insidery 'The Player,' and now, George Huang's 'Swimming With Sharks,' the latest movie about how horrible it is to make movies or—more specifically—how horrible it is to make movies while working for a prototypically vicious, amoral movie executive (and yes, Huang used to work for Joel Silver). Opens April 21.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Once Were Warriors; The Madness of King George; The Secret of Roan Inish; Amateur; Exotica; Priest.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Tommy Boy; The Pebble and the Penguin.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Bulletproof Heart.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Fun.* Opening 4/21: *Crumb.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) *Gorilla Bathes at Noon.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Forrest Gump; Jury Duty.* Opening 4/19: *New Jersey Drive.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker; Martha and I; Bar Girls; Clean, Shaven.* Opening 4/21: *Burnt by the Sun.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *The Wild Bunch; Strawberry and Chocolate; Pulp Fiction; Muriel's Wedding; Funny Bones; Farinelli; The Last Seduction.* Opening 4/21: *The Basketball Diaries; While You Were Sleeping.*

Art Spiegelman on *Crumb*

With the release of the documentary *Crumb* on April 21 at Film Forum, legendary underground-comics artist *Robert Crumb finally receives the attention he deserves*—but by no means wants. "From what I've heard," says Art Spiegelman, the creator of *Maus* and an acquaintance of Crumb's for nearly 30 years, "Robert's ready to change his name and go into hiding because of this film." Small wonder. Though his work has always seemed bracingly honest—detailing Crumb's misogynistic sexual fantasies and self-mocking attitude—director Terry Zwigoff has plumbed Crumb's dark childhood, revealing an abusive, domineering father; a prescription-pill-addicted mother; and two artistically gifted but *exceptionally* troubled brothers. For Spiegelman, the experience of watching a film to find out personal details about someone he'd known for so *many years was an odd one.* "Crumb's always been a very closed-off guy," he says, "so I've known him, but his way of socializing in a group is to hide himself in a sketchbook and draw while other people are talking." The result of that focus is a complex and significant body of work that traffics in racial and sexual stereotypes without ever offering a reader the comfort of knowing the creator doesn't really mean it. "Cartoon language is built on stereotypes," says Spiegelman, whose own work has recently been accused of insensitivity, "and Crumb's cartoons relish those stereotypes in a very kind of mean-spirited way, one could say if one wanted to pass judgment. There are racist and sexist characters really central to the work. The *misanthropic aspects of that are more understandable after seeing* the movie. Robert's a genius. He's a central and important figure in the history of comics, certainly one of our most important cartoonists alive now."

Robert Crumb.

Michael Giltz

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Bad Boys; Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Dolores Claiborne; Outbreak; Stuart Saves His Family.*
Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Bullets Over Broadway; Circle of Friends.* Opening 4/21: *Kiss of Death; The Cure.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Bad Boys; Dolores Claiborne; Priest; Major Payne; Rob Roy; Stuart Saves His Family.* Opening 4/21: *Kiss of Death; The Cure.*
Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Exotica; Muriel's Wedding; Don Juan DeMarco; Jury Duty.* Opening 4/21: *While You Were Sleeping.*
19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Circle of Friends; Outbreak; Muriel's Wedding; Tommy Boy; Don Juan; Jury Duty.* Opening 4/21: *The Basketball Diaries; While You Were Sleeping.*
23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Hoop Dreams; Goofy; The Pebble and the Penguin.*
34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Dolores Claiborne.*
34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Rob Roy; Outbreak; Bad Boys.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Blessing.*
Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Tommy Boy.* Opening 4/19: *New Jersey Drive.*
Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Circle of Friends; Dolores Claiborne.*
Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Red; Bar Girls.*
Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Tom and Viv; Priest; Don Juan DeMarco.* Opening 4/21: *While You Were Sleeping.*
Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Once Were Warriors.*
Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Don Juan DeMarco; Dolores Claiborne; Just Cause; Born to be Wild; Hideaway; Outbreak; Tank Girl; Jury Duty; Pebble and the Penguin.* Opening 4/21: *Basketball Diaries; Kiss of Death.*
Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Bye Bye, Love.* Opening 4/21: *The Basketball Diaries.*
Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Secret of Roan Inish.* Opening 4/21: *Burnt by the Sun.*
Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Stuart Saves His Family.*
Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Pulp Fiction; Losing Isaiah; 3 Ninjas.*
57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360) *A Great Day in Harlem.*
59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Bullets Over Broadway.*
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *A Goofy Movie.* Opening 4/21: *While You Were Sleeping.*
Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Losing Isaiah; Brady Bunch; Tank Girl; Pebble and Penguin.*
Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Major Payne; Bad Boys; Candyman; Tommy Boy; Jury Duty.*
National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *Bad Boys.*
Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Jefferson in Paris.*
Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Immortal Beloved.*
Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Exotica; Goofy.*
Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Immortal Beloved; Disclosure; Murder in the First; Boys on the Side; Richie Rich; Dumb and Dumber; Sum of Us.*
Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Rob Roy.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Rob Roy.*
86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Major Payne; The Pebble and the Penguin.* Opening 4/21: *Kiss of Death.*
86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Muriel's Wedding; A Goofy Movie.* Opening 4/21: *While You Were Sleeping.*
First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Pulp Fiction; The Madness of King George; Muriel's Wedding; Jury Duty; The Pebble and the Penguin.* Opening 4/21: *The Cure.*
Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Bad Boys; Born to be Wild; Forrest Gump.*
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Tommy Boy; Outbreak.*
Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Bad Boys; Outbreak; Dolores Claiborne; Tommy Boy; Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Jury Duty.* Opening 4/21: *The Basketball Diaries; New Jersey Drive.*
68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *The Last Good Time.*
Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Stuart Saves His Family.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Stuart Saves His Family.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Bad Boys; Exotica; Circle of Friends; Tommy Boy; Jury Duty.* Opening 4/21: *The Basketball Diaries; New Jersey Drive.*
Harlem Victoria V—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Red Firecracker, Green Firecracker; The Madness of King George; Strawberry and Chocolate; Before the Rain; Muriel's Wedding.* Through 4/20: *Pather Panchali.* Opening 4/21: *Burnt by the Sun; Aparajito.*
Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Amateur; Doctor Zhivago; Rob Roy; Don Juan; Claiborne; Outbreak; Farinelli; Priest; Pebble and the Penguin; Forrest Gump; A Goofy Movie; Stuart Saves His Family.* Opening 4/21: *While You Were Sleeping.* IMAX: *Into the Deep; The Last Buffalo.* Opening 4/21: *Wings of Courage.*
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Rob Roy; Outbreak.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Major Payne; Bad Boys; Goofy; Jury Duty.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *A Goofy Movie; Bad Boys.*
Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *The Shawshank Redemption; Major Payne.*
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Shawshank Redemption.* Opening 4/21: *The Cure.*
62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Bullets Over Broadway.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Rob Roy; Bad Boys; Don Juan DeMarco; Losing Isaiah; Candyman; Outbreak; Jury Duty; Major Payne; Dolores Claiborne; Tommy Boy; Forrest Gump; A Goofy Movie; 3 Ninjas.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Rob Roy; Major Payne; Bad Boys; Goofy; Losing Isaiah; Candyman; Outbreak; Born to be Wild; Jury Duty; 3 Ninjas.*
Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Rob Roy; Jury Duty; Bad Boys; Outbreak; Major Payne.*
Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Don Juan DeMarco; Rob Roy.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Once Were Warriors; Rob Roy; Bad Boys; Don Juan DeMarco; A Goofy Movie; Losing Isaiah; Candyman; Outbreak; Major Payne; Dolores Claiborne; Tommy Boy; 3 Ninjas; Jury Duty.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Muriel's Wedding; Pulp Fiction; Forrest Gump; Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Jury Duty; A Goofy Movie.*
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Exotica; Don Juan DeMarco; Bullets Over Broadway; The Madness of King George.* Through 4/20: *Once Were Warriors.* Open 4/21: *Kiss of Death*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Bad Boys; Jury Duty; A Goofy Movie.*
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Rob Roy; Jefferson in Paris; Priest; Dolores Claiborne; A Goofy Movie.*
Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Bad Boys; Major Payne.*
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Bad Boys; Stuart Saves His Family; Major Payne; Dolores Claiborne; Tommy Boy; Outbreak.*
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700)

IF IMAGINATION AND CREATIVITY ALONE MADE ART, WE COULD ALL BE ARTISTS

Many of us paint and dance and sing or play the guitar. Others of us restore cars, do needlepoint and cook wonderful dinners. And we use our imagination and creativity to do it—the same way artists do. But there are real differences in the creative work we do and the art produced by an artist. The important one lies in the intent of the process. A work of art has ambitious intentions. Artists aspire to create new forms, reveal emotional truth, explore the unexplored. They long to reach an audience at the deepest levels of meaning with their work.

It takes an awesome imagination, a gifted talent, an original mind and consuming desire to overcome the seduction of technique, materials or craft—to make art. Some art is controversial. Some unfathomable. Much of it is beautiful and sensitive and makes us feel deeply. Few people like it all, nor should they. Art is too personal for that. But if what we make does not intend to be art, we can still share in the experience of imagining and creating with every artist. What a remarkable process creating is—giving back more, the more we risk.

THE NEW YORK FOUNDATION FOR THE ARTS, 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10038 • 212-366-6900

Bad Boys; Major Payne; 3 Ninjas; A Goofy Movie.

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Bad Boys; Don Juan DeMarco; A Goofy Movie.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Bad Boys; Major Payne; Outbreak; A Goofy Movie.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Dolores Claiborne; Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Jury Duty; Tommy Boy.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Bad Boys; Don Juan DeMarco; Outbreak; Jury Duty; Born to be Wild.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie; Major Payne; 3 Ninjas.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Jefferson in Paris; Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Outbreak; Major Payne; Circle of Friends; Tommy Boy; Dolores Claiborne; Jury Duty; Stuart Saves His Family* .

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Bad Boys; Don Juan DeMarco.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Bad Boys; Rob Roy; Jury Duty; A Goofy Movie; Major Payne.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Bad Boys; Outbreak; Tommy Boy; Born to be Wild; Jury Duty; Major Payne.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Priest; Jefferson in Paris; Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie; Outbreak; Muriel's Wedding; Born to be Wild.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *Tommy Boy; A Goofy Movie; Bad Boys.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Circle of Friends; Bad Boys; Jury Duty; A Goofy Movie; Stuart Saves His Family.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Tommy Boy; A Goofy Movie.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Circle of Friends.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Major Payne; Bad Boys.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; A Goofy Movie; Tommy Boy; Outbreak; Born to be Wild; Jury Duty; Stuart Saves His Family.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie; Stuart Saves His Family; Tommy Boy.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Jefferson in Paris; Dolores Claiborne.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Jefferson in Paris; Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Dolores Claiborne; Muriel's Wedding; Outbreak; Pulp Fiction; Tommy Boy.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie; Major Payne.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Tommy Boy; Major Payne; Born to be Wild; Outbreak.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Muriel's Wedding; Jury Duty; Forrest Gump; Born to be Wild; Major Payne; Outbreak.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Rob Roy; Don Juan DeMarco; Dolores Claiborne; Jury Duty; Tommy Boy.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Rob Roy; Outbreak; Major Payne; Circle of Friends; Dolores Claiborne; Tommy Boy; Jury Duty; A Goofy Movie.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Muriel's Wedding; Bye Bye, Love.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Major Payne; Outbreak; Bad Boys; Stuart Saves His Family; Jury Duty.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Bad Boys; A Goofy Movie.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Priest.*

Retrospective

Detailing a Kinky Past

Barbet Schroeder's *Kiss of Death* features the box-office appeal of David Caruso and some of the best reviews of the director's career (see page 68). Much of his earlier work—featuring the cooly scathing Jeremy Irons of *Reversal of Fortune* (above), the grungy Mickey Rourke and Faye Dunaway in *Barfly,* and the unapologetic dominatrix of *Maîtresse*—is far more *out there.* Catch them at the Public April 21–May 4. See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Rob Roy; Don Juan; Outbreak; Major Payne; Tommy Boy; Goofy; Jury Duty.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Bad Boys; Don Juan DeMarco; Outbreak; Muriel's Wedding; Born to be Wild; Tommy Boy.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Rob Roy; Bad Boys; Goofy; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Major Payne; Dolores Claiborne; Tommy Boy; Circle of Friends; Tank Girl.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—4/18–4/21: *The Wizard of Oz* (1939). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—4/20: Video art from U.S. and Spain; the films of Harry Smith. 4/21–4/23: sections of Bruce Elder's *The Book of all the Dead.* 4/22 and 4/23: Lee Doo-yong's *Pong* (1986). 4/22: Carl Dreyer's *Day of Wrath* (1943) and *Gertud* (1965). 4/23: Robert Flaherty's *Nanook of the North* (1922) and *Man of Aran* (1934). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

The Asia Society—4/21 and 4/23: *Twilight* (1968) and *My Village at Sunset* (1992), two films by His Majesty Norodom Sihanouk, the King of Cambodia. 725 Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-ASIA); $7.

The Brooklyn Museum—4/21–6/4: "Apartheid Framed: South Africa on Film, 1948–1994." 4/21: *A Dry, White Season* (1989). 4/22: *The Penalty Area* (1994–95) and *My Country, My Hat* (1981). 4/23: *In Darkest Hollywood: Cinema & Apartheid* (1992). 200 Eastern Pkwy, Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 330); $6.

Donnell Media Center—4/18: *Captain Blood* (1935). 4/20: *Christo in Paris* (1990). 4/20 and 4/22: Finalists from the Black Maria Film and Video Festival. 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Through 4/20: *I Am Cuba* (1964), *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1965), and *Mamma Roma* (1962). Through 4/27: *A Matter of Life and Death* (1946). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—4/20: Independents Night featuring two shorts: *Taken for Granite* (1995) and *El Deseo* (1994). Through 5/4: "A Promise, A Dream . . . Films of the Glasnost Era." Highlights include: *Freedom is Paradise* (1989) on 4/19 and 4/20 and Glasnost Animation on 4/21 and 4/22. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

French Institute—4/18: *My Night at Maud's* (1969). 4/25: *Red* (1994). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Harlem Victoria V—See also listing under "Movies." Ashakara. 235 W. 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

Japan Society—4/20: *Music for the Movies,* a documentary about the composer introduced by the artist himself. 4/21–6/30: "Japanese Film in War and Peace." 4/21: *Tokyo Trial* Part I (1983), is a monumental documentary examining the war-crimes trials held by the International Military Tribunal for the Far East that centered on 28 top offenders. 4/22: *Genbaku-Shi: Killed by the Atomic Bomb* (1994) and *Senso Daughters* (1989). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—4/21–5/4: "The Films of Barbet Schroeder." 4/21 and 4/25: *Reversal of Fortune* (1989). 4/22 and 4/23: *Maîtresse* (1975). 4/24 and 5/1: *The Charles Bukowski Tapes* (1984–1987). Through 5/14: *Cremaster 4.* See also "Movies." 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 5/14: "The Films of Marguerite Duras." A thoughtful look at the films of an artist perhaps better known here as a writer. 4/22: *India Song* (1974). 4/23: *La Navire Night* (1979) and three shorts. 4/18–5/4: "60th Anniversary Program: First Acquisitions, 1935–1938." Highlights include: *Birth of a Nation* (1915) on 4/18 and 4/20, *Sunrise* (1927) on 4/21, and *Metropolis* (1927) on 4/24. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Satyajit Ray Retrospective—One of the great directors, though rarely screened. Through 4/20: *Pather Panchali* (1955). 4/21–5/4: *Aparajito* (1956). Lincoln Plaza, 30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway between 62nd and 63rd St. (757-2280); $8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—Through 6/4: The 1995 Biennial Exhibition, with daily screenings of shorts and experimental works. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); $7.

Photograph by Photofest.

theater

Brit Wit...Family Ties...Love Thing

Talent

Scenes From a Marriage

Hit sitcom stars are well represented on the New York stage this month. Following the lead of *Frasier's* Dan Butler, Laurie Metcalf—Jackie in ABC's *Roseanne*—makes her Broadway debut Friday at the Martin Beck with Brian Kerwin (left) in *My Thing of Love,* a new drama by Alexandra Gersten.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Hamlet—O what a rogue and peasant slave is he—Ralph Fiennes (*Schindler's List, Quiz Show*), that is, currently demonstrating his considered approach to the Mount Everest of acting assignments. This production originated at London's Alkmeida Theater; it opens 5/2 for a limited run of 110 performances that ends July 22. $20–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Indiscretions—Cocteau's "Les Parents Terribles," a bittersweet farce about the tangle of complicated relationships within an eccentric, self-obsessed family, in a new English translation by Jeremy Sams. This production comes to Broadway from London's Royal National Theatre; among those getting unhealthily involved with each other are Kathleen Turner, Eileen Atkins, Roger Rees, Jude Law, and Cynthia Nixon. $45–60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/27 opening. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

A Month in the Country—Helen Mirren, Ron Rifkin, and F. Murray Abraham star in Turgenev's classic nineteenth-century study of—to quote Goncharov's *Oblamov*—the Superfluous Russian Aristocrat. Opens 4/25. $50. Tues.–Sat at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Theater, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

My Thing of Love—$20–$45. Beginning previews 4/21 for a 5/3 opening. Through 5/7, Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; beginning 5/8, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

On the Waterfront—Ron Eldard, in the Marlon Brando role—the one in which he coulda been a contenda—and Penelope Ann Miller, reprising Eva Marie Saint, in a new stage adaptation of Budd Schulberg's damning 1954 film portrait of corruption on the New York City docks. In previews for a 5/1 opening. $37.50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

The Rose Tattoo—$45. In previews for a 4/30 opening. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. "Stupendous, and sometimes, I'm afraid, stupefying. Stoppard's cleverness engenders its own problems. There are all kinds of parallels and divergences between the "old" story and the "new"; also some curious misreadings of the past by the present-day researchers, which contrast with the true story as we see it unfurl. And the way past and present—even if only figuratively—finally intermingle, is almost fiendishly crafty But in the end, Stoppard—who never went to university and has an autodidact's infatuation with his homemade erudition—overdoes it." (Simon; 4/10/95.) $37.50–$42.50. Tues–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. With Helen Reddy stepping into shoes previously filled by Carole King and Petula Clark. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Damn Yankees—A fading boy of summer sells his soul to the Devil for a second chance at playing professional baseball in this revival of the 1955 musical based on Douglass Wallop's best-seller; the show recently reopened after a two-month hiatus, with Jerry Lewis replacing Victor Garber in the latter role. "For the first few minutes, Lewis cuts a reasonably saturnine figure with a glum petulance about him that doesn't displease. But he's a comic whose trademark shtick consists of reverting, sometimes predictably, sometimes arbitrarily, to spoiled, jeering, sarcastic brathood. At these moments, the fans go wild, the rest of us merely numb. Although the old faithfuls, led by Linda Stephens, Jarrod Emick, and Dick Latessa, have as much heart as ever, there are certain theatrical events an adult can enjoy only if he brings a child to the show. To enjoy Jerry Lewis, you may have to bring along a Frenchman." (Simon; 3/27/95) $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/3/94. *Marquis Theater, 1555 Broadway (307-4100).*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men

Photograph by Craig Schwartz.

("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $39.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN).*

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—Anita Loos's Jazz Age fable of high times among New York's smart set in the twenties, as seen through the eyes of a wide-eyed (but hardly naïve) golddigger. K. T. Sullivan is Lorelei Lee, the girl with the best-known best friend (Diamonds) in musical comedy. This production, directed by Charles Repole, originated last summer at the Goodspeed Opera House; Tony Randall's National Actors' Theatre is its New York sponsor. $20–$60; students with valid I.D., $10. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lyceum Theatre, 145 W. 45th St. (239-6280).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy, rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. For the period 4/17–5/28, scheduling as follows: dark Mon. and Tues., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the Delaney sisters, who, at one hundred years of age and counting, have Seen It All. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square,* in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the single most devastating failure of his career with a disastrous foray into dramatic writing—the play *Guy Domville*—would doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Philip Bosco (until 4/25, when he's replaced by Donald Moffat), Cherry Jones, Frances Sternhagen, and Jon Tenney; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. Gradual turnover for this long-running drama has finally subsided, with the current cast including Nicholas Woodeson, Roy Cooper, Maxwell Caulfield (!), Siân Phillips, Harry Carnahan, and Susannah Hoffman. $45–$55. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Maria Conchita Alonso recently stepped into the title role, filling the (big) shoes of Chita Rivera and Vanessa Williams. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $37.50–$70. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently supplanted *Fiddler on the Roof* as the sixth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

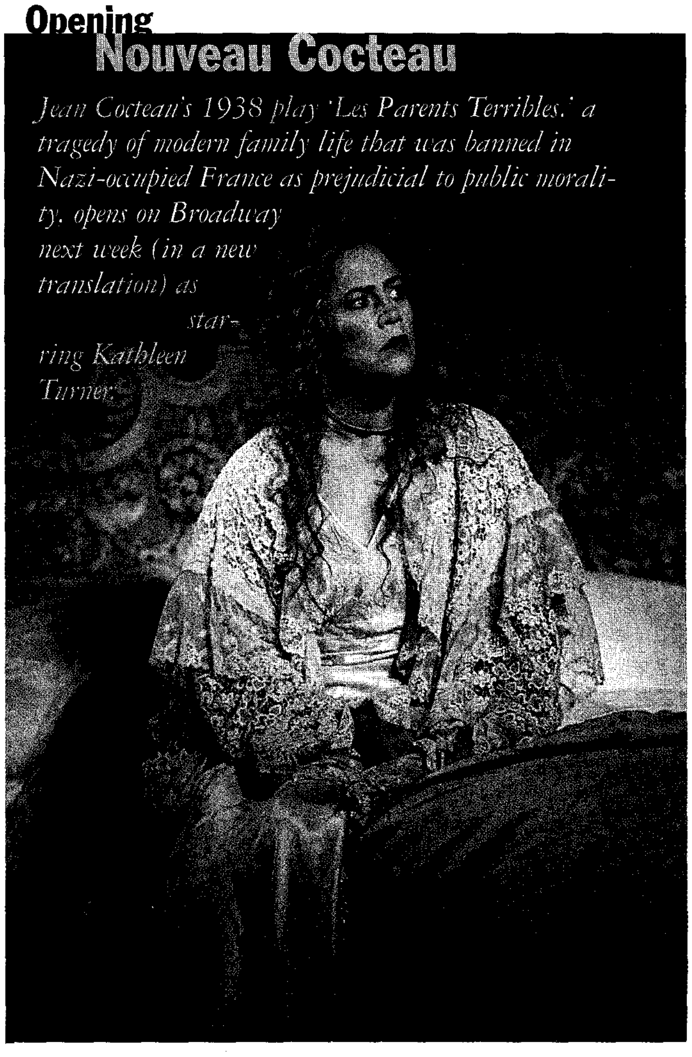
Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Mario Cantone, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark recently and edging into seventh place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Opening

Nouveau Cocteau



Jean Cocteau's 1938 play 'Les Parents Terribles,' a tragedy of modern family life that was banned in Nazi-occupied France as prejudicial to public morality, opens on Broadway next week (in a new translation) as starring Kathleen Turner.

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heart-breakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. $29.50–$67.50; top price for all shows other than Sun. matinee, Fri., and Sat. is $49.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh.

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94) $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dog Opera—Having survived high school, Catholicism, and Queens (the borough) together, Peter and Madeline search for romances as good as their friendship. Constance Congdon's play is directed by Gerald Gutierrez, currently represented uptown by *The Heiress.* Opens 4/27. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Public Theater (Martinson), 425 Lafayette (260-2400).*

Ecstasy—$TK. Previews 4/18 and 4/19; opens 4/20. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun., 4/23 and 5/7, at 3. Sun., 4/30 and 5/14, at 7. Through 5/14. *John Houseman Studio Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (924-0077).*

Fragments From Three Sisters, a Work in Progress—Richard Schechner, looking for a new take on—as they say in Moscow—what those Prozorovs have been doing since we saw them last, has come up with an interesting technical conceit to reflect on the title characters' wistful speculations about the future in Chekhov's *Three Sisters.* The first act is set in the playwright's original Russian provinces; the second, à la Meyerhold, in the 1920s Soviet Union; the third in a Siberian labor camp; and the fourth in contemporary New York. Acts One and Two are performed on Wed. and Fri.; Acts Three and Four on Thurs. and Sat., all at 8. $12 for one night, $20 for both. Through 4/30. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

A Language of Their Own—B. D. Wong stars in a new play by Singaporean writer Chay Yew, in which the private codes that develop between friends and lovers become windows into the relationships of four young men. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opens 4/20. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Police Boys—In the course of interrogating a teenage gang member suspected of rape and murder, a group of macho big-city cops inadvertently stumbles across some uncomfortable truths about their own lives. Marion McClinton's drama is directed by Donald Douglass. $35. In previews for a 5/14 opening. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Wilder Theater, Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Phaedra—A contemporary adaptation of Euripides' tragedy by Elizabeth Egloff. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

A Prelude to Death in Venice—Stephen Peabody in a new version of the performance piece created by Lee Breuer. This workshop precedes a full-scale production to coincide with the beginning of Mabou Mines's twenty-fifth-anniversary season later this fall. $5. Thurs.–Sat., 4/20–4/22. *Mazur Theatre, 555 E. 90th St. (606-3773).*

Shabbatai—An intriguing, to say the least, subject for a Jewish-themed musical comedy: the story of Shabbatai Zvi, the seventeenth-century religious madman who convinced thousands of Ottoman Empire Jews that he, the Messiah, had at last arrived on earth. *Milk and Honey,* in other words, it isn't. Book, music, and lyrics by Michael Schubert and Michael Edwin; directed by John. F. Znidarsic. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7, plus special performances 5/3, 5/13, and 5/20 at 2. Begins previews 4/22 for a 5/6 opening. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (663-9797).*

Now Playing

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Camping With Henry and Tom—Robert Prosky, Ken Howard, and John Cunningham as Thomas Edison, Warren G. Harding, and Henry Ford in Mark St. Germain's fantasy of what the conversation might have been like on a celebrated series of camping trips shared by those three pillars of the new American century in the early 1900s. With costumes by last year's Tony winner Ann Hould-Ward (*Beauty and the Beast*), which is itself reason enough to buy a ticket. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on . . . well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." Led by Everett Quinton. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Recently extended—yet again!—through 4/22. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (Abridged)—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, taking over from an earlier production at Serious Fun! in 1993. Until 4/17, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3; after that date, Sat. shows change to 6 and 9, a Mon. show is added at 8, and everything's dark on Thurs. $35 Tues.–Thurs.; $37.50 weekends. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

The Cryptogram—The newest play by David Mamet is set in a middle-class living room, where unsettling revelations reveal the fragility of love. "Mamet is up—or down—to his usual verbal games. The form is dramatic fetishism: fussy, boring monologues that, merely because they occasionally connect—and not even connect so much as encroach on one another—pretend to be dialogue. It's really about Mamet's infatuation with himself: He is the man who mistook the hat he was talking through for his muse." (Simon; reviewed in this issue.) With Ed Begley Jr., Felicity Huffman, and Shelton Dane. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Dancing on Moonlight—A play by Keith Glover about growing up in Harlem in the fifties. Howard Rollins, Anna Maria Horsford, and Andre De Shields share star billing with an original score by Max Roach. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 4/30. *The Public Theater (Anspacher), 475 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

The Fall Guy—Gary Perlman's English-language adaptation of "underground" Japanese writer Tsuka Kohei's 1980 black comedy *Kamata Koshinkyokun,* which does for Samurai movies what *Blazing Saddles* did for Westerns. Ginshiro, a budding star, needs someone to take a fall down several dozen concrete (but traditional) steps at a familiar story's climactic moment; Yasu, the hapless stunt man tapped for the job, finds himself caught between traditional notions of the deference owed to superiors and a not-unreasonable reluctance to part with chunks of his skull. It's the crisis of a generation played as robust low comedy. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. bet. First and Second Aves (307-4100).*

The Family Business—A comedy about deterioration, both professional and personal. $22–$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8:30, Sun. at 3. *New York Theater Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (302-6989).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and

Talent

Hands Across the Sea

"You're talking to an outsider in the British theater," laughs Mike Leigh from his London home. "You're talking to an *anarchist.*" Although his international reputation is based on a series of bittersweet films about working-class English malcontents muddling through tough times—most recently *Naked,* winner of the 1993 Best Direction Award at Cannes, and the 1990 *Life Is Sweet*—the 52-year-old writer and director is equally well known at home as the author of stage plays that mine a similar demographic vein. This week, Leigh makes his New York debut as a dramatist with *Ecstasy,* a 1979 work about a young woman fending off both loneliness and an abusive boyfriend. (The New Group's *production begins* performances at the John Houseman Theater Tuesday 4/18.) Like Leigh's screenplays, the script originally evolved from several months' worth of improvisation by a group of actors—in the original cast, they included then-unknowns Julie Walters and Stephen Rea—out of which he distills a gentle, indirect form of social protest that works by what the director calls "chipping away at the edges" of class prejudices and economic injustice. "*Ecstasy* is the antithesis of the Broadway perception of what British theater is like," he observes, "which is why I think it's *wonderful that it's being done in New York.*" He also thinks Manhattanites are particularly familiar with the subject. "When *Bleak Moments* [Leigh's 1971 debut film, on the same theme] was shown at the New York Film Festival in 1980," Leigh recalls, "this girl stood up at the end of the screening and said, 'I can't relate to this film. If you're lonely, you go out and meet people.' And I said, 'You'd claim then there are no lonely women sitting in apartments in Manhattan?' She said, 'Absolutely.' I tell you, the audience *roared.*" Randall Short

Photograph by Imke Lass.

7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838)*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$45, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Incommunicado—A civilized and sophisticated play about Ezra Pound, written by Tom Dulack with economy, elegance, and no small eloquence. (Simon; 4/4/95.) With Tom Aldredge as Pound; directed by Richard Corley. $23; students/seniors $18. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 3. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 8/18/94. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite,* has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale,* on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Mrs. Warren's Profession—A daughter and mother come to know each other for the first time in the Pearl Theatre Company's production of George Bernard Shaw's groundbreaking (1902) look at the then-radical notion that women might have something to say about their place in society. Directed by Alex Dmitriev. $20–25. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Wed. and Sun. at 2; Sat at 5 and 9. Through 5/7. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (598-9802).*

Night and Her Stars—Playwright Richard Greenberg's take on the TV-quiz-show scandals of the fifties, just in case you were wondering, had its premiere at South Coast Repertory last season, months before the opening of Robert Redford's film. This Manhattan Theater Club production, presented at the American Place Theatre, stars John Slattery as Charles Van Doren; also with, among others, Patrick Breen, Keith Charles, and Peter Frechette. Directed by David Warren. $40. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Party—Truth-or-Dare hijinks are at the center of Chicago playwright David Dillon's comedy about seven gay men. Scene to watch for: a nude group tribute to Karen Carpenter. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-4321).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written and performed by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's "Frasier." $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Rush Limbaugh in Night School—A one-man show written and performed by Charlie Varon, in which the titular character, forced into good old American-style economic competition by rival talk-show hosts, finds himself soliciting new audiences in the liberal swamps of the New School and the Delacorte Theater. $32.50–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-6103).*

St. Mark's Gospel—For once, a show title that's not symbolic but plainly literal. For 36 performances, the actor Alec McCowen executes the simple and breathtaking idea that first occurred to him in 1977: reading (performing?), in the course of a single evening, the entire text of the second book of the New Testament. If you have preconceptions—and who doesn't?—be prepared to watch them crumble. $30. Through 5/7. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Opening

She's Having a Baby

In Lisa-Maria Radano's *The Secret Sits in the Middle*, expectant Brooklyn mom Marnie Pomerantz (left) fends off one too many overprotective suggestions from sister Andrea Maulella. Previews begin Wednesday at Theatre Off Park (224 Waverly Place; 604-4807) for an April 24 opening.

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Swingtime Canteen—A forties wartime revue in which an all-girl band and cast send the boys off to battle with songs by Frank Loesser, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy van Heusen, Harry Warren, et al. in their hearts $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Blue Angel, 323 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butleroff. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3.; no show 4/14. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Three Viewings—Jeffrey Hatcher's play about graveside regrets. "Finally, what we have all been waiting for: a new, true, idiosyncratic voice in the theater. Someone who has poetry in his language, wit and pathos in his characterization, and sees the overarching whole as clearly as the telltale detail. Who has that slightly skewed vision with which to see around the corners against which lesser visions bang and knock themselves silly. Who can construct patterns out of his wild imagination and make life conform to them—and, more amazing, make us concur in them. And what performances from Buck Henry, Penny Fuller, and Margaret Whitton.! *Three Viewings* is essential viewing." (Simon; 4/17/95.) $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3; Through 4/30. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*; then a reception at *147 Waverly Place,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Travels With My Aunt—Brian Murray and Jim Dale (among others) play assorted men, women, children, and small domestic animals in a knockabout stage adaptation of Graham Greene's comic novel. $27.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

Goose and Tomtom—The first (1982) staging of this dark fantasy by David Rabe at the Public Theater was disavowed by the author, and the play has only been seen once since, in a five-performance Lincoln Center workshop featuring Madonna and Sean Penn(!). This Madonna-free version, with Rabe's blessing, is produced by Willow Cabin Theatre. $15. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *28th Street Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (886-1889)*

Juilliard Spring Repertory—The Drama Division's 1995 graduating class presents, successively, Schnitzler's *Undiscovered Country* (4/21, 22, 24 at 8, 4/23 at 2); David Rudkin's *Ashes* (4/28 and 28 at 8, 4/29 and 30 at 2); and *She Stoops To Conquer* (5/4-6 at 8, 5/6 at 2). All performances $10; TDF accepted. *Juilliard Drama Theater, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza (769-7406)*

Ladies' Night—Nine short plays by and about women, from the Red Earth Ensemble. $12. Through 4/23; call for schedule. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St., bet. Broome and Grand (777-4327).*

The Players Club—The response of Premium Bob, a comedy team a.k.a. Paul Boocock and David Latham, to the Republican Contract With America. Sat. at 10:30, through 5/20. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Richard III—The play by Shakespeare, in a production by the Salamander Repertory Theatre. $12; TDF accepted. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/14. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Roberto Zucco—A new play by Bernard-Marie Koltes based on the true story of a patricide and serial killer in France and his through an increasingly garish underworld. With Elina Lowensohn and Kirk Acevedo; directed by Travis Preston. $15; students $10. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/21. *Cucaracha Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. (966-8596).*

The Secret Sits in the Middle—$12. 4/19–4/23, 4/26–4/29, 5/2–5/6 at 8. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl. (604-4807).*

The Swamp Dwellers—A folk drama by the Nobel Prize–winning Nigerian writer Wole Soyinka about political turmoil in Africa and that continent's efforts to reconcile tradition with modernity. The Africa Arts Theater Company production is directed by Patricia Floyd. $12, $10 seniors/students; TDF accepted. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3; additional performance Sat., 4/29, at 2. Through 4/30. *238th Street Theater, 120 W. 238th St. (926-9203).*

Photograph by Jeffrey Rothstein.

Phair Alone...Betty Carter With Kids

Talent

Kind of Brown

What do Jimi Hendrix, Duane Eddy, and Ernest Tubb have in common? Their spirits all commingle in the enchanted "guit-steel" of Austin cowboy Junior Brown. See him work his magic with his backup guitarist, singer, and wife, "the lovely Miss Tanya Rae." They play April 25 at Maxwell's and April 26 and 27 at the Mercury Lounge.

Concerts

Liz Phair—The alt-rock princess appears solo not by choice but by necessity. When the notoriously stage-frightful Liz canceled her first tour a week before it was supposed to begin, her bandmates were less than pleased and apparently decided not to sign on for the label-imposed tour in support of *Whip Smart,* Phair's sprightly sophomore record. Since Phair's live appearances always pack plenty of will-she-make-it drama, a solo performance should be even more exciting, and odds are her thoughtful songs will hold up to an intimate setting. (She will, however, be bringing along a "special guest" for moral support.) 4/24 (sold-out) and 4/25 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $17.*

Betty Carter—Widely regarded as the best jazz singer alive, Carter is also world-renowned as an impresaria of new jazz talent. Cyrus Chestnut and Jacky Terrason are just two of her most recent finds, and here she'll be showcasing nineteen new ones, ages 12–27—along with her own spellbinding voice. 4/22 at 8 P.M. and 4/23 at 3 P.M. *Arts Center at the Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton, Brooklyn. (718-636-4181). $24.*

David Murray—The tenor-sax dynamo is the latest celebrated jazz innovator to join this "Face the Music & Dance" series. Earlier guests have included Muhal Richard Abrams, Anthony Davis, and, most recently, clarinetist Don Byron and guitarist Bill Frisell. Murray plays with regular sideman the brilliant pianist John Hicks, and performs an improvised collaboration with the dancer and choreographer Mark Dendy, who also premieres new works with his own group. 4/20 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $14.*

"Ode to Schoeder"—Margaret Leng Tan performs an entire evening's worth of "serious music for the toy piano," including the first-ever work composed for that instrument, John Cage's *Suite for Toy Piano,* as well as works by Phillip Glass, Milos Raickovich, and others. 4/18 at 8 P.M. *Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W. 108th St., near Riverside Drive (663-6021).*

Jazz Ministry at Saint Peter's—Jazz vespers with the Harlem School for the Arts Jazz Orchestra and Vocal Ensemble, under the direction of pianist Billy Taylor. 4/23 at 5 P.M. *Saint Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (935-2200).*

Clubland

A.K.A.—A second-floor home to acid jazzbos, downtown hepsters, and local alternarock bands. 4/22: Chucklehead. 4/24: Israel's own Piamenta. *77 W. Houston St., bet. Broadway and Wooster (673-7325).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 4/21: flutist Jack Coen and his son/guitarist Jimmy. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—Delta blues-ish guitarist Chris Smithers—author of Bonnie Raitt's "Love Me Like a Man" and "I Feel the Same"—plays his own stuff for a change, offering music from his new record *Up on the Lowdown,* on 4/19. 4/21: The ear-expanding series "Required Listening" presents the Delilahs, Eddie From Ohio, Ranch Romance, Susan Werner. 4/23: Ed Palermo's sixteen-piece band plays the music of Frank Zappa. 4/25: Howard Hewett. 4/26: John Patitucci. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Quite a cozy little dive, for all the bare brick and Alphabet City street cred. Low-rent rock bands and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 4/19: Chrome Cranks, Fireworks, Speedball Baby, Spitball. 4/21: Fleshtones. 4/23: San Francisco's aggressive, lesbian-centric punk group Tribe 8 storms New York, possessed of the same sort of explicit queer identity and retro song tastes of scenemates Pansy Division. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. *15 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A new big-budget venue dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. With comfy sofas. 4/19–4/20: Clarksdale, Mississippi's own 290-pound guitar menace Big Jack Johnson. 4/21–4/22: Roosevelt "Booba" Barnes. 4/26–4/27: Johnny B. Moore. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—A two-tiered, red-and-black rock center with buzzing local groups. East Village, not Coney Island, but chills and thrills aplenty, with bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of punk preservationists D Generation. 4/22: Cherry Red, Electric Monster play, followed by the party "Green Door." *15 St. Marks Place (674-7959). $*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 4/21: Giant Step presents the rough 'n' ready jazz-funk coalition Groove Collective. 4/2: Brooklyn's dynamic and imaginative rap trio the Fugees perform, boasting a male-female configuration reminiscent of their neighbors Digable Planets and an intriguing perspective of the two Haitian members. (The name is short for *refugees.*) 4/27: Spent; Cakelike. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 4/18 and 4/21: The sensual songstress Sophie B. Hawkins, author of the fun hip-hop-ish single "Damn, I Wish I Was Your Lover," tries to recapture our hearts—or at least our interest. 4/19: Mark Kozelek, of the mopey San Francisco rock combo Red House Painters, plays solo acoustic. 4/22: Jemeel Moondoc and the Full Moon Ensemble. 4/26: High Plains Drifter and Generic Blondes, both with mugging blond *Saturday Night Live* guitarist G. E. Smith. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize, bi-level rock venue that's a bit of a crush near the stage but has an amiable bar, 119,

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

right around the corner for a pre-show *aperitif* to help prepare you for it. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night Soul Kitchen. Saturday nights, the trendily decadent party "Grey Gardens" fills the hall with gothic ambience, house music, and pale dancers. The next day: "Savoy Sundays," a weekly swingfest of dancing. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, three bars, and a screening room. 4/20: Locals the Humphries blend Piaf, punk, country, and cabaret, flexing their versatility even further by covering the Belgian new-wave curio "Ça Plane Pour Moi" with surf guitar and accordion. They appear with the Zimmermans. 4/21-23: The cerebral and funk-minded alto saxophonist Steve Coleman leads two of his futuristic, occasionally thrilling, sometimes overly intellectual groups Five Elements (4/21) and the Metrics (4/22). 4/23: A screening of violinist Yale Strom's documentary film *The Last Klezmer*—about the last living Klezmer musician, Leopold Kozlowski—followed by a performance of Strom's own group, Hot Pstromi. 4/25–4/27: The Irish solo guitarist and singer Luka Bloom. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells, there for Ladies Night. 4/25: The Voodudes. 4/26: Milo Z. 4/27: Eddie C. Campbell. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 4/21: The iconic alternative-rock presence Alex Chilton shares a stage with barely post-pubescent Aussie songwriter Ben Lee. 4/22: The Fleshtones, the Lyres. 4/25: The Austin-based genius of the steel and Fender guitars—and quite a charming basso profundo vocalist—Junior Brown. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the most happening venues for happening music, presenting country, folk, and rock artists groomed for the more au courant time slots on MTV. 4/18–4/20: Alex Chilton holds forth. 4/21: Lach, founder of the "anti-folk" movement, leaves his outpost at the Sidewalk Cafe to lead his Sextet Offensive. 4/24: Chisel-faced Texas songwriter Charlie Sexton—who's also played guitar with Ron Wood, David Bowie, and Don Henley—plys his Celtic-tinged mix of folk, blues, and grunge. Shows nightly. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Nightingale Bar—A dingy little East Village blueserie, frequented by collegiates. Tuesday nights this month, the house band is a fairly well-known group of tie-dyed funk-blues specialists, one of whom has a beard. *213 Second Ave., at 13th St.* (473-9398). *$.*

Tramps—Despite the ringing walls and mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 4/20: A stellar night of excellent indie-rock faves: Archers of Loaf, Clawhammer, and Ben Lee. 4/21: Lonnie Mack, Pop Chubby. 4/22: Local funk outfit Milo Z. 4/26: Webb Wilder, Bill Kirchen, Go to Blazes. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *N.B.:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 4/19: Big Mountain. 4/20: The Right Reverend Daddy Love, led by former Living Colour singer–present VH1 veejay Corey Glover. 4/21: Pound, Professor Spoon, the Gefkens. 4/22: Jah Levi, Venus for Breakfast. 4/23: Avail, Garden Variety, Bad Trip. 4/25: Deadbeats, Roses Cantina. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 4/18: Robert Landham Quartet, featuring Allison Crockett. 4/19: Jorge Sylvester Quintet. 4/20: Donny McCaslin. 4/21–4/22: Panamaniacs, featuring Santi DeBriano and Tommy Campbell. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—The thrilling, technically masterful pianist and Cuban citizen Gonzalo Rubalcaba leads a trio here through 4/23, joined by giant of the bass Ron Carter; native-Dominican pianist Michel Camilo also leads a trio. 4/25–4/30: Stars of jazz and Latin music come to pay tribute to the great flute legend Herbie Mann, who's celebrating his sixty-fifth birthday by jamming with a legion of admirers. On 4/25, it's straight-ahead jazzfolk Bobby Watson, Billy Tayor, Eddie Gomez, Terell Stafford, Ricky Sebastian, and others. On 4/26, it's Latin musicians Dave Valentin, Ray Baretto, Edward Simon, Paquito d'Rivera, Claudio Roditi, Patato Valdez, Larry Granadier, and more. 4/27–4/28 Brazilian musicians stop by, 4/29 is "Family of Mann Night," and 4/30 is "Reunion Soul Night." Stay tuned. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. 4/18–4/23: Pianist Lynn Arriale—who has shared stages with Hank Jones, Tommy Flanagan, Kenny Baron, and Harold Mabern—leads a group with singer Jeanne Bryson. 4/25–4/30: The legendary guitarist and bossa nova pioneer Charlie Byrd Trio. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

Five Spot—A palatial *Dick Tracy*–looking ballroom and regular host to smoothed-out jazz musicians. *4 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium—Philip Harper has played with Jimmy McGriff and Jimmy Scott, as well as Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. Right now, though, he's holding down the trumpet chair in one of the mightiest combos in the city: the Mingus Big Band. You might know him as co-leader, with brother Winard, of the Harper Brothers. Turns out, Winard's joining him here, for the first time in five years. They play 4/25–4/30. Sets Sat. nights at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 A.M. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—David Murray, one of the most volcanic saxophonists (and bass clarinetists) currently blowing, leads his Big Band here on 4/24, with the able conducting of Lawrence "Butch" Morris. 4/25–4/27: The fantastic alto saxophonist Lee Konitz leads his trio in a totally improvised set. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant res-taurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. Wednesdays, jazz D.J. Ben Duncan hosts a jam session, with free eats from 10 to 11. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. On Fridays, the Jazz at Noon series moves here from Sardi's, featuring open mike playing by lawyers, doctors, stock brokers, etc., joined, on 4/21, by singer Marlene Verplanck. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A feisty club that's come-as-you-are and stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's right around the corner from the Vanguard, so you can head over after the last set. Nightly jams start round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sounds of Brazil—The young San Francisco guitar phenom Charlie Hunter comps, plays bass, and solos all on the same, seven-string instrument. It's quite a sight, but even better, Hunter has the soul, grit, and swing to make you actually want to *listen* too. Yell for a Stevie Wonder cover when he plays here on 4/20; he does a smoking "I Wish." 4/26: Mike Mainieri's fusioneering Steps Ahead. Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. 4/16–4/23: Kenny Garrett. 4/25–4/30: Vincent Herring Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still,

Talent

Teen Beat

Witty, winsome, and wounded, indie rock's newest heartthrob has it all—even cheeks smoother than Beck's. Ben Lee was all of 14 when his band, Noise Addict, recorded "I Wish I Was Him," a song that winningly proclaimed envy of Lemonheads heartthrob Evan Dando ("He's got six different flannel shirts, Airwalks not thongs/ He even understands the words to Pavement songs") and landed the squinty Australian membership in the alternative-cult pantheon. Alt-rock stars/tastemakers Thurston Moore and Mike D both released Noise Addict records on their own independent labels, and the latter put out the now-16-year-old Lee's first solo venture, *Grandpaw Would.* On *Grandpaw,* producer Brad Wood (Liz Phair, Veruca Salt) preserves the homey, bedroom ambience of last year's Addict EP *Young & Jaded* (which actually *was* recorded in Lee's bedroom), while scenesters—from the Spinanes' Rebecca Gates to Phair herself—chime in with subtle vocal reinforcement to Lee's songs of love, loss, and the Pixies. With a recently broken voice and expanded vocabulary ("Be a bit more ductile," implores one song), Lee only occasionally veers toward cute-loser, Jonathan-Richman-down-under overkill. ("A real sorry sight, I'm also half her height. . . . She laughed at me. I died.") And Lee's songs show an imagination and tunesmanship that should serve him well past that awkward mascot phase. Yes, he's still not as dreamy as Evan, but at least now he can buy his own Airwalks.

Ben Lee plays April 20 at Tramps and April 21 at Maxwell's.

Chris Norris

the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 4/18–4/23: Atlanta jazz singer Judy Argo. 4/25–5/7: Frank Sinatra Jr. and a twenty-piece orchestra. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. This month, the major jazz labels are helping the Vanguard celebrate its sixtieth anniversary by booking the prides of their rosters. Geri Allen, one of the two or three best pianists of her generation, plays here 4/18–4/23. Detroit-born, she's worked with M-BASErs like Steve Coleman and Kevin Eubanks; middle-aged groundbreakers like Oliver Lake, Julius Hemphill, and Arthur Blythe; neo-straights like Wallace Roney; and just about everyone in between. With tenor monster James Carter recently sprung from the same hometown, it's time to ask what's in Detroit's water. 4/25–4/30: Harold Ashby Quartet performs a set dedicated to Duke Ellington. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and good, surprisingly *avant*-jazz guests. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quintet. *125 MacDougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno—who we're told was once funny—and many other greats who came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. Wednesday nights, it's "El Barrio U.S.A.," a look at the lighter side of Latino–Puerto Rican living, starring Angel Salazar and Elizabeth Testa. 4/18: "Out Loud and Laughing," a gay and lesbian comedy showcase with Bob Smith, Suzanne Westenhoeffer, Jaffe Cohen, Sara Cytron, and Frank Maya. 4/19: Lionel from WABC Talk Radio; Suzanne Westenhoeffer; Eddie Brill. 4/20–4/23: Kevin Meaney, with Uncle Dirty and Mitch Fatel. 4/25: Joy Behar and friends. 4/26–4/27: Mal Z. Lawrence. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through 4/23: Wanda Sykes-Hall, Ray Romano, Dave Attell, Darryll Hammond, William Stephenson. 4/24–4/30: Larry Amoros, Ray Romano, Kevin Brennan, Dave Attell. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

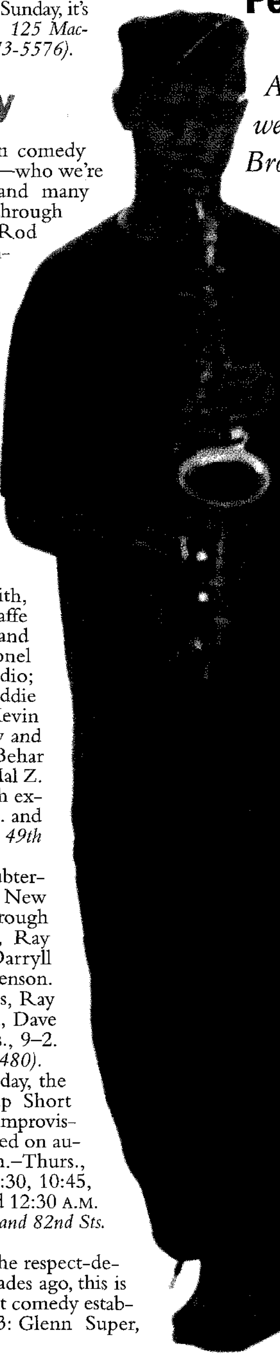
Comic Strip—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs., shows start at 9; Fri. at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 4/23: Glenn Super, a.k.a. "Mr. Bullhorn"; Sam Greenfield; Al Romero; Rich Ramirez; Mike Robles; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. 4/24–4/30: Sean Donnellan, Marvin Bell, Scott Bruce, Tom Whitely, Brian McFadden, Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Jane's Comedy Club—A new comedy spot that serves food and presents regulars from Comedy Central, *An Evening at the Improv,* and *Caroline's Comedy Hour.* 4/22: Jim Gafagin, Jeff Nicols, Mike Royce. *254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 4/21: Louise Black, Rich Ceisler, Linda Smith, Kevin Brennan. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*



Performance

Deep Funk

Avant-saxophonist Steve Coleman wears many caps: founder of Brooklyn's brainy M-BASE Collective, leader of jazz combos Metrics and Five Elements, and guest on a new CD by hot rappers the Roots. He's at the Knitting Factory April 21 and 22.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Julie Wilson emphasizes the sassy, high-spirited side of cabaret in her new show "Are You Having Any Fun?" Through 5/6. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—Eartha Kitt, taking over the place with that trademark throaty purr. Through 4/29. $45 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (838-8000).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—Various performers nightly. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Le Figaro—Various performers nightly. No cover, no minimum. *184 Bleecker St. (677-1100).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Liliane Montevecchi and David Staller are currently doing the romantic-French-boîte thing in their show "April in Paris." Through 4/29. $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quartet has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz and swing with various guest vocalists at 10:30. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Bars

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

Café at Grand Central—If the bartender hasn't seen you before, don't expect the familiar-face treatment. The real regulars at this way station start every day here with a cup of coffee and then end it with a few for the track. The view is spectacular, and tossing a few back below the terminal's arching heavens is as close as anyone gets to human flight. *Grand Central Station, E. 44th Street at Vanderbilt Ave. (883-0441).*

Decibel—Descend the iron stairs and ring the bell to enter this speakeasy sake bar. There are dozens of varieties on the menu. The well-pierced wait staff seems knowledgeable enough, and the clientele is a pleasant mix of gawking interlopers, curious novices, downtown hipsters, and Japanese night-crawlers. *240 E. 9th St. (979-2733).*

Flashdancers—A booze-scorched bathroom attendant named Steve at this, the best daytime midtown strip club, is taking an informal poll of patrons at lunchtime. He wants to know how Dinah Duos's (98-22-32) act has affected the guests. Staring into the middle distance of the tile wall six inches from his nose, one client admits that the peroxided dwarf with basketballs for breasts makes him nervous. "Yeah," agrees Steve, handing out paper towels. "I don't know why they shell out, like, $2,500 bucks a week for those headliners. I don't know about you, but all that plastic doesn't do anything for me. In the last six months I've only seen one headlining act that was any good. And that was the Scandalous Twins. This was an act. They worked this bondage thing in, and when they asked for volunteers, the crowd would go crazy, jumping up: 'Ooh, pick me! Pick me!' " *1674 Bway., nr. 53rd Sts. (978-0000).*

Holiday Cocktail Lounge—There is a spellbinding young woman who is married now and has a beautiful towheaded son and who, in what she called her wild years—though she was recently stopped by the police for driving her motorcycle, topless, down Avenue A—would hunt men in this basement barroom. She would sit at the end of the dimly lit, semicircular bar and write in her journal, indifferent to the gaggle of suitors who gathered around her. Once bored of the young men's feigned nonchalance, overenthusiastic laughter, and lame efforts to read over her shoulder, she would look up and—her mind long since made up—take one for the night. *75 Saint Mark's Place (777-9637).*

The Liquor Store—The low-key haunt you've been hoping for in TriBeCa. Not only do you not have to raise your voice above a mutter to be heard in this former liquor store; you'd feel like a jerk if you did. Fashionable draft beer, a free bowl of pretzels from the bar, and a great view of the mounted unit from the First Precinct as it rounds the corner from Ericsson Place at the start of its evening tour. *235 W. Broadway (no phone).*

The Watermellon—Leave the guns at home. The two handsome monsters at the door conduct a weapons check that verges on a cavity search. Great dance-hall music and more-traditional reggae from a D.J. turn a get-drunk for old-timers into a late-night, always-room-for-one-more dance party. 1 OUT OF 79 WOMEN IN NEW YORK CITY HAS AIDS reads the big yellow sign plastered across the condom machine in the men's room next to a handwritten reminder: "Don't forget to wash your hands." *1302 E. Gunhill Rd., in the Bronx (no phone).*

art

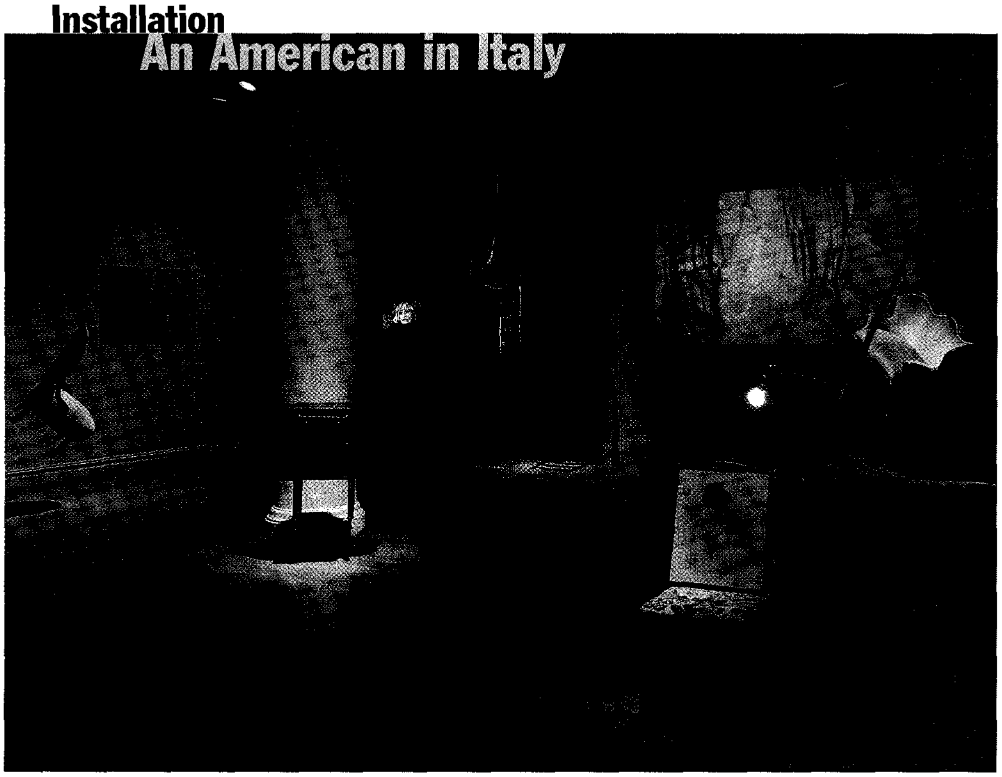
Ubu...Tina Barney...Mary Lucier

Openings

Not just a painter, but a musician and writer as well, **Alberto Savinio** (1891–1952) played a pivotal role in the development of metaphysical art in the years before World War I; he was also the brother of Giorgio de Chirico. This exhibit of Savino's work includes period documents, books, film footage, and nineteen paintings executed between 1926 and 1948 (opens April 20 at Paolo Baldacci Gallery, 41 East 57th Street).

Installation

An American in Italy



Video artist Mary Lucier's latest, most personal installation, 'Last Rites (Positano),' is a romantic multimedia re-creation of a chapter in her mother's life. At Lennon, Weinberg.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Marcel Broodthaers—Works on paper by the influential conceptual Belgian artist who died in 1976; through 5/6. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Jessica Gandolf/Sally Webster—Oil portraits of baseball players and other athletes based on early photographic portraits./Paintings, drawings, and photographs. Through 5/26. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Peter Paul Rubens—Paintings and oil sketches on religious and mythological themes and portraits by the Flemish master (1577–1640); through 5/19. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (744-2313).

Esteban Vicente—Abstract paintings and drawings from the past two years by this 92-year-old New York School artist; 4/22–5/13. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (744-2300).

57th Street Area

Nell Blaine—Recent landscapes and still lifes painted in her characteristically Fauve-bright palette, through 5/6, at Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345), and a selection of her works from the past 40 years from the collection of Arthur W. Cohen, through 5/6, at De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (421-3780).

Willem de Kooning—A selection of rarely seen prints by the Abstract Expressionist, including the pair of lithographs he executed with a mop at the University of California at Berkeley in 1960; through 5/6. Sheehan, 41 E. 57th St. (888-4220).

Burgoyne Diller/Charles Seliger—Paintings, drawings, and constructions from 1935 through 1963 by this abstract artist who is considered a forefather of the sixties Minimalist movement; through 6/3. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Lawrence Gipe—The artist's latest paintings of industrial landscapes and bucolic rural scenes are based on "approved images," or photographs that passed the ideological restrictions of Nazi censorship and later appeared in the publication *Das Deutsche Lichtbild,* the German annual of fine art photography, during the years 1934 to 1939; 4/19–5/27. Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Duane Hanson—Seven new hyper-realist sculptures of figures, including the "Flea Market Lady," the "Policeman," the "Florida Couple," and the "Photographer"; through 5/10. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (57th St.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Laurie Hogin/Timothy Hawkesworth—Paintings of animals dressed in human clothing that draw on eighteenth- and nineteenth-century traditions./Large-scale graphite drawings of figures that are built up of reiterated lines and erasures. Through 5/8. Littlejohn/Sternau, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

John Heliker—Paintings and works on paper from the past five decades, from his late forties architectonic Italian subjects, to his nearly abstract scenes of Maine from the sixties, to his more recent lyrical landscapes; through 5/6. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Ida Kohlmeyer—Recent abstract paintings and painted aluminum sculptures; through 5/13. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Howard Kottler—A survey of ceramic works by this artist (1930–1989) who was known for his early use of decals and appropriation from art history; through 5/6. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

Joyce Kozloff—Three of the twelve mosaic tile panels from the artist's latest public commission, "Around the World on the 44th Parallel," which depict maps of cities; through 5/13. Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave. (758-1900).

Seymour Lipton—Sculpture, maquettes, and drawings from the fifties and sixties; through 5/13. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

Joan Nelson/Adam Fuss—Romantic landscape paintings that emphasize the natural decorative motifs in trees and plants/Recent color photograms of broken fragments of stained-glass church windows. Through 4/29. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Bruce Robbins—Abstract oil-and-encaustic paintings that are distillations of universal themes from Western culture; through 5/13. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Francisco Toledo—A retrospective of prints by this Mexican artist who lives in Oaxaca and is known for his images of polymorphous creatures and personages; through 6/2. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Timothy Woodman—New polychrome reliefs in hand-cut aluminum that depict themes from literature, mythology, history, and everyday life; 4/19–5/27. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ilan Averbuch—New monumental sculptures in wood, stone, lead, and copper, among them a 24-foot-long olive branch lying on its side; a ten-and-a-half-foot-high tower from which five marble heads protrude, and seven-foot-high shoes; through 5/30. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Matthew Barney—The artist's latest video, *Cremaster,* is set on the Isle of Man. As usual, the artist is the central figure, this time implicated in a tripartite narrative in which a conflict between desire and restraint leads him on a mythic journey; through 5/6. Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (431-3334).

Photograph by David Allison.

Peter Boynton—Helium-and-foam-filled sculptures that refer to modernist deign and chemically infused consumables; through 5/20. Meriens, 76 Greene St. (334-9099).

Roger Brown/Ted Degener—Recent narrative paintings by the Chicago Imagist./Photographs of roadside attractions, eccentric architecture, festivals and other America idiosyncrasies taken during his travels in the United States. Through 5/6. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Laurie Campbell—Abstract paintings that represent the artist's exploration of order and chaos; through 5/13. Engelhorn, 470 Broome St. (966-6882).

Paul Chaleff—Wood-fired ceramic vessels whose surfaces incorporate various metals in organic networks of webs; through 5/6. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Colin Cochran/Judith Page—Paintings of images from nature painted on tin, leather, and wood/Floor and wall sculptures constructed from salvaged materials. Through 5/13. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Patricia Cronin/Lee Gordon—Watercolors that depict erotic closeups of two women making love./Watercolor self-portraits in which the artist places his own head on a child's body. Through 5/27. Anderson, 476 Broome St. (431-8547).

Fritz Drury—Recent figurative paintings; through 4/29. Black + Greenberg, 79 Grand St. (431-1670).

Jane Fine—Paintings whose candy colors, drips, and quirky forms suggest a process of decay and regeneration; through 5/11. Kaplan, 580 Broadway (226-6131).

Flechemuller—Recent paintings; through 4/29. Nosei, 100 Prince St. (431-9253).

Betty Goodwin—Sculpture and paintings by a Canadian artist; through 5/13. Fawbush, 76 Grand St. (274-0572).

Sean Landers—New paintings, sculpture, and videos; through 5/20. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Sol LeWitt—Seven large-scale cinder block sculptures that suggest architectural foundations; through 5/20. Ace, 275 Hudson St. (255-5599).

Mary Lucier—A video installation titled "Last Rites (Positano)," based on interviews with the artist's mother and those who knew her; through 4/22. Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (941-0012).

Rona Pondick—New drawings and sculpture that explore the artist's preoccupations with physical degeneration and the legacy of Minimalism; through 5/20. Freire, 130 Prince St. (941-8611).

Elliott Puckette—Employing the same technique used in earlier works, the artist removes paint from a gessoed surface in one continuous gestural line, creating works that are at once formal and spontaneously expressive; through 5/13. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Claude Simard—An installation of objects from the artist's past; through 5/13. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Gary Simmons—In his latest installation, "Sound Garden," a recreation of a section of the Celtic's Boston Garden with speakers suspended above that emit verbal dance and/or basketball drill instructions, the artist continues to employ cliched images for black male success; through 5/13. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

David Simons—Paintings on paper in which the artist has inscribed the entire text of Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot* into layers of orange and white oil paint; through 5/6. Maynes, 225 Lafayette St. (431-3952).

Carol Szymanski—Sound sculptures; through 5/20. Wimmer, 560 Broadway (274-0274).

William Willis—Paintings of objects simplified to the point of abstraction; through 4/29. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Other

Charles Hipsher/Wesley Kimler—Gestural abstract paintings by both; through 5/7. Lannon, 530 W. 22nd St. (255-7115).

Komar and Melamid—Paintings and working sketches based on an old photograph of the Yalta Conference, which the artists are hoping to recreate as a mural on the outside of the United Nations Building; through 5/9. Storefront for Art & Architecture, 97 Kenmare St. (431-5795).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). "Chinese Porcelains of the Seventeenth Century: Landscapes, Scholars' Motifs, and Narratives"; 4/22–8/5.

Davis & Langdale—231 E. 60th St. (838-0333). Early English watercolors by Cristall, DeWint, Linnell, Varley; modern and contemporary British works by Bomberg, Freud, Grant, Gore, Sickert, Spencer, others; through 4/29.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). An exhibition of works on the subject of entertainment—vaudeville, dance, theater, opera, burlesque, and the circus—by nineteenth- and early twentieth-century American and European artists, among them Calder, Cassatt, Degas, Demuth, Henri, Hopper, Picasso, Shinn; 4/20–6/2.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). A retrospective view of the groundbreaking Surrealist exhibition *Exposition Internationale du Surréalisme*, with works by Breton, Duchamp, Cornell, Ernst, Magritte, Oppenheim, Seligmann, Tanguy, others; through 5/13.

57th Street Area

Borgenicht—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Contemporary and modern sculpture by Ambrose, Balla, Bourgeois, Chirino, Curry, Kadish, Miro, Rosen, others; through 5/3.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). An exhibition that originated at Wellesley College, "Modern Hieroglyphs: Gestural Drawing and the European Vanguard," includes drawings by Kirchner, Klimt, Léger, Pechstein, Rodin, Schiele, others; through 5/6.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "On the Brink 1900–2000: The Turning of Two Centuries," with works by Azaceta, Beckmann, Corith, Ensor, Finster, Fischl, Mann, Panter, Schiele, Sherman, others; through 5/26.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). "Five from the 50s," with Abstract Expressionist works by Bodin, Carton, Garcia, Rosenborg, Von Wicht; through 5/6.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Arstark—568 Broadway (431-7334). Works in various media that explore an obsession with self; by Barney, Belcher, Close, Harris, Hashey, Mann, Mellyn, Wray, others; through 5/6.

Auchincloss—558 Broadway (966-7753). "Mediated Images," with works by Barr, Campus, Nauman, Rovner; through 5/6.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166). "Drawings from the Albertina: Landscape in the Age of Rembrandt"; 4/21–6/3.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). "Action and Edge: 1950s–60s," with abstract paintings by J. Ernst, Ferren, Greene, Held, Mitchell, Pace, Resnick, Vicente; through 5/3.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2035). Works by 30 artists who have used chocolate as their medium, including Antoni, Beuys, Chadwick, Roth, Wilke, others; through 5/20.

Vega—107 Mercer St. (274-8102). "Noumena," with works that explore the nature of light, nature, and metaphysics, by Blum, Jones, Kheel, Kwiatkowski, Moses; through 5/2.

Zarre—48 Greene St. (966-2222). Paintings and works on paper by artists who are also critics, among them, Brach, Grimes, Masheck, Plagens, Raynor, Sandler, Storr, Welish, Westfall; through 5/6.

Retrospective

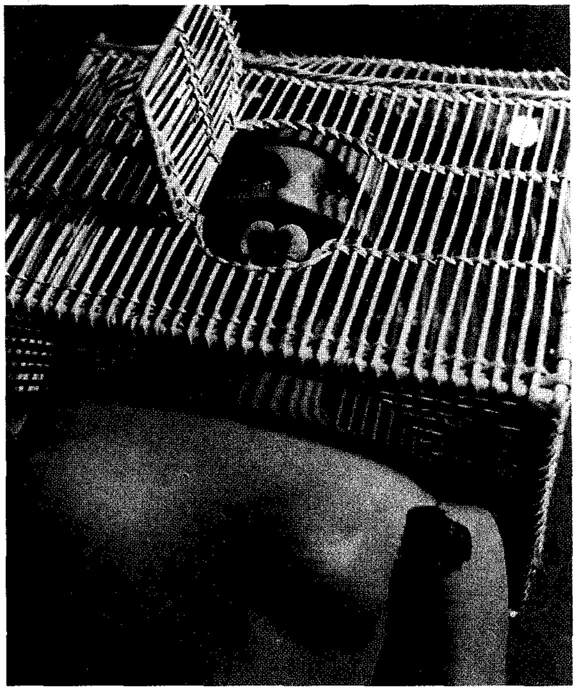
Surrealists' Apogee

Since it opened last September, Ubu, a smallish Upper East Side gallery that is owned and run by *the dealers Rosa Esman, Jack Banning, and Adam Boxer, has made a splash not only with* its cleverly curated surveys but with one-of-a-kind invitations that themselves achieve artwork status (they're designed by Eileen Boxer, Adam Boxer's wife). The gallery's second show, of artists' boxworks, was announced by a tiny, put-it-together-yourself cardboard box; its fourth, of signed posters and multiples by Joseph Beuys, was heralded by a postcard made of thick gray felt.

***Ubu's fifth and most ambitious exhibition* (through May 13) pays homage to the defining moment of Surrealism, the Exposition Internationale du Surréalisme, held in 1938 at the Galerie Beaux-Arts in Paris. The exposition, *whose opening was one of Paris's great social* events, is recalled with original photographs (by Josef Breitenbach, Gaston Paris, Man Ray, and Raoul Ubac) of the seventeen decorated mannequins that lined the passageway into the main exhibition space, and of the main space itself, whose bizarre environment was masterminded by Marcel Duchamp. And there are representative works by most of the artists who participated in the exposition, as well as its invitation and catalogue.**

Ubu's provocative invitation is once again up to the creative challenge: It's a punch-out, stand-up paper-doll version of André Masson's disturbing mannequin—the one that caused the biggest stir, of course.

Edith Newhall



Photograph courtesy of Ubu Gallery.

deam—530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366). A survey of works by artists who have exhibited at this gallery over the past twelve years, among them Bacher, Faust, Heilmann, Pierson, Taaffe, Trockel; through 5/7.

National Arts Club—15 Gramercy Park South (475-3424), Mon.–Fri. 12–6, Sat. and Sun. 12–5. Symbolic paintings of trees in landscapes by Andre Goy, through 4/30; "Irish Art 1770–1995: History and Society; through 4/28.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212), Wed.–Sun. 12–6. The works by the six Brazilian sculptors in "The Education of the Five Senses" invite viewers to explore their own bodies' sensual responses; 4/21–5/21.

Photography

Tina Barney—New color photographs on the subject of couples; 4/20–5/31. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Sally Gall—Black-and-white landscape photographs taken over the past seventeen years that appear in her new monograph, *Water's Edge* (Chronicle Books); 4/19–5/20. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Dorothea Lange: American Photographs"; "The East Side Story: L.A. Gangs, Photographs by Joseph Rodriguez"; through 4/30.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Workers, An Archeology of the Industrial Age—Photographs by Sebastião Salgado"; through 5/26.

Jerome Liebling—An exhibit of photographs of New York City coinciding with the publication of his new book, *The People, Yes* (Aperture, 1995); through 5/20. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Inge Morath—A retrospective of photographs from the past 40 years by this Austrian-born Magnum photographer who began her career as an assistant to Henri Cartier-Bresson; through 5/20. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Robert Riger—Black-and-white sports photographs from the fifties and sixties; through 5/20. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Sebastiao Salgado—Photographs from his "Workers" series that narrate the stories of workers in 28 different industries; through 5/27. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-0839).

Ted Victoria—The artist has constructed a freestanding house in the gallery; each of its three rooms contains an installation piece composed of photographic projections of furniture, objects, and windows with views beyond; through 5/1. Baum, 588 Broadway (219-9877).

Brett Weston—Black-and-white portraits of his father, Edward Weston, as well as prints from the portfolios *Alaska* and *Oregon;* through 5/13. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Inside/Outside: Ceramic Works and Drawings by William Daley." Through 6/25. . . . "Jewelry From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. . . . "Fiber: Five Decades From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Images of Power: Balinese Paintings." Through 5/3. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society— "Monkey." Works that depict monkeys, ranging from Indian temple sculptures to Japanese netsuke. Through 9/10. . . . "New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics From the Meiyintang Collection." Through 6/18. 725 Park Ave. (517-ASIA); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Division of Labor: Women's Work in Contemporary Art." Through 6/11. . . . "The Path to Memory: An Installation by Gladys Triana." Through 6/11. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2.

Brooklyn Museum— "The Pictographs of Adolph Gottlieb." The first in-depth examination of the artist's pictographs, a series of paintings dating from 1941 to 1951; 4/21–8/27. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992." Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Kitsch to Corbusier: Wallpaper From the 1950s." Through 8/27. . . . "Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum." Through 9/3. . . . "Elaine Lustig Cohen: A Modern Graphic Designer." Through 5/23. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol, The Last Supper Paintings." Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, Worlds Envisioned." Through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"Romantics, Neoclassicists, Realists: European Drawings From the Stanford University Museum of Art." Through 5/14. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Ross Bleckner." Through 5/14. . . . "Felix Gonzalez-Torres." Through 5/10. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Antoni Tàpies." The first large-scale exhibition of the Spanish artist's paintings to appear in the United States since 1977, with works dating from 1946 through 1991. Through 4/23. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Women Photographers of the Weimar Republic"; 4/23–7/30. . . . "Tricksters, Tailors, and Fools: Yiddish Tales Through Artists' Eyes"; 4/23–7/30. . . . "Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator." A retrospective tracing his artistic career from his early works made on the Caribbean island of St. Thomas through the last years of his life. Through 7/16. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Nadar." The first comprehensive exhibit of the work of the French photographer Felix Tournachon, known as Nadar. 4/14–7/9. . . . "An Ancient Egyptian Bestiary: Animals in Egyptian Art." 4/12–10/15. . . . "R. B. Kitaj: A Retrospective." Through 5/14. . . . "I Tell My Heart: The Art of Horace Pippin." An exhibition of paintings by the black folk artist (1886–1946) that was organized by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Through 4/30. . . . "Paul Cadmus: The Seven Deadly Sins and Selections from the Collection." Through 7/4. . . . "Masterplan for the Greek and Roman Galleries." Through 8/6. . . . "The Architecture of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1870–1995." Through 9/3. . . . "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Garden." Through 8/20. . . . "Princely Patrons: Three Royal Persian Manuscripts." Through 6/4. . . . "American Still Life: 1915–1950." Works from the museum's own collections of American art. Through 4/30. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Animals as Symbol in Medieval Illuminated Manuscripts." Through 8/27. . . . "In Praise of Aldus Manutius: A Quincentenary Exhibition." Through 5/7. . . . "The Painted Page: Italian Renaissance Book Illumination, 1450–1550." Through 5/7. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." Through 12/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6. $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

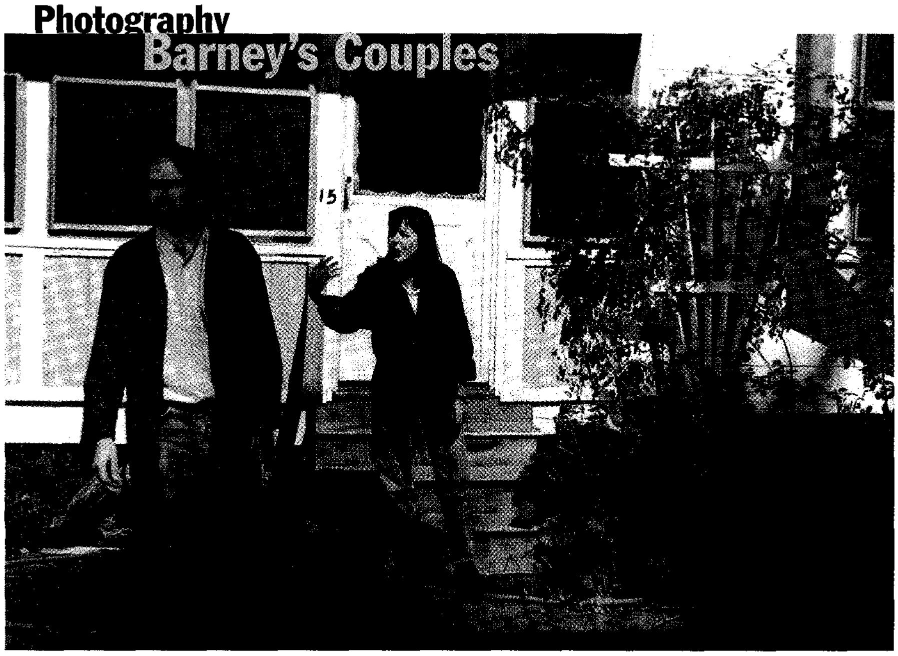
Museum of American Folk Art—"Victorian Vernacular: The American Show Quilt." Through 9/10. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tue.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Reaffirming Spirituality." Works by 34 Latino artists paired with works they selected from the museum's permanent collection. Through 8/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Museum of Modern Art—"Bruce Nauman." Through 5/23. . . . "Kandinsky: Compositions." The Russian

Photography

Barney's Couples



Like A. R. Gurney's plays, Tina Barney's deadpan photographs of Wasps capture them in the familiarity of their own homes, doing the kinds of things that non-Wasps think Wasps do with their leisure time—barbecuing, for instance, or gardening. Her latest pictures of couples are darker, like freeze-frame sixties Updike novels. At Janet Borden, Inc.

Photograph courtesy of Janet Borden Gallery.

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artist's monumental "Composition" paintings and related works on paper executed between 1910 and 1939. Through 4/25. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints." Through 5/9. . . . "American Sculptors on Paper: A Selection From the 1960s." Through 6/13. . . . "Semblances." Prints depicting portraits and various other representations of human subjects, by Tony Bevan, Chuck Close, Martin Kippenberger, and others. Through 5/9. . . . "Typography and the Poster." Through 6/4. . . . "Projects: Tom Friedman." Through 5/18. . . . "Helen Chadwick: *Bad Blooms.*" Through 7/11. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York— "New York Saved: Thirty Years of Landmarks Preservation"; 4/19–7/30. . . . "All the Frills Upon It: New York Bonnets on Parade." Through 5/14. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, *$3 students and seniors.*

National Academy of Design— "Masterpieces of Nineteenth-Century Italian Painting from the Gaetano Marzotto Collection"; 4/20–6/11. . . . "Nature Observed, Nature Interpreted: 19th-Century American Landscape Drawings and Watercolors from The National Academy of Design and Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution." Through 6/13. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (free on Fri. from 5 to 8); $3.50, $2 students, seniors, and children.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Human/Nature." Works by more than 150 emerging and established artists, among them Nayland Blake, Louise Bourgeois, Nan Goldin, and Suzanne McClelland; 4/20–5/18. 583 Broadway (219-1222).

New York Public Library—"e e cummings @100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 5/20. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Isamu Noguchi Museum—An exhibit of rarely seen works by the sculptor celebrates the tenth anniversary of the museum, joining the sculptures, models for public projects and gardens, elements of dance sets designed for Martha Graham, and Akari lanterns on display in this converted factory building that was Noguchi's studio. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-204-7088); Wed., Sat., Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Mothers, Fathers, and Legendary Ancestors: Selections of Classical African Sculpture." Through 10/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed., Thur., Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5; $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum—"1995 Biennial Exhibition." Through 6/25. 945. Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed. and Fri.–Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum at Philip Morris—120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 4/22 at 10 and 2: "Important English Furniture and Objects of Art." On view from 4/15. 4/25 at 10 and 2: "Manuscripts and Printed Books: The Collection of Philip M. Neufield." On view from 4/20.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 4/25 at 1: "Pop Memorabilia & Guitars." On view from 4/21.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 4/19 at 2: "Arcade Silver." On view from 4/13. 4/20 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture & Decorations." On view from 4/17. 4/21 at 2: "English Furniture." On view from 4/15. 4/22 at 9:30 and 2: "Wine." On view from 4/15. 4/15 at 10:15: "Mecom Collection." On view from 4/15. 4/22 at 2: "English Furniture." On view from 4/15. 4/24 at 10:15: "Arcade Old Masters." On view from 4/15.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 4/20 at 10:30: "Rare Books." On view from 4/15.

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Amici Miei—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. *475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an inspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. *152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.*

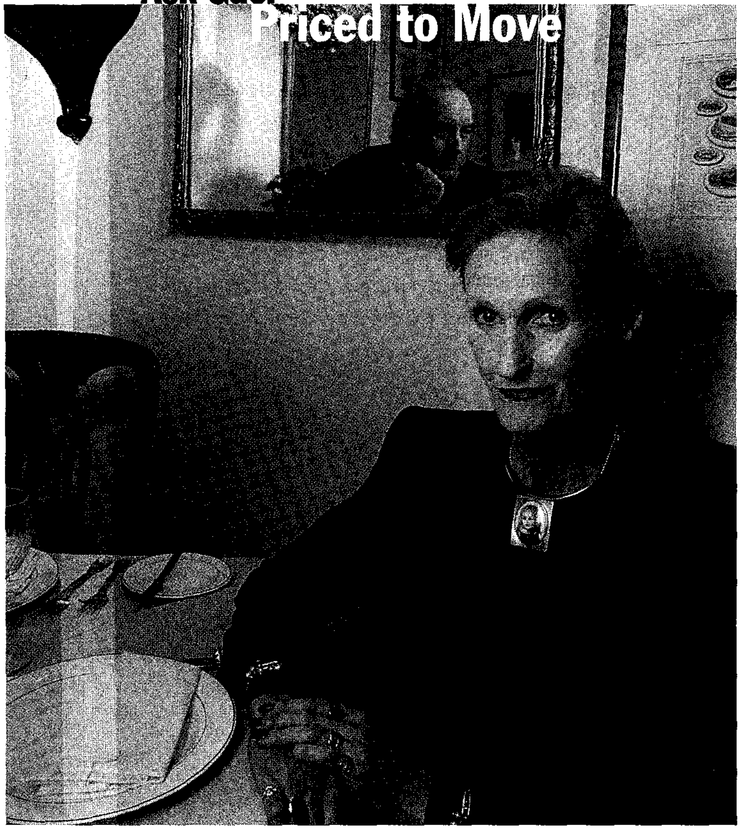
Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Ask Gael



Send me somewhere special for Sunday dinner.

You can't blame Frank Valenza for delusions of grandeur. It's not been easy for the man who created the Palace—a triumph of the mid-seventies—to traffic in the mundane. His jewel box of throwaway truffle-and-caviar luxe, Restaurant Two Two Two, has its loyal fans. Now, at the bidding of wife and new owner Marlies Jung, he's lowered the prices a bit. Best of all, the creamy polenta cake with Gorgonzola and mushrooms, the Atlantic salmon with wild-mushroom ravioli, and the rich-as-Croesus penne in porcini cream are among the choices on a new $24.50 Sunday-dinner menu, served from 4 to 10. 222 West 79th Street.

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became this summer, chef/owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Donald Sacks—A corporate dining room for those brave enough to leave the confines of their own glass walls. Straight-up American bistro fare for a strictly business crowd and peckish Century 21 shoppers. *220 Vesey St. (619-4600). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the gilded age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

5 & 10 No Exaggeration—Come in for some southern cooking and leave with some antique bric-a-brac—or an armoire. This wonderfully cluttered restaurant doubles as a collectibles shop. *77 Greene St. (925-7414).* (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to re-invent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center. (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E). AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pescadou—This inovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. Catch the jazz brunch in this cozy dining room every Sunday. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE only.*

Le Streghe—At the end of SoHo's restaurant row, this Italian spot caters to all comers: old, young, hip, not. *331 W. Broadway at Grand St. (343-2080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types,

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. *203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven pinot noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866) (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Two Eleven—Casual contemporary American fare with an occasional celebrity appearance. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (925-7202) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the Peking, Ambrose, and Waverly moored at the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

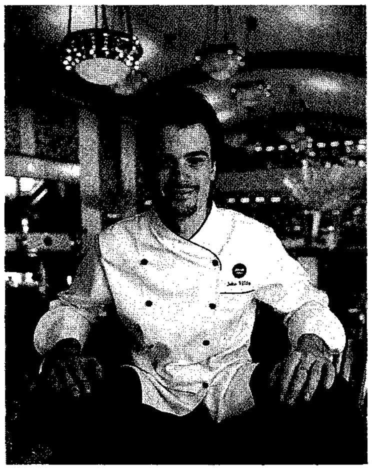
North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Talent

Hey, Who's the Kid?

When sous-chef John Villa, 24, followed chef Edward Brown last spring from the kitchen of Tropica to midtown newcomer JUdson Grill, he had no idea that by summer, he'd be running the place. Irreconcilable differences with management sent Brown packing and left restaurateur Jerry Kretchmer with a slot to fill at the top of his kitchen. Villa's promotion was initially a stopgap measure. "It was late in the summer, so I figured I'd give the kid a chance," Kretchmer says.



Villa was given four days—*four days*—to nudge the menu in a direction that Kretchmer could live with and cut the payroll by a third. What followed was a night of long knives that eliminated four expensive line chefs and the pastry chef. "Some of these guys were older than me; they were never going to do what I told them," says Villa now, with the detachment of a battle-hardened veteran. He stares into the open kitchen as his new staff—a largely unpedigreed yet enthusiastic crew—preps for lunch. "You elevate a dishwasher," he says, in a steely we-had-to-destroy-a-village-to-save-it tone. "You tell him what to do. He's going to do it because it's all he knows. Some of the guys who were here, they knew how to cut corners, and they did."

Now Villa has a menu he can call his own. Brown's sushi—always a not-quite-right element—is off the menu, replaced by a Thai spring roll. And the Indonesian-inspired venison carpaccio has Villa's signature on it, too. The new chef doesn't think he's bitten off more than he can chew. "On the way home, I pass this small place, just the size I thought I'd open one day," says the young chef, who works eleven meal shifts a week. "But nobody's eating in [the restaurant] when I walk by. I feed nearly 200 at lunch. This is the scale I'll always be doing." MANNY HOWARD

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. *54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M). ($)*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. May be old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. *387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)*

L'Udo—On a broad and blossoming stretch of Lafayette Street, this cool, countrified French and Italian restaurant is right across the street from the Public Theater. The staff is very sensitive to the needs of pretheater diners. Frescoes enliven the rough-hewn walls. *432 Lafayette St. (388-0978). (M) AE, TM.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room with booths full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that *was* Peter Vallone. *2107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street,

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. *117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Filli Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jane Street Seafood Cafe—Can you imagine a first-rate seafood grill in the middle of Ohio? That's the feel of this Greenwich Village favorite. Some of the best prepared but least imaginatively presented fish in town—try the pompano whenever it's available. *31 Eighth Ave., at Jane St. (242-0003). (M) ($)*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steak house with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mary Lou's—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the Daily News, hostess/chef/owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second-coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 p.m., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. *21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (I) (475-9891/260-4950). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. *319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that? . . . Despite the frenzy of having become media central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Crystal Fountain—Just as the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room with water that seems to move magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business and tourist crowd. *Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with—surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854) (M) AE, DC, V.*

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. *134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. *14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving American fare in a relaxed atmosphere. *55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro/New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theater for its reliable and very current American offerings. *169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at 6, and sails from 7 until 10. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Barclay Restaurant & Terrace—Another two-in-one treat. These two dining spots cater to the different moods of diners. The Barclay Restaurant is elegantly decorated like a traditional gentlemen's club with wood-paneled walls. The Terrace is a bit more lively and overlooks the lobby so you can view all the goings-on in the hotel. Both serve Continental fare. *111 E. 48th St., in the Hotel Inter-Continental (421-0836). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. *100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups, and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. *485 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St. (366-4020) (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term power lunch got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. Its packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. For 30-odd years, André Soltner has run this consistently fine kitchen. Nobody does it better. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to North-

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ern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roma di Notte—Italian fare attracts a more mature crowd at this midtown spot that's been around for more than a quarter of a century. *137 E. 55th St. (832-1128). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chef in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Shinbashi-An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steak house jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours, free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steak house serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your ninas while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steak house, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Darbar—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. *44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted cieling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that is Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

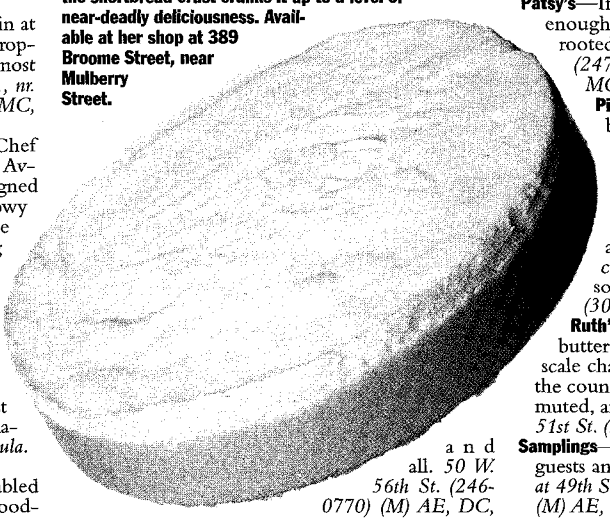
Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurley's—An original 1892 saloon now serving American seafood classics. This midtowner was once frequented by radio and television stars from yesteryear like Steve Allen and Johnny Carson. When Mayor John Lindsay and Henry Kissinger had a party here, they had such a good time they were asked to leave. *1240 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (765-8981). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Keewah Yen—An unlikely hybrid of upscale Chinese fare and high audio technology—karaoke system and all. *50 W. 56th St. (246-0770) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Takeout **Sue Houghtaling's lemon-mousse pie might look like just another easy-to-pass-up dessert, but the shortbread crust cranks it up to a level of near-deadly deliciousness. Available at her shop at 389 Broome Street, near Mulberry Street.**



Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American pattern. Lots of steaks and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. *307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A bustling spot in the theatre district with two private party rooms to get away from it all in. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V*

Marriott Marquis—American contemporary cuisine with a Broadway flair. Each dish is named after a Broadway play, so come feast on Miss Saigon or Cats. *1535 Broadway, at 45th St. (704-8900). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Olive Garden—A chain serving basic Italian fare but this one has been swanked up for the ever-so-sophisticated New York natives. The theater-district address attracts stouthearted natives and a tourist crowd. *201 W. 47th St., (246-4517). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasta Lovers—Now, who doesn't? With a name that's really a rhetorical question, this spot serves basic Italian fare that draws tourists down from their hotel rooms to dine. And there are crayons on the tables for when the dinner conversation falls short of compelling. *158 W. 58th St. (582-1355). (M). AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neopolitan eatery rooted in the glorious 1950s. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle— This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. *1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel. (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st St. (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer.

LAM PHUONG 1

Object of Desire

A Multimedia Lunch Counter

The lunch counter at Sau Voi Corp. (101–105 Lafayette Street) is a surreal outpost among the puzzling and tightly packed inventory of Vietnamese-language videos and CDs, underwear, and cosmetics. In addition to sweet rolls and rice dumplings, the counter serves spicy Vietnamese sandwiches like this barbecued-meatball job with shredded carrots and cilantro.

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717)(M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include barbecue and Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. Maple-pine accents. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (799-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dawat—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. *112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fontana di Trevi—Hearty Italian that's been around for 44 years. Attracts business personalities at lunch, theatergoers at dinner. *151 W. 57th St. (247-5683). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded bird song, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. *The Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at Central Park So. (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Townhouse American—Continental cuisine in a classic English setting. Caters to a gay and lesbian crowd. *206 E. 58th St. (826-6241) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Veau d'Or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mitsukoshi—The elegant midtown tatami room and sushi bar on the mezzanine of the Manhattan satellite of Japan's oldest department store is the genuine article. A port in the storm for homesick Japanese businessmen and a topflight curio for European tourists. *461 Park Ave., at 57th St. (935-6444). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Plaza Hotel—As one might expect from the Plaza, the Edwardian Room can best be described as classic, serving Continental fare to tourists and natives alike. Just don't expect to see Eloise horsing around: She checked out long ago. *Fifth Ave. and 59th St. (759-3000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. *140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres and spitting distance from Bloomingdales. Adobed-like setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440) (M) AE, MC, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($)*

The Boat House Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find the kind of Italian food made only in America, some of it pretty good. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Equense—If it's not on the menu, just ask . . . they'll make it. This cozy spot in the heart of Carnegie Hill likes to take care of its customers. Lite Italian fare served to the ladies who lunch and the families who sup. *1291 Madison Ave., at 92nd St. (860-2300). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Grazie—A small Italian cafe that attracts both worn-out museumgoers from the nearby Metropolitan and neighborhood regulars. *26 E. 84th St. (717-4407). (M) AE only.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people watcher's paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary American cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. The Kathleen Landis Trio hosts after dinner dancing starting after nine on the weekends. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; in this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. *50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for forty years. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewellike dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls and all that. *680 Madison Ave., at 61st st. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerked chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin, too. Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very single bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Primola—Solid Italian fare for a more mature crowd who are practically all in jacket and tie, just off work or back from the weekend. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *1226 Second Ave., at 63rd St. (758-1775). (M). AE, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M)* *AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. *154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Hi Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the upper west side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also Hunan Park Two at 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th Street (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($)*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink faux-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. *72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Scaletta—A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks serves hearty Italian fare. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. *50 W. 77th St. (769-9191). (M) AE, MC, V.*

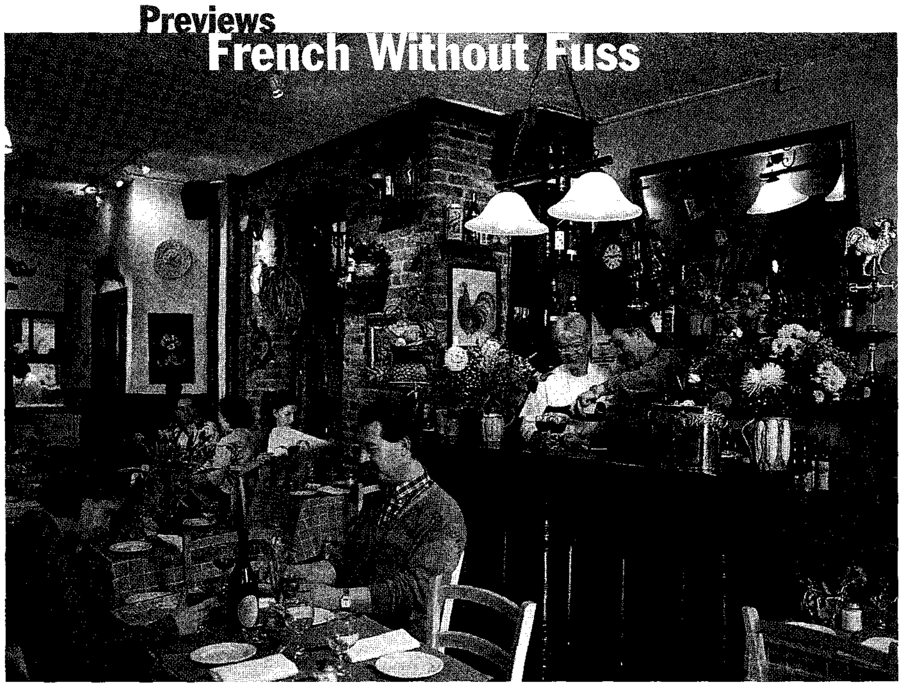
Upstairs at Jack Sprat's—A second-story spot with an atmosphere that lies somewhere between a speak easy and an airport lounge. Healthy American fare with a creative twist—but never fear, they have burgers too. *169 Columbus Ave., at 68th St. (496-9494). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nicified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Previews

French Without Fuss



Alain Castel stepped away from the front of the house at Pigalle to open his own low-key Country Café (69 Thompson Street) last month with chef Joelle Mollinger. Dishes like the couscous royal (perfected with fresh-off-the-Airbus Moroccan cumin) and a piping-hot flourless chocolate cake make the unassuming café a welcome refuge in a neighborhood without much shelter from nightly torrents of fabulosity.

Brooklyn

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($ or Peter Luger's house charge card)*

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($)*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($)*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($)*

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Drive at the East River. Complimentary ferry leaves from Manhattan Tuesday–Saturday 6–11. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Pink plastic tablecloths detract from the serviceable chicken and rice and seafood gumbo. Try these accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966) (I) ($)*

Staten Island

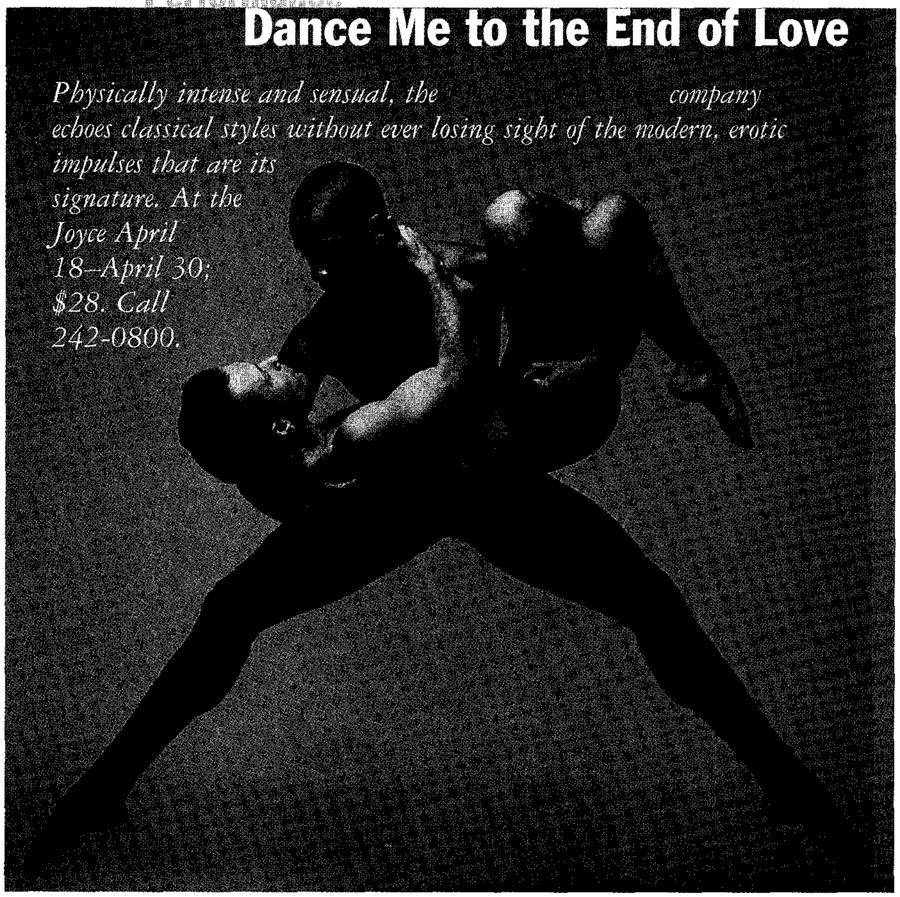
Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

in concert

Irene Hultman: *Tango-Babe*...LAGQ in NYC

Performance



Dance Me to the End of Love

Physically intense and sensual, the company echoes classical styles without ever losing sight of the modern, erotic impulses that are its signature. At the Joyce April 18–April 30; $28. Call 242-0800.

Classical Music

Monday, April 17

Elly Ameling—Provides guidance to three young singers in a master class that is the last event in her farewell-to-New York tour. *Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.*

Tuesday, April 18

Jessye Norman—Performs Berg, Messiaen, and others in her only recital of the season. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$75.*

Wednesday, April 19

Guarneri String Quartet—Performs Strauss, Tchaikovsky, and others. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $30.*

San Francisco Symphony Orchestra—Music director Herbert Blomstedt's farewell tour features Nielsen, Strauss, and others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.*

Westside Trio—The piano trio performs. *Federal Hall, 26 Wall St. (866-2086), at 12:30; free.*

Thursday, April 20

New York Philharmonic—Leonard Slatkin conducts Toru Takemitsu's *Family Tree,* Poulenc, Copland, and others. With Frederica von Stade. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

San Francisco Symphony Orchestra—See 4/19. Features Beethoven and Schubert. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.*

Friday, April 21

Los Angeles Guitar Quartet—Performs Johanson, Rimsky-Korsakov, Warlock, and others. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $25.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/20. This performance at 2.

Saturday, April 22

London Symphony Orchestra—Pierre Boulez conducts twentieth-century repertoire, including his own work. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$75.*

New York Philharmonic—See 4/20.

Louis Kohnop—The pianist performs Liszt and Scarlatti. *Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St., at 2; $2.*

Sunday, April 23

London Symphony Orchestra—See 4/22. This performance at 3.

The Ridge Ensemble—Performs Dohnanyi, Britten, and Mozart. With oboist Douglas Boyd. *Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 11 A.M.; $15.*

West Village Chorale—An "open sing" of Vivaldi and Poulenc. *Church of St. Luke's in the Fields, 487 Hudson St. (570-7301), at 4; $10.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Opera

Amato Opera—4/22 at 7:30 and 4/23 at 2:30: Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro. Amato Opera House, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $18.*

Metropolitan Opera—4/17, 4/20, and 4/22 at 8: Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* 4/18 and 4/21 at 8: Corigliano's *The Ghosts of Versailles.* 4/19 at 6:30 and 4/22 at noon: Wagner's *Parsifal.* 4/23 at 7: annual Winner's Concert of the Met's National Council Auditions. Tickets $5–$35. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $22–$110.*

New York City Opera—4/18 at 8 and 4/22 at 1:30: Puccini's *La Bohème.* 4/19 at 8: Verdi's *La Traviata.* 4/20 at 8 and 4/23 at 1:30: Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor.* 4/21 at 8: Wallace and Korie's *Harvey Milk.* 4/22 at 8: Lehár's *The Merry Widow. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (870-5570); $15–$63.*

Lampas Opera Vignettes Extraordinaires—4/23 at 8: Puccini's *Suor Angelica* and excerpts from Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Verdi's *Otello. Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. (787-3362); $8.*

Village Light Opera Group—4/22 at 8; 4/23 at 2; 4/27–4/29 at 8; 4/30 at 2: Romberg and Hammerstein's *The Desert Song. Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. (279-4200); $15–$25.*

Dance

Elisa Monte Dance—See photo. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $28.*

Apollo's Banquet—4/21 and 4/22 at 8: Performs "Dances of the French Baroque Theatre." *St. Michael's Church, 225 W. 99th St.; $12.*

Kyle Decamp—4/20–4/23 and 4/27–4/30: Performs *JohnnySpot* with three other dancers. *Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3; $12.*

Dendy Dance & Performance—4/20 at 8: Performs *Spirit* and *Bardo* in only New York appearance of the season. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $14.*

Ear to the Ground—4/21–4/22 at 8: Choreographer/dancer Sachiko Nakamura performs. *Mulberry Street Theater, 70 Mulberry St., second floor (349-0126); $10.*

Harkness Space Grant Marathon—4/23 from 3 to 9: A six-hour benefit marathon of performances by choreographers who've received grants from the institution. *92nd St. Y, Buttenwieser Hall, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5552); $10.*

Irene Hultman Dance—4/20–4/23 at 8:30: Performs *Tango-Babe,* with music by the New York–Buenos Aires Connection. *Danspace Project at St. Mark's Church, 10th St. and Second Ave. (674-8194); $10.*

National Dance Institute—4/18 at 7: A benefit for the arts-education program hosted by Ron Silver. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (737-3597); $100–$1,000.*

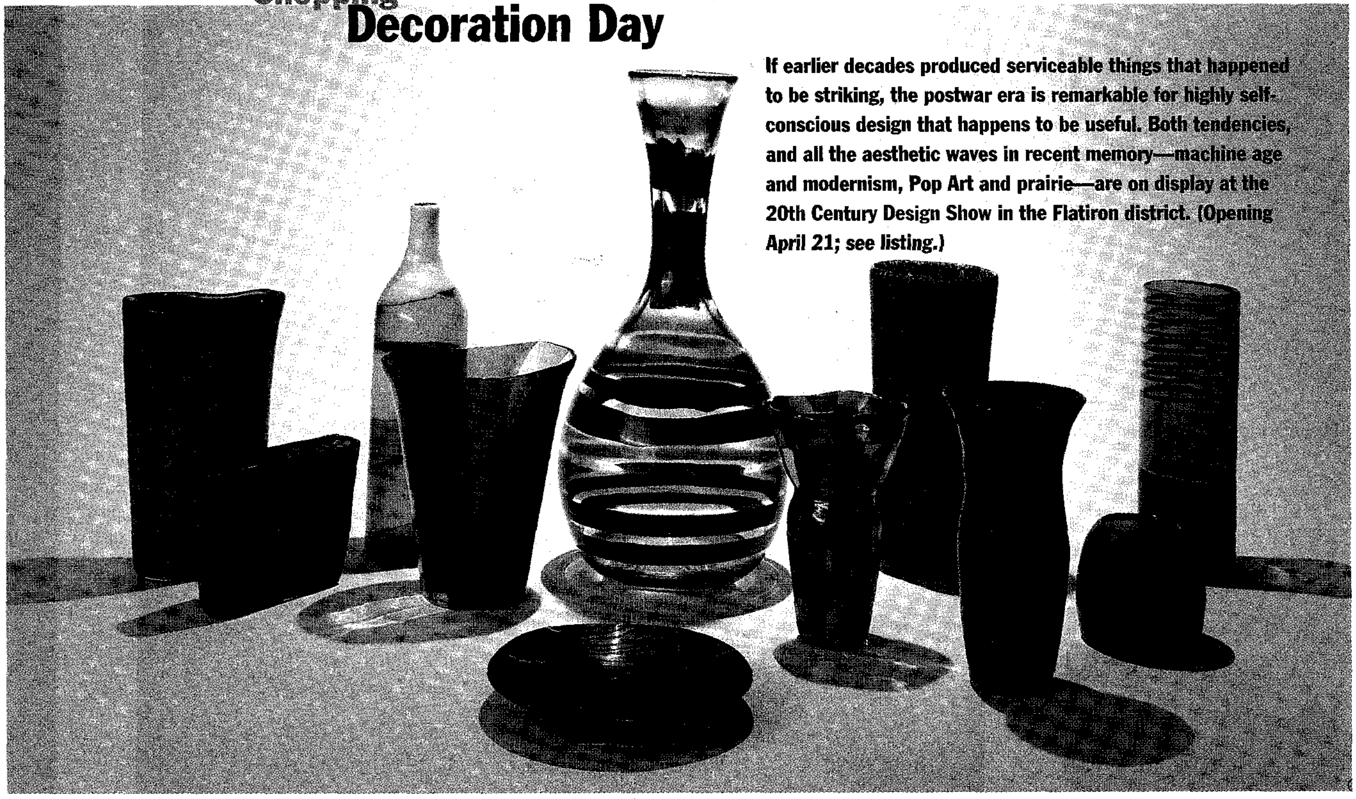
Photograph by Roy Volkmann.

the mix

Leisure Classic...Remembering Dizzy

Shopping

Decoration Day



If earlier decades produced serviceable things that happened to be striking, the postwar era is remarkable for highly self-conscious design that happens to be useful. Both tendencies, and all the aesthetic waves in recent memory—machine age and modernism, Pop Art and prairie—are on display at the 20th Century Design Show in the Flatiron district. (Opening April 21; see listing.)

John Leonard's TV Notes

Circumstances Unknown (4/19 and other dates; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) manages promiscuously to menace and usually to murder off everybody in camera range from Isabel Glasser, William R. Moses, and Dorothy Fehr to some would-be newlyweds, a wheelchair-ridden grandmotherly type, a slow-to-figure dad, and an exceedingly wet "mommy," all the objects of the unwelcome attentions of a long-haired, eye-bulging, heavy-breathing Judd Nelson, the Pillsbury Dough Boy serial killer in this thirtysomething *noir*. Some of these crybaby-boomers deserve it.

The Nobel Legacy (4/21, 4/28, and 5/5; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) picks up where the Laureates left off, looking at what Dr. J. Michael Bishop has been up to in medicine since Stockholm, and Dr. Leon Lederman in physics, and Dr. Dudley Herschbach in chemistry. On all three programs, like a Greek choral antistrophe, Dr. Anne Carson has her doubts about the dominion of science and the subversions of nature. A likable bunch, even the poet.

New Eden (4/22 and other dates; 8 to 10 P.M.; Sci-Fi) sends Stephen, the youngest of the 137 Baldwin brothers, all over our acting landscape, and Michael Bowen, a Kurt Russell wannabe, from Earth as we know it, in the year 2237, to an entirely different, penal-colony planet, where Baldwin teams up with the cowardly Scavengers (and beds down with the toothsome Lisa Bonet), while Bowen enlists in a Sand Pirate cavalry. All the while, wiseguy-nomad Tobin Bell is standing around on a sand dune pretending to be Rutger Hauer. Think of the Alamo on Mars.

Nightmare's End—The Liberation of the Camps (4/23; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Discovery) goes easy on the horror footage. Producer and director Rex Bloomstein would really rather talk at length to Allied soldiers who opened the gates on Majdanek, Ohrdruf, Auschwitz, Buchenwald, and Dachau, and have never forgotten what they saw there. In groping for words, they grope as well for grace and meaning. Before our eyes, they wish they couldn't remember.

Radio Highlights

"City Folk"—4/17: Kate and Anna McGarrigle; 4/18: Clarence Brown; 4/19: Dougie MacLean. From 6:30 A.M. to 6 P.M. on WFUV, 90.7 FM.

"An Hour With the New York Philharmonic"—4/23 at 1, with comments by music director Kurt Masur. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"New Letters on the Air"—Rebecca Presson speaks with poet Jean Valentine about her work on 4/28 at 7:30; WFUV, 90.7 FM.

"Symphony Hall"—4/18: Suppe's *Poet and Peasant Overture* and Gliere's Symphony No. 3 in b. 4/19: Tailleferre's Concertino for Harp and Orchestra and Schumann's Piano Concerto in a. 4/20: Miaskovsky's Two Pieces for String Orchestra and Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 in D. 4/21: Bach's Violin Concerto in E and Thompson's Symphony No. 1. 4/24: Taneyev's *Oresteia Overture* and Mozart's Clarinet Concerto in A. 4/25: Haydn's Symphony No. 70 in D and Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloe*. 4/26: Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* and Berlioz's *Symphonie fantastique*. Every weeknight at 8 (except for 4/26, when it is broadcast at 7); WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"Earth Day Plus 25"—A week-long series of specials on WFUV hosted by Steve Curowood of "Living On Earth." He examines efforts to preserve the environment and save endangered species in such places as Brazil, Hawaii, Chile, India, Kenya, and Israel. 4/17-21 at 7 P.M.; 90.7 FM.

"New Sounds Live"—From the New School for Social Research on 12th Street, John Schaefer features Oregon bass player and pianist Glen Moore and singer Nancy King in performance. The program also includes the New York premiere of "Sierran Songs" by Ingram Marshall, a set of songs for voice, live electronics, and percussion based on poetry by Gary Snyder, Lew Welch, Jack Kerouac, and John Muir. 4/18 at 8; WNYC-FM, 93.9 FM.

"New York and Company"—4/17: Gavan Daws on *Prisoners of the Japanese;* Sue Townsend on *Adrian Mole, The Lost Years;* Fran Lebowitz on her children's book and *The Fran Lebowitz Reader.*. 4/18: Birute Galdikas on *Reflections of Eden;* Louie Psihoyos on *Hunting Dinosaurs;* Deborah Blum on *The Monkey Wars.* 4/19: Oliver Saks on *An Anthropologist on Mars;* Desmond Morris on *The Human Animal;* John Cleese on *Life, and How to Survive It.* 4/20: Hilton Kramer and Roger Kimball on *Against the Grain: The New Criterion;* Mong Cho Lee on his career as a set designer; Bruce Henderson on *Waiting;* Victoria Lautman on *The New Tattoo.* 4/21: Vanessa Redgrave on her life in and out of the theater; James Ellroy on *American Tabloid;* Bob Fancer on *Cultures of Healing.* 4/24: Ellen Harris on *Guarding the Secrets;* Marianna Tcherkassky on dance; Jane Smiley on *Moo;* Terry Zwigoff on his documentary *Crumb.* 4/25: George Weidenfeld on *Remembering My Good Friends;* Simon Schama on *Landscape and Memory;* Lady Borton on *After Sorrow;* Li Lu on *Moving the Mountain* (Michael Apted's film about events in Tiananmen Square). 4/26: Richard

Photograph by Mark McDonald.

Lederer on the impact of cats on language; Jacques Leslie on *The Mark;* Chang-Rae Lee on *Native Speaker;* Nikita Mikhalkov on *Burnt by the Sun*. Every weekday at noon on WNYC, 820 AM.

Texaco/Metropolitan Opera Broadcast—4/22 at noon: Wagner's *Parsifal*. With Gwyneth Jones, Placido Domingo, Wolfgang Brendel, Donald McIntyre, and Robert Lloyd. James Levine conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Recorded Music

Various Artists *Encomium: A Tribute to Led Zeppelin* (Atlantic)—Yeah, yeah, we know: What's the point? All these bands—from Hootie and the Blowfish to Blind Melon—cut their teeth learning Jimmy Page licks and for the most part, it didn't do much good. Plus, Zeppelin was more a leviathan rhythm section than a band; those grooves need nothing less than the Page-Bonham-Jones troika to really work (witness *No Quarter*). That said, these meditations on the Holy Text have their moments. Sheryl Crow's husky "D'yer Maker" is a sexy, intimate rethinking of Zep's depth-charge reggae, while 4 Non Blondes' note-perfect "Misty Mountain Hop" would be a waste of time if not for the uproarious spectacle of lead throat Lynda Perry outmuscling Robert Plant. Henry Rollins's take on "Four Sticks" is the expected Travis Bickle–locked-up-with-a-Soloflex meltdown, while Helmet, joining forces with Jesus Lizard's psycho-yelper David Yow, turns in an amusingly terrorized version of "Custard Pie"—a gurgling nervous breakdown set to an atomized Page hook. And if you want to hear Pearl Jam cover "Dancing Days," no problem: Stone Temple Pilots do it. (CHRIS NORRIS)

Mary Lou Lord *Mary Lou Lord* (Kill Rock Stars)—"Give me my Joni, my Nick, Neil and Bob/ You can keep your Tsunami, your Slant 6 and Smog," laments master busker Lord on "His Indie World," a wry alternative rock backlash anthem that is the highlight of this thoroughly endearing EP. Lord is as famous for her ongoing blood feud with Courtney Love (who claims she tried to steal Kurt) as for her folky home-brewed style, perfected on the streets and in the train stations of Cambridge, Mass. As the aforequoted lyric attests, Lord lives to emulate soulful singer/songwriters of another era. Still, one would be hard pressed to find another who is so steeped with indie-rock credibility, signed as she is to that Politburo of riot-grrrl culture, Olympia's Kill Rock Stars label, and detested as she is by the Queen of the scene. And as if that weren't enough, she covers a Daniel Johnston song—"Speeding Motorcycle"—but it's rendered sweet and soft as a lullaby, almost like Joni might have sung it. (KIM FRANCE)

The Written Word

Hope Cooke—The urban historian reads from her new guidebook, *Seeing New York*, at Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., bet. 74th and 75th Sts. (737-1450), 4/18 at 7:30; free (Cooke's book, which will be available that evening, is not, alas, free. But you can get it in paperback for $18.95; two weeks ago, in an essay about her, we reported only the hardcover price).

Writers from *The Quarterly*—4/18 at 7, "curated" by Gordon Lish. Writer's Voice, Little Theatre, West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. (875-4128); $8.

Gary Indiana—4/18 at 8, Barnes and Noble Astor, 4 Astor Place (420-1322); free.

Grace Schulman—4/18 at 8:30, Exoterica, An Beal Bocht Cafe, 445 W. 238th St., bet. Greystone and Waldo Ave., Bronx (718-549-5192); no cover charge. There will also be an open mike.

"A Reading for Joe Brainard's *I Remember*"—4/19 at 8, featuring John Ashbery, Alex Katz, Larry Rivers, Jane Freilicher, Kenneth Koch, Elizabeth Murray, Harry Mathews, and others. The Poetry Project at St. Mark's in the Bowery Church, Second Ave. and 10th St. (674-0910); $10.

Marcia Pelletiere, Michael Klein, Linsey Abrams—4/20 at 7, Barrow Street Readings, Greenwich House Arts Division, 46 Barrow St. (777-7343); $7.

Thomas M. Disch and David Prill—4/20 at 8, Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, 2nd floor (219-3088); $5.

"Writer's Voice Instructors: A Reading"—Alice Elliott Dark, Carol Dixon, Marcia Golub, Kaylie Jones, Donna Masini, and Mark O'Donnell read on 4/21 at 7 at the Little Theatre, West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. (875-4128); $8.

Nightlight Series: A.S. Byatt, Richard Foreman, Ntozake Shange—4/21 at 7 at the Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St., bet. Broome and Grand Sts. (219-2166); $5.

Planned Parenthood Benefit—4/21 at 7, featuring Molly Peacock and Elise Paschen. Ceres Gallery, 584 Broadway, Suite 306; $5.

E. Annie Proulx and Jane Smiley—4/24 at 8, 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $8.

"Selected Shorts"—4/26 at 6:30: Terry McMillan presents stories by Brenda Williams, Maxine Clair, and Randall Kenan. 2537 Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $14.

Norman Mailer—4/26 at 7:30, reading from his new book *Oswald's Tale*. Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave. (787-6300); free.

Edwidge Danticat—4/26 at 6 at the Mid-Manhattan Library, 455 Fifth Ave. (340-0944); free.

"The Poet Tree"—Sunday-afternoon readings by poets, as well as occasional open readings and book raffles. Jane's Cafe, 254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-JANE), at 3; $6, plus $3 minimum purchase.

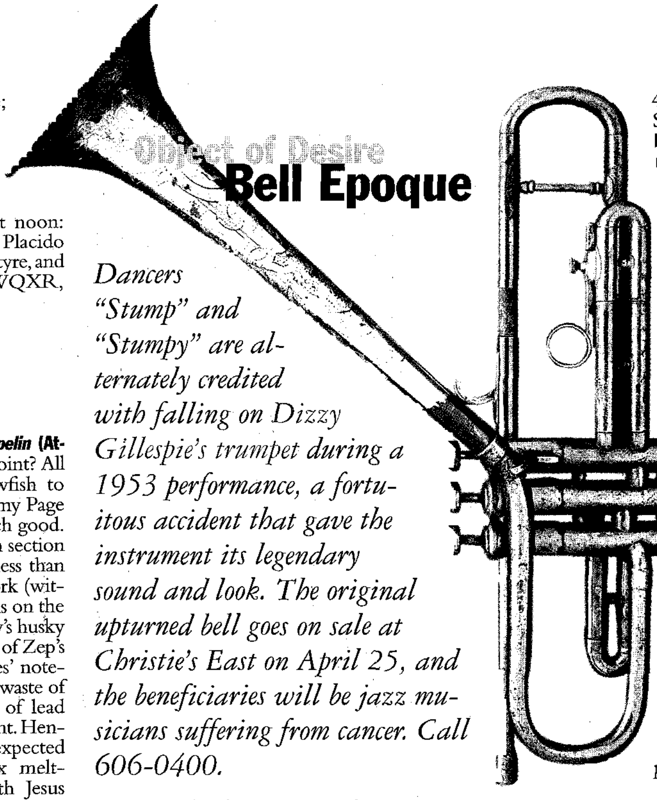
Lectures and Panels

"History and Fiction, Part III"—4/17 at 8: Daniel Aaron moderates a panel discussion of the historical novel with George Garrett, Patrick O'Brien, and Mary Lee Settle at the 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

Robert Pinsky—The acclaimed translator of Dante's *Inferno* gives the Zweig Memorial Lecture on the Craft of Poetry on 4/21 at 7. Poets House, 72 Spring St, 2nd floor (431-7920); $8.

Events

Metropolitan Antiques: The 20th Century Design Show—Forty dealers will be on hand from April 21 to 23



Object of Desire

Bell Epoque

Dancers "Stump" and "Stumpy" are alternately credited with falling on Dizzy Gillespie's trumpet during a 1953 performance, a fortuitous accident that gave the instrument its legendary sound and look. The original upturned bell goes on sale at Christie's East on April 25, and the beneficiaries will be jazz musicians suffering from cancer. Call 606-0400.

In Print

And the Ladies of the Club

Everyone knows," writes Eunice Juckett Meeker, an East Hampton native, "if you weren't born into one of the old families, you try your darnedest to marry into one—just for their cookbook collection." Now, thankfully, one need only swing by a bookstore. *The East Hampton Ladies' Village Improvement Society Centennial Cookbook* ($21.95), the most recent volume in the history of Lily Pond Lane's dinner-party set, features recipes from nouvelle residents (Mrs. Adrienne Vittadini's bruschetta and Mrs. Chris Whittle's spaghetti) as well as entries from long-settled locals (see Hedges and Dayton). The teenage Jackie Bouvier, who went on to become a president of the society, is pictured at an LVIS fashion show; her recipes, for some reason, are nowhere to be found.

With Gatsby-era photos of lavish mansion parties and guest-strewn lawns, the centennial volume evokes the old and embraces the new. What is a surer sign of arrival for Mrs. Kennell Schenck than having her clam pies, in this most recent edition, replace Averell Harriman's clam chowder? **WHITNEY SCOTT**

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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for this fifth annual show of decorative arts from the following periods: Art Nouveau, Arts and Crafts, Bauhaus, fifties, futurism, Jugendstil, machine age, modernism, Pop Art, prairie, secession, and W.P.A. Works include furniture, textiles, decorative objects and accessories, books, jewelry, lighting fixtures, fine art, and industrial design. 110 W. 19th St. (463-0200). The show opens on 4/21 with a preview from 6 to 9 P.M.; admission is $15 and includes re-entry privileges for the entire weekend. Sat. and Sun. hours are from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M., and admission is $5.

Tours

"All in the Family"—See Little Italy on Sidewalks of New York's guided tour of *Godfather* land. Call 517-0201 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

"Brooklyn's Victorian Necropolis"—Tour the 478-acre Greenwood cemetery, resting site of Horace Greeley, Boss Tweed, Samuel F. B. Morse, Leonard Bernstein, and Currier and Ives, with its historian, John J. Cashman. The walk lasts approximately two hours and takes place on 4/23 at 1. Call 718-469-5277; $5.

"A Tribute to Jackie"—A two-hour stroll through the late Mrs. Onassis's neighborhood, with stops at many of her haunts. Call 662-5300 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

The Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn Heights—This warm-weather tour returns on 4/22 at 1. Walk across the bridge and through the city's first suburb, and learn about the area's history and architecture. Among the stops: Plymouth Church, the A.A. Low Mansion, the Brooklyn Historical Society, and Walt Whitman's childhood home. Call 439-1090 for meeting place and reservations; $9.

"A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village"—See the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists as well as their gathering places and sites made famous in their work. Call 517-0201 for schedule information and meeting place; $10.

Exhibitions

"Victorian Vernacular: The American Show Quilt"—The Museum of American Folk Art places decorative textiles and other home furnishings in a context of the Aesthetic interiors movement of the nineteenth century. Columbus Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (595-9533). Hours: Tues. through Sun, 11:30 A.M. to 7:30 P.M. Closed Mon. Admission is free.

"I Believe in Agitation"—The Morgan Library, in recognition of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Frederick Douglass, presents a selection of his letters. The documents on display are from the Gilder Lehrman collection as well as the library's own holdings. Through May 14 at 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008).

Sports

Basketball

Ending the season against the doormats of the league, the Knicks seem primed to finish with the second-best record in the Eastern Conference. Their last game, however, is at home against the conference-leading Orlando Magic (4/23 at 1). The contest should be a good indicator of how New York will perform in the playoffs. The good news is that it looks like lovable John Starks, who recently broke the record for most three-pointers in a single season, has regained his shooting stroke. The bad news is that there's buzz about gimpy Charles Smith's sore right knee.

Hockey

The Rangers face off at home against Quebec on 4/18 at 7:30; host Hartford on 4/20 at 7:30 at Madison Square Garden; and then welcome Washington on 4/24 at 7:30.

Recordings

A Diva Who Shoulda

Long before there was Whitney, and Whitney and Bobby, and *The Bodyguard*, and even Clive Davis, there was Cissy Houston. In the sixties, Cissy's female backup group, the Sweet Inspirations, sang on all the classic hits recorded by Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, the Rascals, and Dusty Springfield. Her daughter Whitney sat in on the sessions. "They were so full of energy," Whitney recalled years later. "You had the band in the room with you and did it all in one day, one or two takes." Later, Cissy became *the* in-demand studio singer; that's her voice on Linda Ronstadt's classic *Heart Like a Wheel* and Bette Midler's *The Divine Miss M.* Now Ichiban Records has finally released *The Best of the Sweet Inspirations,* a compilation of the group's finest moments as they attempted with mixed success to capitalize on their moment. On the fifteen (of nineteen) cuts that feature Cissy, she's a standout, a soul diva who never was and should have been. (A compilation of Cissy's best solo work will be released by Ichiban on April 25.) "My mother wasn't a soul star so to speak," Whitney recalls proudly, "but she was making money, doing backgrounds, feeding her kids, taking care of business." A little soul history: Cissy's mother died when she was 9; she moved in with her sister Lee, the mother of Dionne and Dee Dee Warwick. The whole family, which lived in Newark, performed as the Drinkards, a gospel group. When Cissy struck out on her own, her husband, John, managed the Sweets. "Maybe we would have been bigger if the record company had put some money behind us," Cissy notes now without bitterness. "But don't forget—they were happy we were so successful singing backup. They didn't necessarily want us to suddenly get big and go away."

Roger D. Friedman

Kids

Nurture and Nature

Children's Events

Abracadabra—**The Society of American Magicians'** annual magic show—their eighty-sixth—is hosted this year by George Schindler, the self-proclaimed World's Greatest Magician. Join an audience filled with fellow magicians looking for new tricks as doves appear from nowhere, and no one's telling how. "Salute to Magic" is 4/22 at 8. TriBeCa Theater at the Manhattan Community College, 199 Chambers St (567-1526) $25.◉

"Forces of Nature"—A celebratory program of dance and music from West Africa, featuring ten dancers, drummers, and singers led by Papa Susso, an oral historian of the region, and a virtuoso performer on the kora—a 21-stringed harp/lute. 4/23 at 3. **Symphony Space** at 95th St. (545-5400). Tickets are $3 for children, $10 for adults.◉

Big Top—For its 125th anniversary show, **Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey** performs more than two and a half hours of quick-changing don't-try-this-at-home razzle-dazzle antics, including a daredevil Day-Glo motorbike act, trained tigers, and kids somersaulting over pachyderms. Through 4/30 at Madison Square Garden, 2 Penn Plaza (465-6741); call for times. Ticket prices at all performances are $9.50 to $32.50.

"Liquid Vision"—Play virtual volleyball, produce a music video, and finger-paint on a computer screen. Time is running out to see **The Liberty Science Center**'s engaging show about lasers, holograms, and virtual reality. Closes April 30. Museum hours are daily through Labor Day. Liberty State Park, 251 Phillip St., Jersey City (201-200-1000). Admission is $6 for children, $9 for adults.

Inner Landscape—Bring objects or pictures from magazines that make up the landscape you live in to "Nature in New York," a workshop where families tour the galleries and make collages. 4/22 from 11 to 2. **National Academy of Design,** 1083 Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (369-4880). $3 for children $5 for adults. Reservations required.◉

Art with Heart—Haitian art can liven up a New York child's room. Purchasing a painting, starting at $100, at an exhibit sponsored by **Forgotten Children of Haiti,** can also help Haitian children obtain much-needed food and medicine. 4/23 from 12:30 to 5. Immaculate Conception Church, 178th St. in Jamaica Estates, Queens (718-523-2729). ●

"The Radio City Easter Show"—Last chance to see the Rockettes high-kicking on an enormous revolving turntable to unbeatable tunes like "Put a Little Spring in Your Step" and Irving Berlin's "Easter Parade." Shows are through 4/22. Call for schedule. **Radio City Music Hall,** 1260 Sixth Ave.; call 247-4777 for information, 307-7171 for tickets. Tickets are $25 to $38. ◉

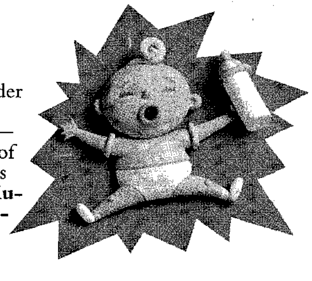
"Cirque du Soleil"—Sublime acrobatics, and wickedly witty clowns. Nevertheless, this beastless circus is a slow evening for most children under 12. The big yellow-and-blue circus tent will be pitched in Battery Park City through at least mid-May. Tues., Wed., and Thurs. at 8; Fri. at 6 and 9:30; Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30; and Sun. at 1 and 5. West St. between First and Second Place, near the World Financial Center (952-1200). $8.75–$33.50 for children, $17.50–$48.50 for adults.

"Boxed Lunch"—Choreographer Doug Elkins mixes hip-hop, b-boying, vogueing, and martial arts with flamenco and ballet for a spirited family matinee. 4/22 at 3. Dance Theater Workshop, 219 West 19th St. (924-0077). $6 for children, $12 for adults. Reserve.◉

Electricity Between Us—Life imitates video games in a new interactive exhibit at the **Aquarium for Wildlife Conservation**—formerly the New York Aquarium—about how fishes use electricity to defend, attack, communicate, and establish territory. The Aquarium is open daily from 10 to 5. W. 8th St and Surf Ave, Coney Island (718-265-3474). $2 for children and seniors, $6.75 for adults.

"Paws for the Laws"—Two- and four-footed members of the Transit Police Canine Unit strut their stuff in a demonstration of detection and protection techniques. **New York Transit Museum,** corner of Boerum and Schermerhorn (718-330-5839). 4/19 at 10:30 and 11:30. Admission is free this week only.◉

Water Water—Sketch watery landscapes in the Brooklyn Botanic Gardens, then explore watery artwork in the **Brooklyn Museum**—from paintings by Monet and Steir to Zuni dance kilts adorned with tin ornaments that make the sound of falling rain. Finally, children aged 6 to 12 make their own paintings based on earlier sketches. Three different workshops are 4/19, 4/20, and 4/21 at 1. 200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000, ext. 230). Free with admission: $4 for adults and free for children under 12. Reserve. ◉



Earth, Wind, and Fire—The celebration of Earth Week continues at the **Children's Museum of Manhattan.** Events include The Ramayana Epic, an epic concert adventure 4/18 at 2 and 3 for ages 4 and up, and "Science Carnival," a weekend of art and science activities that start every hour on the half hour, hosted by the Museum's high-school interns. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). Admission $5.◉

Sounds American—Country fiddling and square dancing welcome families to **New York Philharmonic**'s Young People's Concert. The concert itself features compositions by Aaron Copland, and folktales and songs that inspired him. 4/22, promenade at 1, concert at 2. 10 Lincoln Center Plaza (875-5700). Tickets are $6 to $20. Reserve.◉

"Family FanFair"—Two toe-tapping family concerts at **City Center**: Disney recording artist, puppeteer, and comedian Norman Foote performs with Parachute Express. 4/21 at 2 and 7. Everyone in the audience gets a kazoo at Rick Hubbard's concert. The Animal Band performs an upbeat mixture of pop, rock, country, reggae, and blues with exotic costumes and lighting effects. 4/22 at 2 and 7. 130 W. 56th St (581-1212). $25.◉

Live From New York—A sampling of family-oriented plays around town: **"Becky Thatcher: What Tom Sawyer Never Told!"** an hour-long musical, suggested for children 6 and up at the Interborough Repertory Theater, 410 W. 42nd St. (718-522-2858). $5 for children, $7 for adults. **The Rappin' Fireman,** a.k.a. firefighter John Ruiz, presents a multimedia show with tips for fire prevention and a dancing fire-alarm box and hydrant. 4/23, Brooklyn Historical Society, 128 Pierrepons St., Brooklyn (718-624-0890). $3. Reserve. **Penninah Schram,** accompanied by classical guitarist Gerard Edery, tells stories that dramatize the Jewish life cycle. 4/23 at 11:30 and 1:30. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3271). $8. Reserve. **"Attention Earthlings,"** a puppet science-fiction adventure continues at The Metropolis Cafe, 31 Union Square West (741-1646) through April 30, Sundays at 1 and 3. $7.50. Reserve. **Snow White** (1:30) and **Hansel and Gretel** (3) are performed weekends by Little People's Theater at Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. off Sheridan Square (765-9540). Reserve. A musical version of **"The Princess and the Pauper"** is 4/26 at 11 and 1, 4/27 at 11 and 1, (performances through 4/30). Hunter College Little Theatre, 68th St. (772-4448). $5 for children, $10 for adults.

Silver Lining—Demonstrations given by master silversmith Ubaldo Vitali for children ages 6 to 12 complement a gallery tour of the current English Silver exhibit. 4/23 at 1. Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts, 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000) $5. Reserve.◉

Coming Up—Take Your Daughter to Work Day is Thursday, April 27; **The Big Apple Circus** tours the outer boroughs May 11 through 31. (307-4100). The best figure skaters in the world (Baiul, Kerrigan, Boitano, Petrenko, Stojko, and others) perform at Nassau Coliseum, 4/29 at 8:30 and 4/30 at 7:30 (516-794-9300).

Ground Rules:

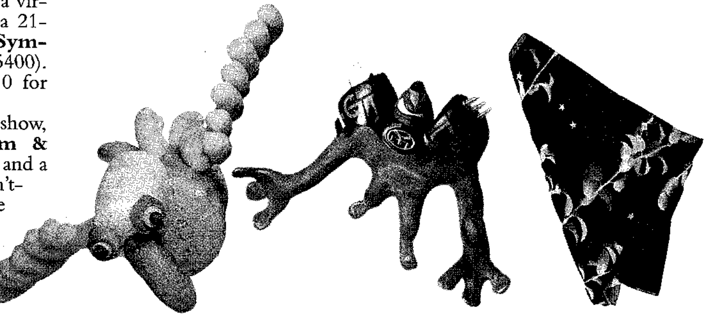
● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Data

The New Goo

As with the birds and the bees, every spring toy companies welcome their new progeny to the world. Some of this season's new generation of toys bring mad scientists to mind:



Nickelodeon Zog Logs (Mattel)	Intergalactic VAC PAC (Cap Toys)	Silk Sensations by Alex (Panline)
Cheez Doodles in bright colors without the taste. Just lick, or sponge, and glom parts together to make creatures from the deep, buildings, you name it.	Squishy superheroes. Suck the air out with "super-sucking vac pump" and the figures become malleable—make that morphable. Then reinflate.	Silk scarf as empty canvas. Silhouettes of Junior's feather or bug collection, for instance, can be immortalized—in white—on a Prussian-blue silk scarf for Grandma.
Contents: The company won't say more than that the product is "vegetable-based."	Contents: Latex rubber filled with ground-up corn cobs mixed with other vegetable matter.	Contents: Silk square saturated with water-soluble iron-salt chemicals.
$19.99 for basic set	$10.99 per figure	$16 to $20 for a kit

Cue

Kim France
Editor

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Michael Giltz
Movies
In Concert
Dance

Linda Hall
The Mix

Manny Howard
Restaurants & Bars
Sports

John Leonard
Television

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If The Connection Is Right—Travel, Mediterranean taste, depth and spirit. Very attractive, soulful, sensual, professional woman, 44. Seeks handsome, fit, curious, confident man, 37-47. 6916 ✉

Culturally Literate Male—Successful, good-looking, high achiever. Seeks classy, career-directed female, 30s (or nearby), with brains and beauty. You hold rational, secular, individualist values. 6917 ✉

For Sale: Ticket To Happiness—Buyer must be 28-38, Jewish male professional who is warm, funny, charming and romantic. Seller is 28, successful, caring, attractive and petite. Note and photo. 6870 ✉

NJ Radiologist—55, youngish, tall, trim, wry, understated, good-looking, athletic, solvent, unclouded, playful. Seeks clever, quick-witted, serene, lithe, classy, stately, sexy lady. Note/phone/photo. 6877 ✉

The Nicest Guy In New York—Seeks a pretty, slim woman. I am handsome (with blue eyes), an investment banker, 30s, funny and very smart (published author). You are 20s-30s and under 5'6". Christian preferred. You appreciate a man who is loving, kind-hearted, self-assured, articulate, optimistic and emotionally mature. Photo. 6845 ✉

Gorgeous (Movie Star Looks)—Woman editor seeks handsome, 45 plus, droll, professional, Christian man for pastimes athletic (tennis/golf), cultural (plays/opera) and romantic (country inns/cuddling). Thoughtful letter and photo for reply - will exchange. 6955 ✉

Be A Part Of It—Very pretty, fit classy widow, mid 40s, Jewish, non-religious, smart, witty, with marvelous fun-loving family, seeks intelligent, professional, family-oriented man, 42-53, who enjoys dining out, sports, good conversation, great coffee, and so much more. 6950 ✉

Help Me Find You!—An out-going, prominent surgeon/inventor, with passion for life. A handsome man with spirit, warmth and believes in true love, tall, very creative, 38, great sense of humor. Seeks caring woman under 35, sensual, 5'6" plus, for quality communication, commitment, kids. Reply requires photo. 6943 ✉

Handsome Black Investment Banker—31, seeks attractive, well-educated female. Me: athletic, intelligent, sensitive, good sense of humor. You: liberal, interesting, a lot of fun. 6953 ✉ ☎

Handsome Professional—Young-looking 39, male, never married (but ready). I am ambitious, honest, successful, adventurous, sensitive, interesting and a good communicator. I enjoy cooking, dining, sporting events, traveling, going to ballet, theater, cycling and more. At this point, I am ready for a lasting relationship. I am seeking a petite, pretty professional woman, early 30s, who is fun, loving, interesting and sincere. NY/NJ area. Note/photo/phone please. 6884 ✉ ☎

Mediterranean Sensibility—By nature or nurture! Sensitive, accomplished, very pretty, softly-engaging, Southern European/Amerian woman MD, 37. Love cosmopolitan cities, Matisse, absorbing talk. You: compatible, interesting, handsome, spirited, secure, 33-44. 6918 ✉

Let's Not Settle Down—Very pretty, slim, shapely woman, 38, seeks a handsome, sensual, intelligent man, 32-45 (nonsmoker), who wants a sexy, playful, monogamous relationship and a loving partner who's committed to keeping it that way. (Kids fine, too.) I'm very successful, imaginative and affectionate, with varied interests, both athletic and academic. Note/phone/photo appreciated. 6799 ✉

A Great Guy—Tall, good-looking, dark, 42 year old, Jewish male, funny, successful, solid guy - is also very romantic, sincere, compassionate. Seeking very pretty, warm, sexy, tall, female counterpart, about 40, with sense of humor and heart of gold, for fun, laughter and permanent relationship. Photo a must. 6881 ✉

Come Fly With Me—Stunning, svelte, sophisticated, scintillating, successful, sensitive, and scholarly Scorpio (travel professional - 40s), seeks an honorable, humorous, highly intelligent, haimishe hunk with a heart (45-58, 5'9" plus) for friendship, fun, faraway places and a future. Recent photo and phone. 6861 ✉

Truth In Advertising—Good-looking successful businessman, outdoorsman and all-around nice guy. I am 38, tall, slim, athletic, witty and have eclectic interests. You are under 35, very pretty, slender, adventurous, supportive and have a good sense of humor. Photo required. 6857 ✉

Martinis, Soho, Dining Out—Art galleries - especially photography - and night life. Handsome, fun, well-educated, 27 year old professional male seeking intelligent, attractive, worldly, witty female, 22-30, to enjoy these things with in a fun relationship. Photo/note appreciated. 6924 ✉ ☎

Green-Eyed Blond Beauty—30, sexy, athletic Jewish professional, enjoys dancing in the dark, the beach, animals and the Giants, seeks intelligent, fun-loving, honest Jewish male with a great sense of humor. Note/phone. 6816 ✉

Attractive, Dark-Haired—English female, creative professional, 35, seeks interesting man with sense of humor. Note/photo. 6733 ✉ ☎

Dark-Eyed Female Designer—Slim and attractive, soft spoken, well traveled. 5'7", late 30's. Likes antiquing in city and country - movies, museums, meals out. Would like to hear from a tall, professional male, 38-48, who is warm, intelligent and easy to talk to. Photo please. 6920 ✉ ☎

Fetching Female Architect—Attractive slender, diverse interests. Seeks successful, smart, sincere, Jewish professional male 38 to 48 years. Note/photo. 6971 ✉

Who's Looking?—Successful, attractive, slender redhead, 45, loves the arts, good conversation and travel, seeks intelligent, compassionate man with a sense of adventure. 6905 ✉

27-Year-Old—Natural blond with great legs (I'm told), and a Master's Degree, seeks a cool and sexy guy for fun, friendship and whatever develops after that. You should be tall, dark(ish), handsome and intelligent with a great sense of humor and a paying job. Photo please. Note or phone. 6872 ✉ ☎

If You Even Suspect You're Boring...—You're probably not for me. Brainy blond, 35, independent, opinionated, loyal and kind. You are smart, compassionate and funny, with your own interests... NBA, your kids, golf, your dog. Together, we'll read all the dailies, watch NYPD Blue and head for the country on weekends. Note/photo/phone. 6818 ✉

Italian-American Widow—Seeks sincere gentleman 70 plus. I reside in NY and LI. POB 924, Melville NY 11747

Serendipity—40ish lady, slim, stylish, educated, pretty, seeks similar male for sharing, caring. 6866 ✉

West Coast Gentleman—Seeks East Coast woman. Handsome, successful, well-to-do, Jewish Los Angeles man, seeks a true companion for commitment. He, in his early 50s, enjoys an active life filled with romantic candlelit dinners, long drives up the coast, traveling, shopping, boating and spending time with his children. You are in your mid 30s to late 40s (very young at heart), beautiful, thin, kind, intelligent, artsy, witty, adventurous, sensual, romantic, but most importantly have high morals and values and priorities in the right place. Of course, you would be willing to relocate to California if true love is found. Recent photo/phone. 6854 ✉

Single Asian-Indian Female—37, attractive professional looking for sensitive, mature, gentle man for a meaningful relationship. Write: POB 1008 Bronxville, NY 10708-1008. Photo requested.

Beautiful Honey-Blond—41, divorced, enjoys theater, dining, dancing. Seeks divorced/widowed professional man, 5'11" up, 40-52, nonsmoker, for serious relationship. Phone/recent photo. 6976✉

The Best Of Both Worlds—NY woman, who loves the outdoors, is physical and spiritual, values family/self, enjoys people/solitude, is aesthetic but has a sales career, is beautiful, blond, brainy and 50. Seeks similar, professional, spirited and spiritual male, age 49-59, of one mind/many moods. Note/phone/photo. 6847 ✉ ☎

Stop!—Just reading these ads. Take a chance, you never know. It could happen. Divorced male, 5'7", fit, curly brown hair, successful, mid-size company president and sportsman, sailor/racer, tennis player/traveller, cute, 39 years, seeks attractive, gentle lady for warm conversation and maybe more. Send note and photo, I'll send you mine, please no photocopies.
I am a one-of-a-kind. 6926 ✉

Single White Male—34, clinical psychologist, vegetarian, runner, politically left, interested in meeting a woman who spends time thinking about how to make the world a better place. 6906 ✉ ☎

Sensual Lady—Young 40, great sense of humor seeks attractive, fit male, 37-43. Be brave - send note/photo. 6875 ✉ ☎

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Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

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By appointment only 212-935-9350

Talkative—Non-demanding, easygoing, successful, single white male, heart of gold. If you are slim and smile a lot, in your mid 30s-mid 40s, write now for dinner of your choice. Live NY/ Hamptons. Willing to meet in NY. Send photo/letter for reply. 6851 ☒

Handsome, Comfortable, Attorney—5'10", in 60s - looks younger, slim, athletic, with sense of humor, seeks pretty, rare, slim female, about 50, nonsmoker, medium height, well-educated, comfortable, accomplished, to share a good life. Clear current photo a must with your note and phone number. 6908 ☒

Soft Heart, Sharp Wit—36, pretty and shapely, 5'5", seeks Jewish man to share life's pleasures - opera, red wine and Court TV are just a few of mine. Note/ photo appreciated. 6837 ☒

Let's Face The Music And Dance—Smart, lovely lady who loves to dance, seeks gent, 30s or 40s, for tangos, two-steps and whatever develops when you hold me in your arms. 6848 ☒

On The Edge Of Forever—Warm, handsome, energetic, Jewish male (44, 5'10") professional (PhD), with extra frequent flyer miles, seeks bright, open, attractive Jewish woman (to early 40s) who's ready to create new adventures together. Photos exchanged. Rsvp. 6874 ☒

Marriage-Minded—Divorced male, (914), athletic, romantic, seeks warm, sweet, female, 45-52, for permanent love affair. Recent photo. 6844 ☒

Brilliant And Witty (Just About)—Single Jewish woman - pretty, slender, fit, fun, young 36, well-educated, professional, discerning - likes hiking, film and jazz, seeks single, Jewish, handsome, nice guy to 38, with integrity and dry wit, for connubial bliss. Phone/photo. 6961 ☒

Looking For Love—Successful, educated, athletic, good-looking, considerate, fun-loving male, 37, seeks attractive, intelligent female soul mate, 25-40, with sense of humor, for relationship and beyond. Let me make your dreams come true. Note/phone/photo, please. 6957 ☒

Tall, Funny, Offbeat Man—47, seeks playful, down-to-earth girlfriend. 6947 ☒

You Are 40+—Nonsmoker, positive and playful... athletic, adventurous and amorous, whimsical and wise, fun and fit. Scuba - ski - sail a plus. 6879 ☒

Secure, Low-Key, Educated Man—5'11', 60, Jewish, seeks assertive lady, 40s, physically robust/ample. 6925 ☒ ☎

Gorgeous Golfing Lady—Seeks country club man, 48-62, for lifetime love with secure writer. Photo/phone. 6896 ☒ ☎

ABC's And You—Attractive/athletic/ articulate, brilliant/boyish, cute/caring, dumb/dear, entrepreneur, feeling, genuine, heart, interesting, JD. You: very, very much prettiness, integrity, perceptiveness, intelligence and depth, 35-43. Close up photo and letter, please. 6981 ☒ ☎

Me: Smart, Sexy Businesswoman—50, golf/travel (job allows for a lot of it). You: attractive, tall, successful, 48-60, with a twinkle in your eye. Note/photo. 6880 ☒ ☎

Go For The Best—Warm, loving and good-looking Jewish female seeks male counterpart (40-55) to say hi to mom. 6735 ☒ ☎

Down-To-Earth—Successful, handsome Jewish male, in excellent physical shape, 5'10", 44 years old, seeks a life companion. I am the father of two boys, 9 and 13. I would like to meet someone who relates well to children and is a sensitive and loving person. Also someone who is attractive, slim, energetic and athletic and a nonsmoker. I am a very generous and considerate person who loves skiing, biking, sports, animals and travel. I live on the North Shore of Long Island and seek a woman who would likewise prefer a suburban lifestyle. Send photo and letter to: POB 421, Roslyn Hts, NY 11577-0421

Pretty Blue-Eyed Jewish Professional—43, on faculty at a medical school, intrigued by exotic places, new ideas, and not easily pigeonholed. Love spring skiing, walks in the woods and ocean sunsets. Passionate about life in NY. Looking for bright, kind, flexible and responsive man, 40-55, who seeks permanent relationship. 6956 ☒

Very Pretty Attorney—Seeks mensch, 40s, for love, laughter, happily-ever-after. 6883 ☒ ☎

Long Island, North Shore—Classy, attractive, petite brunette, "young" mid-40s, seeks upbeat emotionally mature professional man of integrity, 43-52 who is kind, enjoys travel, beach/skiing, laughter & family. Note/photo. 6963 ☒ ☎

Gay Woman—34, bright, warm, secure, pretty and very athletic. Good heart and great sense of humor. Looking for a woman who is sincere, intelligent, happy with herself and knows how to laugh and play. Photo appreciated. 6983 ☒

Marilyn Monroe's Body—Woody Allen's wit, vivacious, attractive professional, 47, seeks male counterpart. 6942 ☒ ☎

Statuesque, Smart, Sexy—Jewish female, professionally fulfilled, romantic, compassionate and fun to be with, seeking man with same qualities, 43-49. Photo preferred. 6840 ☒ ☎

Brown-Eyed, Handsome Man—Professional with traditional values enjoys skiing, country weekends, movies and quiet dinners - seeks intelligent, adventurous, slim, pretty Christian woman, 32-38, to share life's experiences and raise a family. Note/photo/phone. 6873 ☒

ENCORE, ENCORE

New York Magazine's Strictly Personals

returns to the fabulous Copacabana,

Thursday, May 18, 5:30-midnight, for a springtime celebration.

We had a blast at our Valentine's celebration and want to give a repeat performance.

Admission includes a great buffet (still two food stations and no lines!), the ever-popular 25%-off Strictly Personals coupon - and a few other surprises too. So join us for a night of dancing, possible romancing and...who knows what!?

COPACABANA

617 W. 57th St. (easy parking and lots of cabs)

$25 in advance, $30 at the door. Cash bar.

Mail check or money order by May 12th to:

New York Magazine Party, 2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.

Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

For more information, call 212-545-3668.

Wanted: Kind And Caring—Jewish male sought for pretty and energetic professional, 41. Apply: 6951 ☒ ☎

My Warm Embrace Awaits—A sensitive, warm, family-oriented white female. I'm a white Christian professional male with a gentle soul and a terrific sense of humor. I'm 6'1", 41, handsome, athletic, down-to-earth with eclectic tastes. Come stroll with me through friendship, romance and life. Note/photo please. 6930 ☒

Very Pretty, Thin And Petite—PhD of 39, with long blond hair, who loves exercise, mountains and art, seeks handsome, intelligent, warm and successful man who is ready for something serious. 6939 ☒ ☎

Sweet, Discreet Lesbian—With ethics and capitalistic tendencies. Seeks like-minded, generous, menopausal woman, for indulgences. 6893 ☒

Diamond In The Rough—Currently being polished. Warm, friendly 38-year-old health care professional who loves kids seeks intelligent, friendly female companion to share diners, cultural events, thoughtful converstions, and happy moments. 6853 ☒

Let's Lie About How We Met!—Otherwise honest, petite, Jewish professional female, 27, very pretty, smart cookie, hockey fanatic, seeking Jewish Lewis or Clark, outdoorsy guy (24-33, 5'10 plus) sporting a confident, ambitious attitude. If you're a witty, successful, warm-hearted, Jewish professional male looking for laughter, love and a best friend to explore this brave new world with, send note, phone and recent photo. 6882 ☒

Gay, Jewish, Professional Female—40ish, funny, sincere, warm, compassionate and loyal. My life is full with great job, terrific nieces, many friends but am missing a special companion. Nonsmoking. Photo appreciated. 6929 ☒

Looking For Family Man—Attractive, happy, successful woman, in late 30s, looking for warm, upbeat man, of similar age to share a life together. Recently divorced mother of one young child - would love more. 6894 ☒

Very Intelligent Woman—Likes to meet same quality man, over 5'6" tall, about 70 years-old. POB 620, NYC 10040.

Old Guy—60, active in film, sail racing, tennis, skiing, seeks younger guy with beautiful body and soul. 6960 ☒ ☎

Kind, Successful, Handsome—47, 6', 160 lbs, blue eyes, professor turned Wall Street financial analyst; sincere, responsible, sensitive, cultured, cosmopolitan, adventurous; seeks sweet, feminine, supportive, Asian/Oriental woman, for long term relationship: 28-38, attractive, slim but shapely, educated, sophisticated, elegant, warm-hearted, nonsmoker. Recent photo/note. 6899 ☒

Looking For Love/Marriage—Appealing, intelligent Jewish woman, 41, seeks secure, attractive, traditional man. 6860 ☒

Attractive 43-Year-Old Female—(With kids), professional, loves books, music, art, garage sales, food, exercise and movies. Seeks a reasonable looking man with nice shoulders and a sense of humor, who is outgoing, kind and smart. No sports or TV addicts please. Note, photo. 6911 ☒

Very Successful Businessman—Desires extremely slim, attractive Asian woman, under 32, to share fine dining and NY night life. I am 45, 5'10", Jewish, slim and very handsome. Photo. 6974 ✉

Do Not Passover—Costas' charm, Reiser's wit, Cavett's sharpness, Baldwin's...well, anyway - all in a young 40s, trim, romantic, adventurous man. You: late 20s-40ish woman, who's comfortable in Levis or Lagerfeld (East Village vintage will do), who too seeks a relationship. 6966 ✉ ☎

Retired Male Teacher, 56—Looking for an interesting, attractive woman to help me enjoy the uniqueness of NY. Diverse interests include dining, theater, conversation, travel, sports, etc. Sense of humor important. 6890 ✉

Marriage-Minded Manhattan M.D.—Young in body and spirit, 54, single, good looking and emotionally together, athletic, sensual and physical, looking for an intelligent, pretty, feminine, sensual, emotionally responsive woman, ready for a permanent love affair. Note, photo and phone, please. 6967 ✉

I Know I've Passed Her—In a sea of humanity. She reads these ads over another take-out dinner and laughs. Nothing much ever changes. She'd never answer one of these and I never put one in. If you're 28-38, never been married, don't have a computer generated response, and think that there is magic in a midnight sky - go for it! Phone/photo. 6959 ✉

I Love—Sports, animals... you? Bank VP, athletic, pretty woman, 36, seeking professional man with diverse interests. Let's talk. Please send note/photo. 6914 ✉

Isabella Rossellini Look-Alike:—Young 40, striking, understated elegance. Adventurous: skiing (all kinds), kayak, skeet, cycling, climbing, travel. Sophisticated: artistic, ballroom dancing, opera, piano, gourmet. Laid-back: B&B's, rustic. Virtues: very attractive, sensuous, fun, happy, MBA, bilingual. White Christian nonsmoker. Looking for commitment/family from gentleman, 40ish, attractive overachiever with similar interests and profile, from good family, exquisite manners and taste, integrity, financially and emotionally secure. 6897 ✉

Slender, Leggy Jewish Chocoholic—Savvy, 34, 5'5", seeks bright, energetic Jewish man, 31-42, to share city and suburban adventures. Photo? 6928 ✉ ☎

Spirited And Spunky—Attractive, earthy professional female, 50s, with a great love of nature, arts, movies, quiet times, long walks and a passion for the guitar and banjo. Seeking a thoughtful, introspective, cultured, professional man, 55-63, capable of warmth, compassion and laughter. 6931 ✉

Attractive, African American Female—29, 5'10", professional, seeks sincere, financially secure male, any race, 30-45; serious relationship. Note/phone. 6891 ✉

World-Travelled—60s, divorced, 5'6", appealing Jewish man, seeks articulate, perceptive, ebullient woman, 50-60, with warmth, wisdom and whimsy. 6933 ✉

Successful Ivy League Lawyer—Desires a forever relationship with a domesticated, slim, educated Jewish woman, vintage 1935-1945. Graduate degree a plus. Westchester resident preferred. 6666 ✉ ☎

Jewish Man—43, seeks upbeat woman for friendship and possibly more. 6975 ✉

Free Spirit In Conventional Guise—Vibrant, very attractive, sexy, compassionate, cosmopolitan (but down-to-earth) quality Jewish lady; who has humor, spontaneity, style and charm, seeks intelligent, attractive, adventurous male counterpart, 50 to early 60s, cultured, physically fit, self-confident executive or professional type; who is capable of emotional and intellectual intimacy, great repartee, sharing and caring, and living with joie de vivre. Note/phone/photo. 6946 ✉

Tall And Handsome—Gay white male, 38, 6'2", 185, blond, blue-eyed, homebody who is comfortable with 501s, leather or Boss. Seeking partner for life, country drives, relaxing on the beach, sharing life's ups and downs, and working together for a city home and beach house. 6938 ✉

Cute, Dynamic Brunette—With great family genes, captivating smile, energetic, fun, athletic and in great shape, successful, seeks nice Jewish man, 30s-40s, tall, educated, sincere, optimistic. Note/photo. Non-smokers only! 6977 ✉

Floating Somewhere—Between hip and square, nerd and jock, 36, cute, kooky/funny, intense, smart, way sane, seeks bright and beautiful ("cutiful" is cool) co-conspirator (trix?). Note (big), photo (any size). 6804 ✉

Executive With Dancer's Body—Financially secure, sophisticated Jewish Manhattanite complete with PhD in literature and European accent, equally at home in Lincoln Center or Greenwich Village, seeking match - gentleman in 40s-early 50s. Note/photo greatly appreciated. 6937 ✉

Handsome, Fit, Sincere—36, 5'10", Jewish, down-to-earth, successful CEO, loves outdoors, romance and world travel, wants to share all life offers with a bright, loving, sensual woman. 6862 ✉

Exotic Bohemian, 28-45, Sought—By handsome, ex-musician turned successful exec, Ivy MBA, late 30s, health conscious nonsmoker, 5'11", hard body, full wavy brown hair, and hazel eyes. Let's share our passions, explore alternative lifestyles, and expand our boundaries. My photo sent promptly. 6878 ✉ ☎

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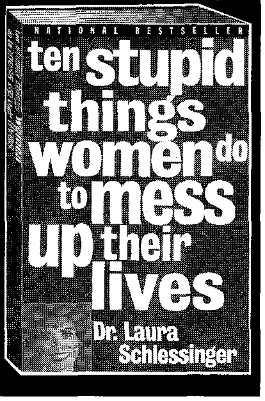

Warm, Pretty, Chinese—Honest, affectionate, humorous, intelligent, marriage-minded, loves ballroom, travel, movies, home and more, 47, 5'4", slim, young in and out. Seeks compatible male, 47+, 5'9"+. Note/phone/photo. 6927 ✉

Cosmopolitan, Caring—Fun-loving, athletic, 5'10", good-looking, divorced professional, Indian, 38, with multifaceted interests including international music, art films, books, outdoors, photography and NYC - seeks progressive, attractive woman for friendship and more. 6838 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Petite Banker—40, slim, with sparkle, humor and brains, loves travel, Mozart, having fun, seeks bright, funny man, 37-49, to share life with. 6940 ✉ ☎

Seeking Soul Mate Not Cell Mate—Pretty, witty and bright, 42-year-old white female, slender, 5'5", green eyes, long dark hair, seeks male counterpart. You are tall, dark-haired (all of it), athletic, in-shape, 38-52, sensitive, kind with a killer sense of humor. You love music. You respect independence but love to share. Sober, spiritual, self-esteem - we know what these words mean. More will be revealed. 6852 ✉ ☎

Successful, Cultured, Christian—International female, 60, returning to NY after 20 odd years abroad. Considered most attractive. Seeks refined professional gentleman. Photo appreciated. 6801 ✉

Handsome, Sensitive—Financially secure male, 50, who loves his Harleys, sailboat, travel and time to enjoy life. Seeks an attractive, slim, petite Jewish female, 38-44. to share a full life. Letter/photo a must. 6944 ✉ ☎

The Last Blind Date—Was short, fat and full of himself. The last tennis romance couldn't make me laugh. The last true love wanted children. Please, keep this 5'2", smart and pretty 45-year-old Jewish journalist from turning into an old grump. Don't need your picture, DOB or resume, but yes, looks, money and success count. A kind soul and brilliant mind count even more. 6868 ✉

Intelligent, Attractive—Youthful woman, early 40s, with particular joy for living, seeks like-minded gentleman for mutual benefit. Note/photo and phone. 6839 ✉

Female, Jewish, 36—Striking seeks male, Jewish, 36-40, for marriage. Note, photo. 6912 ✉

Accomplished Black Female—With beauty, charm and intellect, petite, 40 (no one believes it), seeks tall, loyal gentleman with strong jaw, muscles and mind. Be very accomplished. Only life's finest will do. 6923 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Slim—Professionally successful, seeks bright, kind, tall, successful man, over 30. Photo, please. 6895 ✉

We Haven't Met Yet—But I know you are out there and definitely worth waiting for! I'm 34, very attractive, slim, successful and genuinely a great girl to be with. You are 30s-40s, also successful, confident, with rugged good looks, charm, great taste, and you're looking for a lady that even your friends will love. Don't you think it's time we met? (Nonsmoking lover of wine a plus.) Photo please. 6952 ✉

Sexy, Older Woman—Beautiful blond divorcee, sexy, slim, knockout curves, young 41, world traveler, loves life, laughing, having fun, seeks young man, 22-38, 5'10" plus, well-built, prefer Irish/German/English background, mannerly, drug-free, romantic and affectionate. White collar worker/policeman/fireman only. 6855 ✉ ☎

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Tall, Lithe, Pretty—Manhattan writer/ editor who loves to scuba dive, seeks nearby, solvent male who is able to take the plunge, adjust to ambient pressure and not find himself out of his depth. Bonus points go to the hypothetical he who agrees with 40ish she that a child would be a joy at this juncture. 6902 ✉

Lovely, Luminous Latin Lady—Very pretty, petite blond with big brown velvet eyes, successful and talented, seeks sensitive, solvent, accomplished older man, 50-62. 6787 ✉ ☎

40-Year-Old, Handsome—Blue-eyed, divorced physician. I have recently lost the love of my life and am trying to recover. I am seeking my true love. Have made mistakes and trying to learn from them. I am seeking a relationship that will lead to *marriage and family. Photo assures* response. 6898 ✉ ☎

Already Fabulous, Almost 40—LI Jewish professional, seeks tall, terrific man to be best friend, husband and father. Hurry, alarm on biological clock about to go off. 6935 ✉

Handsomely Rugged—Single, Jewish professional male, 6', 35, northern suburbs, traditional values, looking for woman of similar quality and values. Note and photo, please. 6846 ✉

Help Wanted—Gemologist seeking Diamond in the rough!. You: slim, trim, female over 5"3', 40s-50s, with many facets, attractive and sensuous too. Just biding my time waiting for you! Your photo and phone will be sent to tall professional, trim male, easy to look at. Sincere and available. 6885 ✉

Biding Time in New York City—41 year old male professional, Christian, wants to re-establish in a more suburban/rural setting. Seeking female counterpart (no children), who loves life, nature and prudent adventure. Note/photo optional 6964 ✉

Very Pretty (I Promise)—A J. Crew type female from Westchester, slim, 5'10", 29 and Catholic, enjoys friends, movies, theater, travel, skiing and the beach. I'm looking for a good-looking, intelligent, nonsmoking man who has some similar interests and wants to be in a relationship. Photo and note. 6865 ✉

Glamorous, Tall, Leggy Nurse—Blond hair, green eyes, 6', 35. Voluptuous, compassionate, passionate. Likes gym, country getaways, dogs, hockey and basketball. Seeks male 35+, 6'+, with humor and a platinum heart. Note/Photo 6921 ✉ ☎

Rx For Future—Fun, excitement, love and affection are what this attractive, 30-year-old RN is offering. If you are a male, 28-37, in need of tender loving care send note/phone/photo. 6858 ✉

Last Wasp—Retired, 55, male, slim, 5'11", good sense of humor, honest, interesting, thoughtful - country home, city apartment. Seeks slim, attractive, 35-45, smart, secure, happy, fun female with no minor kids, a happy childhood, who would like a tranquil, contemplative life. Note/photo, please. 6843 ✉

Stunning, Slender—Auburn-headed woman with red-headed spirit and wit; generous, gentle and gracious. Seeks warm and intelligent man of substance and integrity (funny helps!), secure, substantial, ruggedly handsome and physically fit (45-55), who adores music, movies, travel, dining/cooking together, family and good friends. For serious relationship and a best friend. Note/photo/phone. 6973 ✉

Exceptional Scandinavian—Wealthy beauty looking for wealthy, elderly man who would appreciate her youth and intelligence. Seeking matrimony. Photo and letter requested. 6934 ✉

Sign Of The Times—Single black male, 34, 6'3", 200 lbs, loves the outdoors, travel, life, seeks similar single white female soul mate, any age. 6913 ✉ ☎

Gay Male Seeks Jewish Female—For best friend, love, possible marriage. I am 45, Jewish, gay (not active), healthy and affluent. POB 6474, NYC 10128

Very Attractive, Elegant And Witty—Tall, slim, sophisticated white female lawyer, 44, divorced, one very clever child, seeks male counterpart. Please be 45-52, trim, professionally successful Manhattanite who can laugh at life's ironies and enjoys the arts. Pretentious snob okay, sad sack not. Personal note/photo. 6869 ✉

Pretty Brunette—Seeks charismatic Englishman, 36-42. Photo/note. 6900 ✉

NYC MD—32, single white Jewish male, attractive and athletic, 5'7", love rock, jazz, exploring NYC. I seek a pretty, warm, energetic, fun, and caring Jewish woman for a lasting relationship. 6949 ✉

Brunettes Have More Fun—Sexy, pretty, successful lady with sense of humor and zest for adventure seeking romance with Prince Charming, over 45. 6954 ✉ ☎

No Shirley Temple—Nor Marilyn *Monroe, but this effervescent blond widow* can trip the light fantastic, tickle your funny bone and verbally joust with the best of them. My art work delights, my talents abound, so please consider coming around. Your age 60something to sprightly 70 is fine. 6909 ✉

Awakened From Deep Freeze —Sexy, sensitive, supportive, physically fit professional, 38, 5'10", CT resident. Seeks universally conscious, loving, compassionate Jewish soul mate, 28-35, as hot on the outside as she is on the inside. Please reply with photo. 6969 ✉ ☎

Commitment-Minded—Warm, Jewish Renaissance man, 36, 5'11", blue eyes, brown hair, Ivy MBA, real estate financier, seeks intelligent, charismatic and attractive independent female, 23-34. 6980 ✉

Very Handsome Former Model—180, 6', 30-years-old, looking to fulfill your desire and fulfill your wildest dreams. No weirdos. No drugs. Age 25-50. 6962 ✉ ☎

Attention Ladies!—Very handsome, self-employed, Jewish professional, 42, 5'9", in great shape, available for romantic, committed relationship leading to marriage with a thin beautiful woman, 27-38, who has good values and desires a partnership in life. Note/photo/phone. 6970 ✉ ☎

She's 34—5'6", a very pretty, slim JD - warm, sometimes red hot, refreshingly cool, secure, playful, soothing. She wants *to experience the pleasure of your smile,* bright eyes, tender ways, confident manner, ability to enjoy simple things and see the humor in everyday life. Skiing can be a passion and a well-run home our comfort. Do you know what you want? Are you ready for a committed relationship with a strong partner, someone you can trust and believe in? Do you take good care of yourself? What makes you so successful? I can't wait to hear your story! (But please, no cynics, smokers or Svengalis.) Photo/note. 6864 ✉

Passionate Professional—39-year-old (looks 30), attractive, slim, spiritual Jewish woman, down-to-earth TV exec, who enjoys movies, mysteries, music, and walks in the park, seeks man who is confident, funny and loves life. Photo. 6889 ✉

I Am 65 And Still Working—Still playing, tennis. Seeking a slim, petite, Jewish *woman who could use another friend.* Most important she must smile a lot. Photo/note. 6677 ✉

Elegant And Outdoorsy—Accomplished, happy and very attractive Mom, 39, 5'7", who loves the arts, hiking, old bookstores and candlelit dinners, seeks a sincere guy with a romantic spirit and a zest for life. Note/photo. 6904 ✉

Jewish Cutie-Pie—25-year-old mischief-maker with a warped sense of humor and reality, seeks iconoclastic male partner in crime for the summer, maybe more. You are Jewish, 24-36. 6887 ✉ ☎

Auburn Beauty—Elegant, slender, fit Jewish attorney, former artist, seeks secure professional man, 38-50, with class, for serious romance. 6892 ✉ ☎

Single Black Male MD—42, reliable, honest, seeking educated female, any race, who likes travel, theater, movies, dining out, 20-37. Photo/phone/note. 6901 ✉

Brown-Eyed, Slender, Attractive—Professional woman, multilingual, well-traveled, loves people, nature, literature, films, varied cultures, political issues, social concerns, biking, music, seeks sincere, reflective, 50-60 year old to share joie de vivre. 6982 ✉

Extremes—Single white professional male who pursues the extremes in physical and intellectual adventure, seeks pretty, highly intelligent and artistically driven woman (25-40) for life of adventure and contemplation. I am 42, 5'10", slim, boyishly attractive, financially and professionally successful and outrageously smart. Note/photo. 6915 ✉

Where Are You?—This petite, pretty, vivacious Jewish female, 27, with traditional values and '90s style, is interested in someone who is trustworthy, sincere and has a great sense of humor. I'm an energetic, witty, generous person who loves theater, concerts, working out and walks in the park. If you have a passion to learn something new every day, and love the finer things in life, then here you are. Note/photo. 6836 ✉

Petite Redhead—North Shore professional, divorced with two wonderful kids, seeks male soul mate, 45-54, kind, intelligent, lover of life. Note/ phone/photo, please. 6849 ✉

Can You Make Me Laugh?—Very pretty and smart redhead, green eyes, 5'7", late 30s, seeks a kind spirited, attractive man of ambition with the type of intelligence that shines through his sense of humor. Photo preferred. 6919 ✉ ☎

Passion For Passover—"Uptown girl" (very attractive with smarts, savvy) who also possesses much of that "Downtown" spirit, style, soul, sensuality, etc., seeks a very special mensch (smart and successful, with heart, humor, style, *etc.), who has lots of empty space to share,* great views, features, options, and long-term available "parking" for a fabulous friendship and incredible passion.... If the above is you and you are 48 and over, your reply and photo is appreciated. 6936 ✉

Searching For A Sophisticated Lady—If you are 5'8", Waspy, under 45, love country drives and walks on the beach, plus music and travel, and cozy evenings by the fireplace, I would love to meet you. I am 50s, world-traveled businessman, and love life. Recent photo a must. 6863 ✉

Michelle Pfeiffer Look-Alike—Single Jewish female, fit, 32, fun-loving, world-traveled, many interests, seeks sincere, 30-40 year old male, financially secure, good-looking. Love the arts, travel, dining. Animal lover a plus. Note/phone/photo. 6876 ✉

Ivy MD—Tall, thin, fit, witty, Ivy MD, complex and emotionally available, seeks optimistic, profound, responsive young woman for deep stable involvement.6888✉

Cinderella—European, degreed, eclectic, childless blond, 40, 5'7", of great looks, personality, TLC, passion, ready to love marriageable prince. 6991 ✉ ☎

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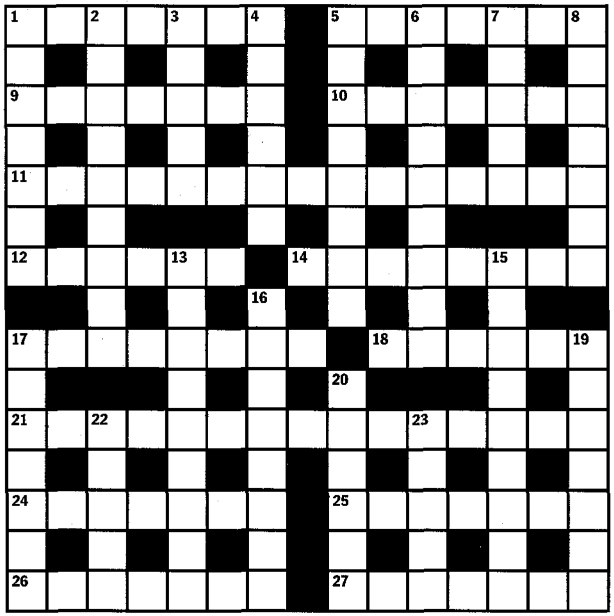
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Worker is about to live here, in France. (7)
5 Declining in morals, Carol chases after retreating chum. (7)
9 Where we may learn old king is detaining member. (7)
10 Give direction to straying U-turner. (7)
11 Initial placing of trees in meadow? (About time!) (5, 2, 3, 5)
12 Involve in late redeployment. (6)
14 Young William may be of use to campers. (8)
17 A duty CIA carried out called for nerve. (8)
18 Old-fashioned chap's jacket. (6)
21 Prune viciously having found it's ugly. (15)
24 See something when riddling cinders. (7)
25 Play with treacle duff. (7)
26 Troops in French attempt to get access again. (2-5)
27 Goaded, poverty having shown the way. (7)



DOWN

1 Chief adversary's out of reach. (4-3)
2 Informed about a tree's destruction, suffered. (9)
3 Using transport system, set off for this place. (5)
4 Girl is uplifted, finding natural earth. (6)
5 Apprentice has to move with slow caution to secure vital part. (8)
6 Left sheet of paper in case. (9)
7 Harden in the river. (5)
8 Argue heatedly with Scottish banker, there's a bit missing from the payment. (7)
13 Amount added in building material with right ingredient. (9)
15 Grave entry—imprisonment! (9)
16 No treaty? This lawman is at fault. (8)
17 Separated equally, below. (7)
19 Draw a drink up for him—but don't expect him to reciprocate! (7)
20 The wake is by a grave. (6)
22 One associates it with Western pursuits. (5)
23 Flare of temper is just part of the act. (5)

Ed London

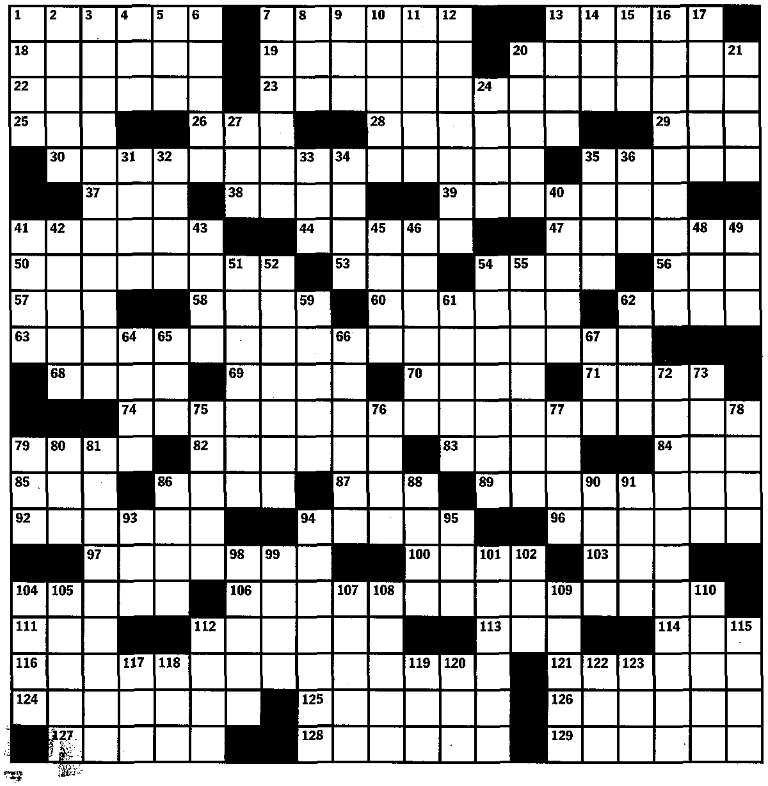
'Mismatches': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 St. Francis's town
7 Ta-ta
13 Communications channels
18 Routine tasks
19 Type of bullet
20 Broadcasts
22 Fussily decorated
23 Child photographers?
25 Runyon male
26 C.S.A. soldier
28 "Three Tall Women" dramatist, and family
29 Bambi's aunt
30 Prize-winning book store?
35 When life begins, they say
37 Named before marriage
38 Budge
39 Deletion
41 Trying experience
44 Madagascar mammal
47 Start of a Christmas carol
50 Places for pilots
53 Cyst
54 Attack on the fridge
56 Smothers brother
57 Incinerated bit
58 Kind of rug
60 Aft
62 D-day vessels
63 Shaw's folk singers?
68 "—— Little Tenderness"
69 33-Down, to José
70 Cheese burg
71 Early church pulpit
74 Manufacturers of soupy soap?
79 Traffic tie-ups
82 Remover of lawn uglies
83 Complexion
84 Poe's Annabel
85 Ugandan name
86 Eleanor's successor
87 Future chicken
89 Parking-ticket ignorer
92 City on the Charles
94 Paddock sound
96 Chopin's birthplace
97 "The Gleaners" figure
100 Opera highlight
103 One of the Flemings
104 Runyon females
106 Dinosaur desperadoes?
111 Finder's exclamation
112 Tack down again
113 Comics prince
114 Stature: abbr.
116 Zhivago's favorite news team?
121 Fuzzy wool
124 Go before
125 Prepared for action, with "up"
126 Made catty remarks
127 Worship
128 Ancient ascetic
129 Tall clowns' props

DOWN

1 Slip —— (have a lapse)
2 Bush
3 Japanese TV stars?
4 Tax-deferred acct.
5 Matching pieces
6 Grenoble's river
7 Make a —— (attempt)
8 What a cockney blows
9 —— Palmas
10 Briny deep
11 "Romela" character
12 Attention-getter: slang
13 USSR planes
14 Miscalculate
15 Do's alternative
16 Catches one's curiosity
17 Ten-percenter
20 Daughter of William I
21 Assassinate
24 ——-do-well
27 Pluralizing letter
31 Smell to high heaven
32 Half-moon tide
33 Nothing
34 Pulled a gun
35 Elmer of cartoons
36 Unwrought metal
40 Superdome athlete
41 Tuber plants
42 Red color, in old paintings
43 Worse than a fibber
45 More than a snack
46 Invisible
48 Kindergartner
49 Abbr. on an ambulance
51 Hypnotic states
52 Congressional houses
54 Changes valise contents
55 Language of Jesus
59 Tallied up
61 Lincoln's in-laws
62 Nursery-rhyme pet
64 Shortchanges
65 Hear here
66 Rush headlong
67 Use a gavel
72 Pavlov's camera company?
73 Upstate New York cit
75 Olympics hero Jesse
76 Jason's ship
77 L-Q go-betweens
78 Lascivious
79 Triangular sail
80 —— Annie, "Oklahoma!" role
81 Put in a forgotten spo
86 Feathery scarfs
88 Dorian of fiction
90 Thwart the villain
91 Horsewhip
93 —— Aviv
94 Unfamiliar
95 Before la-la
98 White poplar
99 "Peter Pan" dog
101 Overrun
102 Architecture critic Huxtable
104 Wettish
105 Tara surname
107 Broods of pheasants
108 Fitzgerald and Raines
109 Chowder ingredients
110 White-plumed heron
112 Hitchhiker's hope
115 Polliwogs, for short
117 GI with chevrons
118 Opposite of 24-Down
119 "Some —— born great": Shak.
120 Stimpy's TV pal
122 Take-home pay
123 "There but for You ——"



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 11

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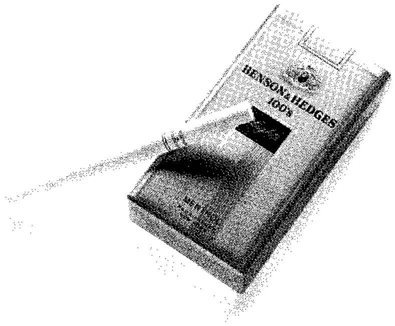

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